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DESIGN FOR A BOOK

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

[More than two years ago the ATLANTIC planned with Mr. Lippmann a series of articles dealing with the deeper phases of the Age of Discontent in which we live. It was proposed with apparent reasonableness that these papers should appear month by month early in 1935. As time proceeded, Mr. Lippmann's duties and the difficulties and importance of the work he had undertaken made it manifest that either his conclusions must be published prematurely or the date must be postponed. The project had already taken on a large and growing significance and it was agreed that haste was not to be thought of. From a series of loosely articulated papers the design has been transformed into a comprehensive and unified inquiry into the premises of our political thinking. The work which now for two years has been the subject of Mr. Lippmann's preoccupation is not complete, but the groundwork has been laid and the argument advanced to a point the public importance of which will be immediately recognized. Some measure of what the inquiry will mean to political thinking in our generation is suggested by Mr. Lippmann's illuminating introduction printed in this number of the ATLANTIC. Succeeding issues will carry his argument throughout its fundamental stages. — THE EDITORS]

N EARLY twenty-five years ago I wrote a book called *A Preface to Politics*, intending at some later time to write the other chapters. The general scheme of the human future seemed fairly clear to me then. That was the heyday of Theodore Roosevelt's New Nationalism and of Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom, and I had not the faintest premonition that the long peace which had lasted since Waterloo was soon to come to an end. I doubt whether the idea had ever occurred to me that there might be a war which would unsettle the foundations of society — indeed I could not have im-

agined such a war, and I should not have known what were the foundations which might be unsettled.

For in that generation most men had forgotten the labors that had made them prosperous, the struggles that had made them free, the victories that had given them peace. They took for granted, like the oxygen they breathed and the solid ground beneath their feet, the first and last things of western civilization. So in writing my *Preface* I assumed without question that in a régime of personal liberty each nation could by the increasing exercise of popular sovereignty create for itself

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gradually a spaciouly planned and intelligently directed social order. So confident was I that this was the scheme of the future that I hurried on to write another book which proclaimed in its title that we had come to the end of the era of drift and were entering the era of our mastery of the social order.

A year or so later the World War broke out, and since that time the scheme of the future has been much less clear to me. For more than twenty years I have found myself writing about critical events with no better guide to their meaning than the hastily improvised generalizations of a rather bewildered man. Many a time I have wanted to stop talking and find out what I really believed. For I should have liked to achieve again the untroubled certainty and the assured consistency which are vouchsafed to those who can whole-heartedly commit themselves to some one of the many schools of doctrine. But I was not able to find in any of them a working philosophy in which I could confidently come to rest.

This was not a pleasant predicament. For in these twenty-five years there has been one great crisis after another, and it was impossible to be neutral and detached. But gradually, in the course of my blundering improvisations, it began to be clearer to me why I could not make up my mind. It was because my personal confusion reflected the fact that in the modern world there is a great schism: those who seek to improve the lot of mankind believe they must undo the work of their predecessors.

Everywhere the movements which bid for men's allegiance are hostile to the movements in which men struggled to be free. The programmes of reform are everywhere at odds with the liberal tradition. Men are asked to choose between security and liberty. To improve their fortunes they are told that they must renounce their rights. To escape from want they must enter a prison.

To regularize their work they must be regimented. To obtain greater equality they must have less freedom. To make more secure the national solidarity they must oppress the dissenters. To enhance their dignity they must lick the boots of tyrants. To realize the promise of science they must destroy free inquiry. To promote the truth they must not allow it to be examined.

These choices are intolerable. Yet these are the choices offered by the influential doctrinaires of the contemporary world. Thus those who would be loyal to the achievements of the past are in general disposed to be fatalistically complacent about the present, and those who have plans for the future are prepared to disown the heroic past. It is a vicious dilemma.

However difficult it may be to find the true doctrine by which mankind can advance, surely it is not to be found in either of these alternatives. With this conviction I began again to write, with the feeling that if this is the choice, then the prospect is too dismal to be endured. It may be, of course, that the choice is inexorable and that a man is a fool who does not accept it with such resignation as he can muster. Many find this view unanswerable. Yet to embrace it is, I imagine, to mistake one's own weariness for wisdom and to be discouraged rather than to understand. This I can say: I began to write in a mood of protest and without much hope, but at the end I have come to believe that the riddle is not inherently insoluble. The choice presented to this generation between a more comfortable and a free life is not to be borne. But whether this is a paradox arising not out of the unchanging nature of things but out of a remedial confusion in men's minds will be for the reader to judge.

The plan of this work divides itself into two parts. The first is an analytical examination of the theory and the

practice of the movement which began in the second half of the nineteenth century. It seeks to organize a directed social order.

I have sought to examine this vision of the future not only in its Fascist and its Communist embodiment but also in the gradual collectivism of democratic states, trying to determine whether a society can be planned and directed for the enjoyment of abundance in a state of peace. The question was not whether this would be desirable, but whether it was possible. I began by thinking that while it might be difficult to find planners and managers who were wise and disinterested enough, the ideal might eventually be realized through a well-trained ruling class. But I have come finally to see that such a social order is not even theoretically conceivable; that the vision when analyzed carefully turns out to be not merely difficult of administration but devoid of any meaning whatever; that it is as complete a delusion as perpetual motion. I realized at last that a directed society must be bellicose and poor. If it is not both bellicose and poor, it cannot be directed. I realized then that a prosperous and peaceable society must be free. If it is not free, it cannot be prosperous and peaceable.

It took me some time to understand that this was no new discovery, but the basic truth which the liberals of the eighteenth century taught at the beginning of the modern era. I began to read with a new interest what Adam Smith and some of his contemporaries had to say when they insisted that the sovereign must be 'completely discharged from a duty, in the attempting to perform which he must always be exposed to innumerable delusions, and for the proper performance of which no human wisdom or knowledge could ever be sufficient: the duty of superintending the industry of private people, and of directing it towards

the employments most suitable to the interest of the society.' It gradually dawned on me that Adam Smith would not have regarded the corporate capitalism of the nineteenth century as 'the obvious and simple system of natural liberty' which he had imagined, for he had been careful to say that it was the duty of the sovereign to protect as far as possible 'every member of the society from the injustice or oppression of every other member of it,' and it was plain from the whole tenor of his book that he meant something more essential than the equal right of the rich and the poor to drive hard bargains.

Yet the doctrine which has come down from him and from the great liberals of the eighteenth century has in our time become the intellectual defense of much injustice and oppression. In Herbert Spencer's old age, liberalism had become a monstrous negation raised up as a barrier against every generous instinct of mankind. So in the second part of this book I attempt a task which is, I fear, beyond my powers. I seek to find out why the development of the liberal doctrine was arrested and absorbed. In order to do this I have tried to find out what is the inwardness of the liberal conception of life, what is the logic of its principle and the grammar of its intuition, and then to indicate certain vital points where, because the liberals failed to develop the promise of liberalism, they ceased to interpret experience and to command the interest of the people.

This is a difficult and ambitious essay and I do not offer it as a completed solution. So far only, I know how to go; someone else may find in it a clue that will lead him further. I hope so. The search is worth much trouble, for at the end of it men may find again the conviction of their forefathers that progress comes through emancipation from — not the restoration of — privilege, power, coercion, and authority.

HARVARD: THE FUTURE

BY ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

I

IN the tercentenary celebrations of this summer, Harvard marks the accomplishment of its process of growth. About twenty-five years for a man and about three hundred years for a university are the periods required for the attainment of mature stature. The history of Harvard is no longer to be construed primarily in terms of growth, but in terms of effectiveness.

I am talking of effectiveness in the wide world, of impress on the course of events, without which civilized humanity would not be as in fact it is. In the Cambridge of England, the first college was founded in the year 1284, and Emmanuel College in the year 1584. The English university was then grown up. Within the next one hundred and fifty years there occurred a brilliant period — *the* brilliant period — of European civilization. It staged a decisive episode in the drama of human life. In this episode the English university played no mean part, from Edmund Spenser and Francis Bacon at the outset to Newton and Dryden at the close. Among other things, Cambridge helped to contribute Milton, Cromwell, and Harvard University.

The term 'European civilization' is now a misnomer, for the centre of gravity has shifted. Civilization haunts the borders of waterways. The shores of the Mediterranean and the western coasts of Europe are cases in point. But nowadays, relatively to our capaci-

ties, the dimensions of the world have shrunk, and the Atlantic Ocean plays the same rôle as the European seas in the former centuries. The total result is that the North American shores of the Atlantic are in the central position to influence the adventures of mankind, from East to West and from North to South. The static aspects of things are measured from the meridian of Greenwich; but the world will rotate around the long line of American shores.

What is the influence of Harvard to mean in the immediate future, originating thought and feeling during the next fifty years, or during the next one hundred and fifty years? Harvard is one of the outstanding universities in the very centre of human activity. At the present moment it is magnificently equipped. It has enjoyed nigh seventy years of splendid management. A new epoch is opening in the world. There are new potentialities, new hopes, new fears. The old scales of relative quantitative importance have been inverted. New qualitative experiences are developing. And yet, beneath all the excitement of novelty, with its discard and rejection, the basic motives for human action remain, the old facts of human nature clothed in a novelty of detail. What is the task before Harvard?

It will be evident that in this summary presentation of the cultural prob-

lem the word 'Harvard' is to be taken partly in its precise designation of a particular institution and partly as a symbolic reference to the university system throughout the Eastern states of this country. A closely intertwined group of institutions, the outcome of analogous impulses, has in the last three hundred years gradually developed, from Charlottesville to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Boston, and from Boston to Chicago. Of these institutions some are larger and some are smaller, some are in cities and some are in country places, some are older and some are younger. But each of them has the age of the group, as moulded by this cultural impulse. The fate of the intellectual civilization of the world is to-day in the hands of this group — for such time as it can effectively retain the sceptre. And to-day there is no rival. The Ægean coast line had its chance and made use of it; Italy had its chance and made use of it; France, England, Germany, had their chance and made use of it. To-day the Eastern American states have their chance. What use will they make of it? The question has two answers. Once Babylon had its chance, and produced the Tower of Babel. The University of Paris fashioned the intellect of the Middle Ages. Will Harvard fashion the intellect of the twentieth century?

II

We cannot usefully discuss the organization of universities, considered as educational institutions, apart from a preliminary survey of the general character of human knowledge, and of some special features of modern life. Such a survey elicits perplexities which have troubled learning from the earliest days of the Greeks to the present moment. By introducing implicit assumptions in respect to these prob-

lems, it is possible to arrive at almost any doctrine respecting university organization.

In the first place, there is the division into certainty and probability. Some items we are certain about, others are matters of opinion. There is an obvious common sense about this doctrine, and its enunciation goes back to Plato. The class of certainties falls into two subdivisions. In one subdivision are certain large general truths, — for example, the multiplication table, axioms as to quantitative 'more or less,' — and certain æsthetic and moral pre-suppositions. In the other subdivision are momentary discriminations of one's own state of mind: for example, a state of feeling — happiness at this moment; and for another example, an item of sense perception — that colored shape experienced at this moment. But recollection and interpretation are both deceitful. Thus this latter subdivision just touches certainty and then loses it. There is mere imitation of certainty.

In the class of probabilities there are to be found all our judgments as to the goings on of this world of temporal succession, except so far as these happenings are qualified by the certainties whenever they are relevant.

I repeat my affirmation that, in some sense or other, this characterization of human knowledge is indubitable. No one doubts the multiplication table; also everyone admits that a witness on the witness stand can only produce fallible evidence, which the judicial authorities endeavor to assess, again only fallibly.

The bearing of these doctrines on the procedures of education cannot be missed. In the first place: Develop intellectual activities by a knowledge of the certain truths, so far as they are largely applicable to human life. In the second place: Train the understanding of each student to assess probable

knowledge in respect to those types of occurrences which for any reason will be of major importance in the exercise of his activities. In the third place: Give him adequate knowledge of the possibilities of æsthetic and moral satisfaction which are open to a human being, under conditions relevant to his future life.

So far there is no disagreement. Unfortunately, exactly at this point our difficulties commence. This is the reason why the prefatory analysis was necessary. These difficulties are best explained by a slight reference to the history of thought, stretching from Greece to William James.

Plato was a voluminous writer, and apparently all his works have come down to us. They constitute a discussion of the various types of certain knowledge, of probable knowledge, and of æsthetic and moral ideals. This discussion, viewed as elucidating the above-mentioned classification of knowledge which is to be the basis of education, was a complete failure. He failed to make clear what was certain; and where he was certain, we disagree with him. He failed to make clear the relationship of things certain to things probable; and where he thought he was clear, we disagree with him. He failed to make clear the moral and æsthetic ends of life; and where he thought he was clear, we disagree with him. No two of his dialogues are completely consistent with each other. No two modern scholars agree as to what any one dialogue exactly means. This failure of Plato is the great fact dominating the history of European thought.

Also this failure was typical. It stretches through every topic of human interest. Every single generalization respecting mathematical physics, which I was taught at the University of Cambridge during my student period from the years 1880 to 1885, has now been abandoned in the sense in which it was

then held. The words are retained, but with different meanings.

The truth is that this beautiful subdivision of human knowledge, whether you make it twofold or threefold, goes up in smoke as soon as you try to fasten upon it any exact meaning. As a vague preliminary guide, it is useful. But when you trust it without reserve, it violates the conditions of human experience. The history of thought is largely concerned with the records of clear-headed men insisting that they at last have discovered some clear, adequately expressed, indubitable truths. If clear-headed men throughout the ages would only agree with each other, we might cease to be puzzled. Alas, that is a comfort denied to us.

III

The outcome of this brief survey is so fundamental in its relevance to education that it must be elucidated further by considering it in reference to two topics — Mathematics, and the Abiding Importance of Plato.

The science of Mathematics is the very citadel of the doctrine of certainty. It is unnecessary to bring the large developments of the subject into this discussion. Let us consider the multiplication table. This table is concerned with simple interrelations of cardinal numbers, as for example, 'Twice three' is 'six.' Nothing can be more certain. But a little question arises: What are cardinal numbers? There is no universally accepted answer to this question. In fact, it is the battle ground of a controversy. The innocent suggestions which occur to us are traps which lead us into self-contradictions or into other puzzles. The notion of number is obviously concerned with the concept of a class, or a group, of many things. It expresses the special sort of many-ness in question. Unfortunately the notion of a class is beset with ambiguities

leading to logical traps. We then have recourse to the fundamental notions of logic, and again encounter a contest of dissentient opinions. Logic is the chosen resort of clear-headed people, severally convinced of the complete adequacy of their doctrines. It is such a pity that they cannot agree with each other.

Analogous perplexities arise in respect to the fundamental notions of other mathematical topics: for example, the meaning of the notions of a point, of a line, and of a straight line. There is great confidence and no agreement.

Thus the palmary instances of human certainty, Logic and Mathematics, have given way under the scrutiny of two thousand years. To-day we have less apparent ground for certainty than had Plato and Aristotle. The natural rebound from this conclusion is skepticism. Trust your reflexes, says the skeptic, and do not seek to understand. Your reflexes are the outcome of routine. Your emotions are modes of reception of the process. There is no understanding, because there is nothing to understand.

Complete skepticism involves an aroma of self-destruction. It seems as the negation of experience. It craves for an elegy on the passing of rational knowledge — the beautiful youth drowned in the Sea of Vacuity.

The large practical effect of skepticism is gross acquiescence in what is immediate and obvious. Postpone, subtle interweaving, delicacies of adjustment, wide coördinations, moral restraint, the whole artistry of civilization, all presuppose understanding. And without understanding they are meaningless.

Thus, in practice, skepticism always means some knowledge, but not too much. It is indeed evident that our knowledge is limited. But the traditional skepticism is a reaction

against an imperfect view of human knowledge.

It is in respect to this limitation of knowledge that the ancient division into certainties and probabilities is so misleading. It suggests that we have a perfectly clear indication of the items in question, and are either certain or uncertain as to the existence of some definite connection between them. For example, it presupposes that we have a perfectly clear indication of the numbers 2 and 3 and 6, and are either certain or uncertain as to whether twice three is six.

The fact is the other way round. We are very vague as to the meanings of 1, and 2, and 3, and 5, and 6. But we want to determine these meanings so as to preserve the relations, 'six is one more than five' and 'twice three is six.' In other words, we are more clear as to the interrelations of the numbers than as to their separate individual characters. We use the interrelations as a step toward the determinations of the things related.

This is an instance of the general truth, that our progress in clarity of knowledge is primarily from the composition to its ingredients. The very meaning of the notion of definition is the use of composition for the purpose of indication.

The important characterization of knowledge is in respect to clarity and vagueness.

The reason for this dominance of vagueness and clarity in respect to the problem of knowledge is that the world is not made up of independent things, each completely determinate in abstraction from all the rest. Contrast is of the essence of character. In its happy instances contrast is harmony; in its unhappy instances contrast is confusion. Our experience is dominated by composite wholes, more or less clear in the focus, and more or less vague in the penumbra, and with the

whole shading off into umbral darkness which is ignorance. But throughout the whole, alike in the focal regions, the penumbral regions, and the umbral regions, there is baffling mixture of clarity and vagueness.

The primary weapon is analysis. And analysis is the evocation of insight by the hypothetical suggestions of thought, and the evocation of thought by the activities of direct insight. In this process the composite whole, the interrelations, and the things related, concurrently emerge into clarity.

One of the most interesting facts in the psychology of young students at the present time is the abiding interest of the platonic writings. From the point of view of displaying the sharp distinction between the certainties and the opinions involved in human knowledge, Plato failed. But he gave an unrivaled display of the human mind in action, with its ferment of vague obviousness, of hypothetical formulation, of renewed insight, of discovery of relevant detail, of partial understanding, of final conclusion, with its disclosure of deeper problems as yet unsolved. There we find exposed to our view the problem of education as it should dominate a university. Knowledge is a process, adding content and control to the flux of experience. It is the function of a university to initiate its students in the exercise of this process of knowledge.

IV

The problem before Harvard is set by the termination of an epoch in European culture. For three centuries European learning has employed itself in a limited definite task. It was a necessary task and an important task. Scholars, in science and in literature, have been brilliantly successful. But they have finished that task — at least

for the time, although every task is resumed after the lapse of some generations. However, for the moment, the trivialization of the traditional scholarship is the note of our civilization.

The fundamental presupposition behind learning has been that of the possession of clear ideas, as starting points for all expression and all theory. The problem has been to weave these ideas into compound structures, with the attributes either of truth, or of beauty, or of moral elevation. There was presumed to be no difficulty in framing sentences in which each word and each phrase had an exact meaning. The only topics for discussion were whether the sentence when framed was true or false, beautiful or ugly, moral or shocking. European learning was founded on the dictionary; and splendid dictionaries were produced. With the culmination of the dictionaries the epoch has ended. For this reason, all the dictionaries of all the languages have failed to provide for the expression of the full human experience.

The ultimate cause for this characteristic of European learning was that from the close of the dark ages civilization had been progressing with the gradual recovery of the subtle, many-sided literature of the old classical civilization. Thought then had the character of a recovery of the wide variety of meanings embedded in Greek and Hellenistic written literature. The result was that everything that a modern scholar thought could have been immediately understood by Thucydides, or Democritus, or Plato, or Aristotle, or Archimedes. Any one of these men would have understood Newton's Laws of Motion at a glance. These laws were a new structure of old ideas. Perhaps Aristotle would have shied at Newton's first law. But he would have understood it. Any one of these men would have understood the American Declaration of Independence.

There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States to puzzle them. Perhaps the addition of these five sages to an august tribunal might even facilitate the elucidation of its applications.

The conception of mind and matter, of motion in space, of individual rights, of the rights of social groups, — the world of tragedy, and of joy, and of heroism, — was thoroughly familiar to the ancients, and its obvious interrelations were expressed in language, and discussed, and rediscussed. Throughout the last three or four centuries the notion of learning was the discussion of the ways of the world with the linguistic tools derived from the past. This procedure of learning was the basis of progress from the simplicities of the dark ages to the modern civilization.

For this reason a narrow convention as to learning, and as to the procedures of institutions connected with it, has developed. Tidiness, simplicity, clarity, exactness, are conceived as characteristics of the nature of things, as in human experience. It is presupposed that a university is engaged in imparting exact, clear knowledge. Lawyers are apt to presuppose that legal documents have an exact meaning, even with the absence of commas.

Thus, to a really learned man, matter exists in test tubes, animals in cages, art in museums, religion in churches, knowledge in libraries.

It is easy to sneer. But there is a problem here — a very difficult problem; and the success of Harvard depends upon maintaining a proper interweaving of its intricacies. The development of learning, and the success of education, require selection. The human mind can only deal with limited topics, which exclude the vague immensity of nature. Thus the tradition of learning is the solid ground upon which the university must be founded, in respect to both sides of its activity —

namely, the enlargement of knowledge and the training of youth.

The real problem is to adjust the activities of the learned institution so as to suffuse them with suggestiveness. Human nature loses its most precious quality when it is robbed of its sense of things beyond, unexplored and yet insistent. Mankind owes its progress beyond the iron limits of custom to the fact that, compared to the animals, men are amateurs. 'You Greeks are always children' is the taunt from Learning to Suggestiveness.

Learning is sensible, straightforward, and clear, if only you keep at bay the suggestiveness of things. This clarity is delusive, and is shot through and through with controversy. The traditional attitude of scholars is to choose a side, and to keep the enemy at bay by exposing their errors. Of course, in the clash of doctrine we must base thoughts and actions on those modes of statement which seem to express the larger truth. But it is fatal to dismiss antagonistic doctrines, supported by any body of evidence, as simply wrong. Inconsistent truths — that is, truths in the sense of conformity to some evidence — are seed beds of suggestiveness. The progress which they suggest lies at the very root of knowledge. It is concerned with the recasting of the fundamental notions on which the structure is built. The suggestion does not primarily concern a new conclusion. Fundamental progress has to do with the reinterpretation of basic ideas.

At this point, the problem has only been half stated. Experience does not occur in the clothing of verbal phrases. It involves clashes of emotion, and unspoken revelations of the nature of things. Revelation is the primary characterization of the process of knowing. The traditional theory of education is to secure youth and its teachers from revelation. It is dangerous for youth, and confusing to teach-

ers. It upsets the accepted coördinations of doctrine.

Revelation is the enlargement of clarity. It is not a deduction, though it may issue from a deduction. The dictionaries are very weak upon this point.

V

Without doubt, in its preliminary stages education is concerned with the introduction of order into the mind of the young child. Experience starts as a 'blooming, buzzing confusion.' Order introduces enlargement, significance, importance, delicacies of perception. For long years, the major aspect of education is the reduction of confusion to order, and the provision of weapons for this purpose.

And yet, even at the beginning of school life, it has been found necessary to interfuse the introduction of order with the enjoyment of enterprise. The balance is difficult to hold. But it is well known that education as mere imposed order of 'things known' is a failure. The initial stages of reading, writing, and arithmetic should be suffused with revelation.

At the other end of education, during the university period, there is undoubtedly the excitement of novel knowledge — volumes of words. But an inversion has entered upon the stage. The child has to be taught the words that correspond to the things; the senior at college has lost the things that correspond to the words. His mind is occupied by literary scenery; by doctrines derived from books; by experiments of a selected character, with selected materials, and such that irrelevancies are neglected. Even his games are organized. Novel impulse is frowned upon at the bridge table, on the football field, and on the river. No member of a crew is praised for the rugged individuality of his rowing.

The question is how to introduce the freedom of nature into the orderliness of knowledge. The ideal of universities, with staff and students shielded from the contemplation of the sporadic life around them, will produce a Byzantine civilization, surviving for a thousand years without producing any idea fundamentally new.

There is no one recipe. It is an obvious suggestion to collect an able, vigorous faculty and give it a free hand, with every encouragement. This principle of university management has been no news at Harvard since its foundation. Also the environment of New England facilitates its practice, by producing both the men and the requisite atmosphere. It is not as simple to follow this suggestion as it looks. For half a century, on both sides of the Atlantic, I have been concerned with appointments. Nothing is more difficult than to distinguish between a loud voice and vigor, or a flow of words and originality, or mental instability and genius; or a big book and fruitful learning. Also the work requires dependable men. But if you are swayed too heavily by this admirable excellence, you will gather a faculty which can be depended upon for being commonplace.

Curiously enough, the achievements of the faculty do not depend on the exact judiciousness of each appointment. In a vigorous society, ability, in the sense of capacity for high achievement, is fairly widespread. Undoubtedly it can only be ascribed to a minority; but this minority is larger than it is conventional to estimate. The real question is to transmute the potency for achievement into the actuality of achievement. The instrument for this purpose is the stimulus of the atmosphere. In other words, we come back to suggestiveness.

Knowledge should never be familiar. It should always be contemplated

either under the aspect of novel application, or under the aspect of skepticism as to the extent of its application, or under the aspect of development of its consequences, or under the aspect of eliciting the fundamental meanings which it presupposes, or under the aspect of a guide in the adventures of life, or under the aspect of the æsthetic of its interwoven relationships, or under the aspect of the miraculous history of its discovery. But no one should remain blankly content with the mere knowledge that 'twice three is six' — apart from all suggestion of relevant activity.

What the faculty have to cultivate is activity in the presence of knowledge. What the students have to learn is activity in the presence of knowledge.

This discussion rejects the doctrine that students should first learn passively, and then, having learned, should apply knowledge. It is a psychological error. In the process of learning there should be present, in some sense or other, a subordinate activity of application. In fact, the applications are part of the knowledge. For the very meaning of the things known is wrapped up in their relationships beyond themselves. Thus unapplied knowledge is knowledge shorn of its meaning.

The careful shielding of a university from the activities of the world around is the best way to chill interest and to defeat progress. Celibacy does not suit a university. It must mate itself with action.

There again a problem arises. The mere scattered happenings of daily affairs are veiled from our analysis. So far as we can see, they are chance issues. The real stimulation arises from the discovery of coördinated theory illustrated in coördinated fact; and the further discovery that the fact stretches so far beyond the theory, disclosing affiliations undreamed of by learning.

VI

The picture of a university now forms itself before us. There is the central body of faculty and students, engaged in learning, elaborating, criticizing, and appreciating the varied structure of existing knowledge. This structure is supported by the orthodox literature, by orthodox expositions of theory, by orthodox speculation, and by orthodox experiments disclosing orthodox novelty.

This prevailing orthodoxy is as it should be. So far as this orthodox expression has been systematized for the successful evocation of types of æsthetic experience, and the successful indication of the structural interrelations of experience, and the successful demonstration of that structure — so far as this is accomplished, there is truth. We have argued that there is an inherent vagueness in the meanings employed and in the conformities reached. Thus the word 'orthodoxy' has been employed to denote the vague, imperfect rightness of our formularized knowledge at any moment. Our knowledge and our skills are limited, and in the nature of things there is infinitude ever pressing new details into some clarity of discrimination.

Because of this imperfection, learned orthodoxy does well to ally itself where reason is playing some part in determining the patterns of occurrence. Orthodoxy can provide the controlled experiment. But here we pass to that partial control where some relevance is secured, but no detail of happenings. Such contact is gained by the absorption into the university of those schools of vocational training for which systematized understanding has importance. These are the professional schools which should fuse closely with the more theoretical side of university work. At present, their chief examples are the schools of Law, Religion, Medi-

cine, Business, Art, Education, Governmental Activities, Engineering. The essential character of these schools is that they study the control of the practice of life by the doctrines of orthodoxy.

The main advantage to a university of this fusion of vocational schools with the central core of theoretical consideration is the increase of suggestiveness. The orthodoxy of reigning theories is a constant menace. By fusion with the schools the area of useful suggestiveness is doubled. It now has two sources. There is the suggestiveness of the vagrant intellect as it contemplates the orthodox expositions and the orthodox types of experiment. This is the suggestiveness of learning. But there is another suggestiveness derived from brute fact. Lawyers are faced with brute fact fitting into no existing legal classification. Religious experiences retain an insistent individuality. Each patient is a unique fact for a doctor. Business requires for its understanding the whole complexity of human motives, and as yet has only been studied from the narrow ledge of economics. Also Art, Education, and Governmental Activities are gold mines of suggestion. It is mid-summer madness on the part of universities to withdraw themselves from the closest contact with vocational practices.

Curiously, the withdrawal of universities from close association with the practice of life is modern. It culminated in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and heralds the decay of a cultural epoch.

I am not talking of the theories that men may have held at any time as to university functions. The point is as to the closeness of the relationship of the universities to the life around them — a closeness so natural as hardly to enter consciousness. In the first place, the universities arose out of nature, and

were not exotic constructions imposed from above. The Papacy found universities; it did not devise them. Second, in studying the past we must distinguish between social barriers, trade secrets, and cultural doctrines.

In ancient Greece, whatever occupied a free citizen was worth study. That is why Socrates made himself a nuisance by cross-questioning people in the market place. He discovered the vagueness on which we have been insisting. Many things were done by slaves according to traditional methods. Nobody thought of lightening their labor; first, because it did not matter, and second, because there was no foreknowledge of the penetrating possibilities of modern science. Thus slave labor was a matter of course, without interest. But this is a social barrier, and not a doctrine of cultural activity. In the same way for the serfs of the Middle Ages. But here we must never forget the Benedictine monasteries and the variety of activities housed therein. Also the divine Plato was interested in drinking parties, and in the dances suitable for old gentlemen.

In a modern university the natural place for Aristotle would be somewhere between the Medical School, the Biological Departments, and the School of Education. But as life went on he would have looked in elsewhere. As to Plato, his two longest discourses are on political theory, the longer of the two being intensely practical. Also he made two long and dangerous journeys to give practical advice to governing people. His immediate pupils imitated his example. The Washington 'brain trust' is not an American invention.

In the many centuries between Greece and our own times, the direct interplay between universities and practical affairs has been continuous. Salerno, Bologna, Paris, Edinburgh, and the Oxford of Jowett at once come

to mind. In fact, almost any university with any length of history before the eighteenth century tells the same tale. And as to men, it suffices to mention Erasmus, Locke, and Newton, among a thousand others.

The gross misunderstanding on this point arises from obliviousness of the part played by the great religious institutions, especially in the Middle Ages. They were concerned with action, emotion, and thought. They coördinated intimacies of human feeling. The men directing their activities permeated universities and active life, the same men passing from one to the other of the two spheres. The rapid penetration by the mendicant orders into universities illustrates this point. The survival power of the great religious confederations demonstrates some large conformity of their procedures to the structure of human experience.

For a thousand years the Catholic Church was the deepest influence in the seats of learning and in the social relations of mankind. The mediæval universities were in touch with the life around them with a direct intimacy denied to their modern descendants. Of course, a large recasting of thought and doctrine was required. The first result was the brilliance of the seventeenth century. But household renovations are dangerous. For universities, the final result has been their seclusion from the variety of human feeling. To-day the activities of the mediæval churchmen are best represented by the whole bundle of vocational activities, including those of the various churches. In modern life, men of science are the nearest analogues to the mediæval clergy.

The mediæval clergy and the cultural humanism of the Hellenic world survive. Science (the search for order realized in nature), Hellenism (the search for value realized in human nature), Religion (the search for value

basic for all things), express three factors belonging to the perfection of human nature. They can be studied apart. But they must be lived together in the one life of the individual. Thus there is a tidal law in the emphasis of epochs. At low tide factors are studied primarily in isolation. There is progress with manageable problems. The issue is trivialization; for meaning evaporates.

Importance belongs to the one life of the one individual. This is the doctrine of the platonic soul. At the high tide, combinations of factors dawn on consciousness with the importance of vivid shadows of this full unity of experience. And the knowledge in the low tide has required the high tide to provide compositions as material for thought.

VII

A university should be, at one and the same time, local, national, and world-wide. It is of the essence of learning that it be world-wide, and effectiveness requires local and national adaptations. It is not easy to hold the balance. But unless this difficult balance be held with some genius, the university is to that extent defective.

New England provides the near environment for Harvard, and from that local environment the institution derives its marked individuality, which is its strength. Also the most direct mission for Harvard is to serve the whole of these United States. The maintenance of a great civilization on this continent, from ocean to ocean, is the first purpose of American university life.

But the ideal of the good life, which is civilization, — the ideal of a university, — is the discovery, the understanding, and the exposition, of the possible harmony of diverse things, involving and exciting every mode of human experience. Thus it is the

peculiar function of a university to be an agent of unification. This does not mean the suppression of all but one. With this ideal before it, the notion of bare suppression sends a shiver through the academic framework. It savors of treason. Even local limitations are but means to the highest of all ends. Even methods are limitations. The difficulty is to find a method for the transcendence of methods. The living spirit of a university should exhibit some approach to this transcendence of limits.

The pursuit of harmony has its difficulties, alike in the realm of action and in the realm of understanding and in the realm of æsthetic enjoyment. The ideal of final harmony lies beyond the reach of human beings. Thus any civilized culture exhibits a mixture of harmony and discord. The university is struggling with discord in its journey toward harmony. It is spreading the enjoyment of such harmonies as the human tradition at that moment conveys, and it is pioneering in the prairies of disordered experience.

When all has been said, the universe is without bounds, learning is world-wide, and the springs of emotion lie below conventionalities. You cannot limit the sources of a great civilization; nor can you assign the stretch of its influence.

To-day Harvard is the greatest of existing cultural institutions. The opportunity is analogous to that of Greece after Marathon, to that of Rome in the reign of Augustus, to that of Christian institutions amid the decay of civilization. Each of these examples recalls tragic failure. But in each there is success which has secured enrichment of human life. If Greece had never been, if Augustan Rome had never been, if Institutional Christianity had never been, if the University of Paris had never been, human life would now be functioning on a lower level, nearer to its animal origins. Will Harvard rise to its opportunity, and in the modern world repeat the brilliant leadership of mediæval Paris?

BOHEMIAN AND BUDDHIST

BY MRS. WINTHROP CHANLER¹

I

AFTER four years in Rome, the winter of 1901 found us in the Chanler villa at Newport with every intention of living there the rest of our lives. What had ever led us to imagine it would be pleasant to live there the year round? It was charming in summer and autumn, but by late November it was bleak and dreary. My husband then found it necessary — or perhaps just more amusing — to spend much of his time in New York. The Chanlers are like turkeys and must not be enclosed; they cannot thrive unless they be allowed to range, so Winty came and went. My brother-in-law Bob Chanler, escaping from his first matrimonial disaster, sought refuge with us and made the winter less lonely.

How describe Bob to those who never knew him, who never saw him burst into a room, his gleaming, curly-lashed eyes shining through big tortoise-shell spectacles? In appearance he was at once distinguished and a little uncouth. He was very tall and long-limbed, a graceful dancer and a good horseman; he had a shock of untamed light brown curly hair, and dressed with a dash of fastidious eccentricity that became him well. 'Bob is *chic*, is n't he?' his wife said to me

once as she and I were walking behind him on the Champs-Élysées, and I had to agree, though I should not have thought of the word in connection with him. He was so much more than *chic*. The two seemed happy enough at that time. She was tall, blonde, and unquestionably *chic* — since she liked the word. He was by nature an artist, with all the artist's excessive sensibility of body and soul. His ardent vitality seemed to amplify and intensify his every experience. Impression, emotion, image, and idea had no calm succession in his mind. Each and all were turbulent storm centres. His spirit always reminded me of the great nebulae we see in books on astronomy: incalculable vortices of light whirling through cosmic darkness. I felt him accurately tuned and predestined to suffer and to enjoy more than most men are capable of suffering and enjoying.

His stay with us that winter in Newport was a peaceful if rather bleak interlude in his stormy, changeful life. The future had many vicissitudes in store for him: success as a painter, success in being much beloved. He bought a farm in Dutchess County not far from Rokeby, and became such a favorite with rich and poor that he was elected sheriff. The big state prison at Sing Sing came under his jurisdiction, and we were told it had never been run so smartly and so well. Smartness seems an odd word to use in connection

¹ Two years ago the *Atlantic* published some charming chapters from Mrs. Chanler's early memoir, *Roman Spring*. We are happy to continue the series with selections from her new book, *Autumn in the Valley*. — EDITOR

with a jail; my informant used it meaning that Bob had raised the morale of the place by cleaning it up and by insisting on a measure of civility on the part of the personnel. He gave barbecues for the farmers and the village folk and was much in demand at the great houses along the banks of the Hudson — the Astors', Ogden Mills's, and the rest, where he dined, danced, and played poker with the frivolous. All were glad to hail Sheriff Bob, the name he was universally known by for many years after he had relinquished the office.

Then came another matrimonial disaster, when he married the beautiful and notorious Lina Cavalieri in Paris, and his oldest brother, who had at one time been declared insane, sent him the oft-quoted cable, 'Who's loony now?' He lived with her for one week of joy and terror. He signed away his whole fortune to her and found that he was expected to live without pocket money and work for a living 'like other American husbands'; but lack of funds was not the only bogey. A lawyer friend, seeing his distress, advised him to run away, and lent him the money to pay for his passage to New York. Fortunately for Bob, the trustees of his father's estate would not recognize the deed of gift, and the *diva* had to be satisfied with a portion of his patrimony. After this they were divorced and Bob stayed on in New York, crestfallen and demoralized. My husband would not let me see him for some time; he lost patience and refused pity, but the breach was not for long.

II

Bob recovered himself and went to work. His decorations became fashionable and orders poured in. He painted many screens and panels with bird and beast, fish and deep-sea monster. He studied them from books of natural

history and as far as possible from life; then his imagination transmuted them into something new and strange. He felt them as types and symbols of mysterious forces everywhere at work, and was ravished by the brilliance and unending variety of the visible world. The flicker of flame, the beauty of peacocks, the slenderness of silvery giraffes, the struggles of huge cuttlefish with equally huge crustaceans in the depths of the sea, 'the hawk that stretches her wings toward the south' and 'the way where light dwelleth.'

He had so many orders to carry out, so many new ideas to be caught and set down before the vision faded, that he was obliged to employ professionally trained decorators to carry out many of the larger projects. His men were devoted to him and did their best; they were experts in applying gold and silver leaf, glazes and patines, but when it came to painting birds and beasts, flowers and fishes, let alone human figures, their brush strokes were commercial and wholly inadequate. So it happened that a number of pieces signed 'Robert Chanler' were unworthy of him, and I thought it a great pity.

I tried to tell him this more than once, but he never seemed to be troubled by it. What he painted with his own hand was spirited and original, rather rough in execution, amateurish for all the decorative richness of color and texture, but interesting for its imaginative quality: the quality gifted children show before they are twelve and generally lose after they begin to work seriously on their art. This remained with him to the end.

In New York he bought two old houses and threw them into one. The top story was made into a large studio, and the basement into a dance room. The intermediate floors held his living room, dining room, and a number of bedrooms. These and the staircase he

decorated freely. The walls of the staircase were enlivened with monkeys and beasts of the jungle swinging and crawling through tangled branches. There was a room full of live tropical birds; the dining room had a collection of handsome macaws, cockatoos, and other parrots, tethered to their perches; the windows were brightened with aquariums full of every variety of glinting goldfish. The walls were hung with the curiously revealing portraits he liked to make of his friends, not generally appreciated by those who sat for them. Most of these likenesses had a certain lost-soul quality which no one is pleased to recognize in a picture of himself.

He called the place his House of Fantasy, and there he literally kept open house, for the front door had a trick lock and those who knew it could walk in at any hour of the day or night. It was a centre where young Bohemia loved to gather. He had many friends among the talented, the almost-talented, and the mere roustabouts. All the rising stars in arts and letters were taken to see him, to be passed on by him. Nearly all felt drawn to his exciting personality, but not all could stand the pace he kept. The more serious-minded would drop out of the gay circle after joining it for a while; they found it too destructive to concentration on their work. Several of these more prudent ones have told me how devoted they were to Bob himself and what an inspiration he had been to them, how regretfully they had fallen away when they realized they could not pay the price of so many wasted hours.

The parties at the House of Fantasy were apt to last through the next day and into the morning after, during which interval a great deal of whiskey was consumed and almost anything or everything might and often did happen. Bob led the revels and was

amused by the freaks of the revelers, but he was well aware of their plus or minus human values. The innermost Spectator in him was always keenly watchful, though indulgent. These parties were amusing if not always edifying to hear about; needless to say, I was never urged to attend them.

I used to lunch with Bob and visit his studio when things were quiet; he would show me the work in progress and the plans and sketches for future work. It was astonishing how steadily and seriously he pursued his upstairs studio life despite the boisterous irregularities that agitated the lower stories.

In middle life Bob met with an accident which left him permanently lame. He could take no more exercise and grew heavy. The physical inactivity seemed to stimulate his mind, for he became an avid reader of serious books and learned with deep interest many things he had never thought about before. He carried his zestful curiosity into many fields. There was little in the cycle of human joys, fears, and passionate troubles that he had not experienced; he found them all again in the processional pomp of history, and it went to enrich his understanding and sympathy for the human predicament. The young loved to be with him and he never lost interest in them and their affairs.

During his last summers he lived at Woodstock, near the Hudson, surrounded by a colony of artists, all his good friends. I motored there several times to spend a few hours with him. The last visit gave me my last sight of him. He was sitting on his little porch in the sun, wearing his painter's smock, looking wise and detached. The fires were burning low; he was too weak to walk, but never too weak to make an occasional sketch of some picture that came into his mind.

The young Bob had had in him some-

thing of Parsifal, the Pure Fool, who treads '*Der Irrniss und der Leiden Pfade*,' the paths of error and of pain, preserving a certain guilelessness, and of the youthful Bacchus, leader of gay revels; now he looked like an Oriental sage. Blake tells us that the Roads of Excess lead to the Palace of Wisdom.

All this and how much more lay on the lap of the uncertain gods that far-away winter when he and I spent many quiet evenings together in our Newport villa. I would play him the Bach fugues he loved, Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms; very often Liszt's charming '*Lorelei*,' so delicately, so wistfully sentimental. He well knew the fate of the boatman in the little skiff and the wild woe that overtook him for listening to the dangerous melody.

III

There was a convenient train that left Newport in the middle of the morning and reached Boston in time for me to lunch and go to the Symphony concert. The Boston Symphony Orchestra was being conducted by Gericke and the concerts were a great joy and refreshment. I had a number of good friends in Boston who would invite me to make the pleasant expedition, and I made it as often as possible. Among these friends there is none I remember with more affection than Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow. I had known him in Washington, where he often paid long visits to the Cabot Lodges or stayed with Henry Adams, whose wife had been his cousin.

His home was in Boston, where he inhabited in great comfort one of the old houses on Beacon Hill that had the original pale purple windowpanes so highly prized by those who own them. Comfort is a modest word to describe the fastidious luxury of Dr. Bigelow's outwardly unassuming establishment,

run by two excellent Irish maids who had taken care of him for many years. His cellar was full of the rarest wines, his food was always exquisite, and every kind of exotic delicacy made his meals interesting. His handsome rooms were full of precious objects: Chinese porcelains, bronzes, and tapestries; the top of a bookcase was filled with a priceless collection of Chinese glass. On the mantelpiece were some very beautiful Buddhas and a great many photographs of lady friends, foremost among these Ternina, the great prima donna, whom he fondly adored.

Dr. Bigelow was born in 1850, the son of a rich and distinguished surgeon. After graduating from Harvard he studied medicine in Vienna and there obtained the title by which he was always called. From Vienna he went to Paris, where he worked for some time under the great Pasteur. He never practised medicine, but after his return to Boston did a certain amount of research work which contributed to the discovery of appendicitis.

About 1880 he went to Japan with his friend Fenollosa, an Orientalist of some note. There Dr. Bigelow took up the study of Japanese gardens and learned, it was said, all there was to know about them. From these he turned to the investigation of Buddhism. It must have been like going from an artificial lake to the ocean, but it is likely that the gardens led him to the religion; all Oriental arts and crafts are fraught with symbolism.

A graduate of Harvard and a Doctor of Medicine, he had never, before going to Japan, had any spiritual experience whatever. He knew more about the mountains in the moon than he knew about his own soul. He fell in with a wise and learned old abbot, a priest of the Shingon sect, who became his teacher and initiator; it was his first contact with holiness. He stayed in Japan seven years, studying with the abbot

and doing spiritual exercises under his guidance; he could not say enough of his instructor's kindness and understanding. After being duly initiated into the esoteric teachings and spiritual discipline of Shingon Buddhism, Dr. Bigelow was formally received into the Buddhist communion and admitted to the Buddhist sacraments. He then returned to America and it was soon after this that I first met him in Washington, where we were living at the time.

He had a distinguished personality, kindly and a little aloof. Prematurely bald, he had a carefully tended beard and looked indescribably clean. At once an epicure and a mystic, he professed an ascetic religion and wore beautiful Charvet haberdashery and handsome English clothes. He was full of Buddhist lore and emanated a peaceful radiance mingled with a faint fragrance of toilet water. I found him attractive and interesting and we soon became friends. He was infinitely kind and generous, much beloved by his friends — not only for the gifts, rare and precious as they often were, with which he punctuated the course of friendship, but because of the stimulating something there was about his mind and conversation, because he made things happen, and perhaps because he was not happy himself, but tried to bring happiness about for others.

He told me many things he had learned and experienced in Japan. The sages of the East possess knowledge that the Western world ignores, and Dr. Bigelow had much to communicate. I called him the Hierophant, the revealer of mysteries. He tried to teach me to meditate their way, which is fundamentally the way of all mystics: a great silence must be created in the mind, all images resolutely banished, with the disturbing movements of fear and desire. When you have achieved

this perfect calm, fix your attention on the object of your meditation — it may be a Divine Person, a favorite saint, a mystery, a symbol of the faith — and become one with it. Christian saints and contemplatives have done as much; Saint Ignatius Loyola, Saint Teresa, Saint John of the Cross, and countless others have practised this spiritual alchemy which turns the quicksilver of thought into the gold of contemplation. The next step seemed more unfamiliar, more arduous, and to me more difficult. The approach to it was the same. The great calm must be established, but the faculties of the soul — above all, the will — must be concentrated not on any subject of meditation but on a point that has no dimension or attributes whatever, unless it be that of unity: that is, as it were, the vanishing point of human consciousness. Through this inappreciable point the naked soul must learn to escape from the dark tenement of the body and return to it at will. It can thus take cognizance of things removed in time and space.

Saint Francis de Sales has much to say of this '*fine pointe de l'esprit*' in his beautiful treatise on the love of God, but does not suggest that it be used as a latchkey to enable the soul to come and go from the three-dimensional world into another out of psychic curiosity, or mere wish to escape the troubles of the house of flesh.

Dr. Bigelow believed that he had become aware of his own former incarnations. He fondly hoped to attain Nirvana without having to undergo further earthly existences. Metempsychosis may be interpreted as a rational justification of the extremes of human conditions as they exist around us: an ineluctable system of rewards and punishments. We come into the world with the debts of wrongdoings contracted in former existences unpaid, with an almost irresistible tendency to

incur others. For Buddhists as for us, sin is always an entanglement of the spirit with matter, a falling away from Light. Their Karma is the sum of the individual's actions in former incarnations, his character, his destiny. Buddhism seems to know nothing of Divine Mercy, nothing of indulgent forgiveness to the repentant sinner. Once the debt is contracted, it must be paid to the uttermost farthing. The soul must cleanse itself by its own effort. One that attains a high level of spirituality and falls away will take all eternity to recover his lost status.

Buddhism, as Dr. Bigelow understood it, seems to seek salvation in nothingness and to attain holiness without love. But it must not be forgotten that the early Catholic missionaries to the Far East allowed their converts from Buddhism to venerate Gautama Buddha as a saint, so deeply edifying was all his life and teaching, so consonant with what they themselves believed. The two religions hold much in common; but Christianity begins and ends with God, and Love is the essence of its being. On this Dr. Bigelow and I could never agree; he knew a great deal about what seemed to me the almost mechanical relation of the soul to the body and the spiritual acrobatics it could perform, but Divinity was an empty word to him and I could not do without it. Our friendship prospered in spite of this fundamental antinomy, and our discussions left each of us exhilarated with the sense of having been right.

When we were living in Newport he often came to stay with us, and still more often I would spend a day with him in Boston, hear an afternoon concert, and discuss the borderland of human consciousness with him afterwards over a cup of Mandarin tea served in the rarest Japanese porcelain, before taking the train back to Newport.

IV

We left Newport to live elsewhere and I saw less of my dear Hierophant, but we continued to exchange ideas in frequent letters. After his death in 1926, a little bundle of my last ones to him were found among his papers and returned to me. His to me have unfortunately been lost; my answers convey something of his state of mind as well as my reaction to it. I give them for what they are worth, but must explain that during the last years of his life he had become an invalid.

He was confined to his bed for months at a time, and with ill-health a spiritual darkness had descended on him, harder to bear than physical afflictions. He became very dejected and oppressed with melancholy. I do not know that his Buddhist faith forsook him. I could see that it gave him no comfort. He was tired of life and longed to be through with the whole experience if only it were possible, but the terror of death was also upon him, the dread of the hereafter. Had he been unfaithful to his alien creed, had he failed in the fulfillment of his vows?

He had, in his distress, sent his faithful Maggie to call a Catholic priest to his bedside, a plain Irish-American parish priest, and had solemnly exhorted the good man to annihilate his soul that it might not survive in afterlife. What could the poor priest do but tell him that he had no power to make an end of what God had created immortal? Dr. Bigelow was angry with him and wrote me an indignant letter about the interview. It contained a curious simile about a broken bridge, a man fallen into the water and unable to swim ashore, asking a man on the bridge to throw him a stone that would help him go to the bottom — little enough to ask, and the stone, he thought, had been denied.

He felt that the Church, in the person of her priest, had been cruelly unkind. Here is my answer.

DEAREST HIEROPHANT: —

Your good letter just reaches me. I wish I could answer it properly. I do not understand just what happened to the party crossing the broken bridge; was help refused by a Catholic priest? There are priests and priests; my dear Father Fay would doubtless have known how to meet the situation, though I doubt if even he would have seen fit to give you a paving-stone to help you sink. You see we believe in the imperishable essence of the soul, and the soul consists of memory, will and understanding; these are her entelechy and can be used or abused but never quite got rid of. But do not let us talk theology. I love my religion too dearly to discuss it even with you. *I am It* in a most unworthy way, and *It is I*. *Tat wam asi*, as the yogis say. . . .

And here is another from the same group.

DEAR HIEROPHANT: —

We need a heart-to-heart talk — how difficult to do it on paper! . . . When you talk about getting out of the Universe I understand it means simply that you want to get out of yourself, away from the 'club-foot' and what the dying Henry James called the wear and tear of discrimination. Any respectable religion should help you to do this. Askesis has no other purpose that I know of than to liberate us from the strangle-hold that the Ego has on the spirit.

But the Spirit — the Eternal I AM — the Immovable Motor — the Inaccessible Light that is the Unquenchable Flame — for that there can be no extinction as there can be no shadow of turning. We must get out of ourselves — there I am entirely with you — our club-feet and other defects poison life for us; it is somehow vitiated and its best moments marred. What I maintain is that outside of us, outside of Time and Space and yet permeating it because sustaining and creating it and us, is Divinity to which we have access, and this is Life Everlasting and Paradisi Gloria. This we gain by overcoming and getting rid of '*le moi haïssable*,' which I take it is the Universe from which you wish to escape.

Finally, on June 17, 1915, I wrote the following: —

DEAR HIEROPHANT: —

Your letter of May 11th is still unanswered, and now comes a June 14th reminder of my delinquency. The fact is I have thought about you every day, wishing I could see you and have a good talk about what you say; it is difficult to answer, for in these regions every word can be made to mean so many different things, but bluntly and fundamentally I do not agree with you. Perhaps my digestion is too good, perhaps my spirit is not fastidious enough.

If you have gone through a picture-gallery, the richest and most beautiful in the world, and it happened that your shoe pinched you, that you had a stiff neck, or felt the approaches of influenza, it was your misfortune that you could win no rapture from the beauty that you saw — rather did it give you an unutterable sense of weariness. If your discomfort was so great that you tell me you hope as soon as possible to forget the whole experience, I shall feel sorry for your aches and pains, but still more shall I pity you for your lost opportunity to enjoy and appreciate. I have come out of that same gallery walking on air.

I do not understand your desire for annihilation; it is, as you say, a contradiction in terms, the will to live turned against itself. This fragmentary creature that calls itself 'I' can go on the scrap-heap whenever the Heavenly Powers see fit to throw it there with a

*Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti,
Tempus abire tibi est.²*

But the moments of vision, of delight, of understanding, the stirrings of immortality we have here and there been vouchsafed, the exquisite friendships that have enriched our lives — these have nothing to do with the Ego or the non-Ego, with Time or Forgetfulness. These are Truth more imperishable than the stars. In so far as we partook of them we partook of Immortality. Infinity passed through us as the current goes through the wire.

I want to copy out for you a passage from a book I am very fond of, Henry

² Enough of food, enough of drink and play,
Time it is to go away. — AUTHOR

Brewster's *Prison*. The prisoner is summing up his experience (a very figurative prisoner): —

'Now my struggle is over; the time has come and my choice is made. I abandon to destruction the unity of which I am conscious, I take refuge in the lastingness of its elements. I bid farewell forever to the transient meeting of eternal guests who had gathered here for an hour; they are taking leave of one another and never perhaps throughout the course of ages will they meet again, all of them and none but they, under one roof.

'I hear them overhead moving to depart, and the sound of their several foot-falls quivers through me in sweet-bitter shudders. I hear the flight of the divine vultures that bear away my substance shred by shred; the wind of their wings is upon my forehead and from I know not where wells into my eyes the tranquil glory of a boundless sunset.

'What are they waiting for, the departing Guests? Only a word that shall set them free. Go then; pass on, immortal ones. And behold I burst the bonds that pent you up within me, I disband myself and travel on forever in your scattered paths. Wherever you are, there I shall be, I survive in you . . . I am whatever I have felt, and what I have felt is what some must ever feel. For years I have been conning my lesson, learning to say, "Not me, not mine," ashamed both of sorrow and of joy till they slowly were lifted from me and stretched overhead, endless and unchangeable as the milky way whose soft light descends indifferently on all men from generation to generation. My hopes have become an heirloom of the centuries, which it is my turn to take care of; my thoughts are here on deposit for a little while; they have been passed round since the dawn of time and someone else will have charge of them to-morrow. . . .

'Now someone says to me: It is well so far; taste also of death. Then let there be banners and music; this is no leave-taking; I am not even going home. I thank you, days of joy and pride; I thank you, lamentable solitude, and you, shades of those that loved me. I sorrow with you, grieving ones, and melt with you, O fond ones. I triumph with those that vanquish and I rest with those who are dead. I descend to my fathers

and return again forever. I have nothing that is mine but a name, and I bow down in my dream of a day to the life eternal. I am the joy and the sorrow, the mirth and the pride, the love, the silence, and the song. I am the soul. I am the home.'

V

Without faith this would seem a wise way to face the ultimate mystery — to accept the disbanding of our earthly joys, of the tastes and accomplishments, preferences and aversions, that gave us so much satisfaction; to look upon them as guests who met and gathered under one roof, 'never perhaps to meet again.' But in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble and the strong men bow themselves, and those that look out of the window shall be darkened, and fears shall be in the way, it must be hard to take comfort in a creed totally alien to one's race and tradition, with no one near who shares the same faith. Saint John of the Cross says somewhere (I quote from memory) that a burning coal placed on a marble floor will inevitably char and grow cold.

I am told that Dr. Bigelow attained a certain peace before the end came — the Satori aimed at in Buddhist meditation. According to his directions his ashes were taken to Japan. Two years ago his good friend and mine, Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, was visiting one of the famous temples in Nara and was struck by the beauty of an old carved Buddha. The Buddhist priest who was showing him the place told him the statue had been discovered by an American, a certain Dr. Bigelow who had lived with them in the monastery for seven years, but that was long ago. When Mr. Sedgwick told him he had known Dr. Bigelow well, the priest asked if he would like to see his tomb, and led him to where Dr. Bigelow had been laid beside his teacher, the saintly old abbot who had first taught him about his immortal soul.

DICTATOR'S TESTAMENT

BY GENERAL ARMAND DE CAULAINCOURT

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE LIBAIRE

[THE scene which General Caulaincourt is describing in his *Memoirs* opens about suppertime on April 12, 1814, at the Palace of Fontainebleau. There Napoleon has waited since March 31 while Caulaincourt, his Foreign Secretary, carried on negotiations in Paris with the victorious Allies over the terms of the Emperor's abdication and the retirement to Elba. The treaty has been arranged; the abdication has been delivered to Talleyrand by Caulaincourt and by Marshals Ney and Macdonald. Ney seizes the opportunity afforded by that mission to go over to the new government. Meantime Macdonald and Caulaincourt have returned to their Chief at Fontainebleau.

These pages have been culled from *No Peace with Napoleon!* the American edition of Caulaincourt's second volume of *Memoirs*, which will appear in November. — THE EDITORS]

I

ALL were gratified because the treaty was putting an end to their suspense. This lengthy drama was drawing to its unhappy close; everybody saw what lay ahead of him, at least, and could choose the course he wished to take. With the Emperor's fate decided, everyone could make some plan for the morrow.

According to what I was told by

those who saw the Emperor informally, he was resigned. He spoke even of current events with such calm detachment that one might have thought they meant nothing to him — that he was absorbed in arranging for his journey and planning his new establishment. He talked about public matters as though some other man were involved in them; and about his prospective meeting with his son and the Empress he spoke with a certainty that is an added reproach to his father-in-law's behavior in that regard. He was not dissatisfied over the stipulations. Under such circumstances, in short, — and in view of the wholesale desertion of our cause at the crucial moment when the terms of abdication had to be whipped into their final shape, — our success had been greater, perhaps, than one had had reason to expect.

The Emperor was not slow in sending for me. It seemed to me that the treaty suited him. His sole dread was that it would not be respected — and his misgivings on that score outran anything I could imagine. He believed that there would be but small show of good faith in carrying it out, even on Their Majesties' part. He suspected that the Provisional Government was plotting to take his life: that its agents would try to kill him en route. They were too sure of immunity, he felt, and far too certain of reward, to leave a

stone unturned in the effort to assassinate him. Thus he saw himself being threatened all the way to Elba. He asked me several times whether there would be a British commissioner to go with him. My affirmative answer seemed to gratify him.

'The British nation,' he told me, 'would not tolerate a murder. In that country the ministers have to account publicly for their acts and undertakings, and even for the way in which their engagements are carried out — wherefore their assent promises security. With the Provisional Government there is no security for me, nor with the Bourbons, who have wished so often to have attempts made on my life, and who have so much to gain by ridding themselves of me to-day. In my present position, I stand amidst a pack of wolves.'

He asked me whether I had mentioned that he would perhaps like to go into retirement in England. Here was a notion which the Emperor had discussed with me once, at the outset of events. He had since written me about it; and now, because of the inconvenience and perils of a long journey across the South of France, and on account of various other circumstances, he appeared still to have that notion in mind, though seemingly he had not worked it up into any scheme such as he would really care to carry out. I gave the Emperor an account of the conversation I had had on that subject with Lord Castlereagh, who at first, it seemed to me, had been dumbfounded by my question, and even embarrassed to find an answer. After trying to sound me out as to the Emperor's intentions, Castlereagh finally had replied that a question of that sort could be taken up only through formal discussion in England, and would first of all have to be submitted to the Allies.

For the time being, Napoleon pur-

sued this topic no further. He merely remarked to me: 'The Empress prefers that arrangement. It is likely that we shall be better off in England than anywhere else, and more at ease. Since she can have no Court that is worthy of her, life as a private citizen suits her best. As for me, if I leave French soil I shall be content wherever I find good conversation — and England is full of well-informed men of parts. However, we shall have time to make up our minds, if I can resign myself to the terms that Europe is laying me under. Ah, Caulaincourt, how hard it is!'

He then spoke about the choice of commissioners. The Emperor seemed to find all these particulars diverting. Yet he was lost, so it struck me, in preoccupation. This was most unnatural in him, and was the more noticeable to me because it constantly led him to forget what he had asked, or else not listen to the answer. He interrupted the conversation with frequent exclamations: 'Ah, Caulaincourt, I have already lived too long! . . . Poor France . . . I am unwilling to see your shame!' Following each of those exclamations, he seemed on the point of adding a few words and of telling me what oppressed him. I thought that the secret which burdened him was on the verge of slipping out, but he drove it into the back of his mind, along with his trustfulness and his sorrows; and nothing I could do to induce him to throw off the weight of his oppression was of any avail. He noticed how moved I was by his state of mind, and he seemed touched by my emotion. 'Ah, Caulaincourt, my poor fellow,' he added, 'what a fatality! Poor France! . . . A little more vigor, a few months more of suffering, and she would have been victorious over all her foes. We should have emerged greater and more glorious from this brief adversity than we did from the years of our most splendid triumphs!

. . . When I think of her present state, — of what shameful things the invaders will subject her to, — I cannot bear to live.'

After more than a half hour of silence, the Emperor spoke to me about the condition of Paris and the army. He told me that two days ago, when he saw that nearly all the generals were sending in word of their submission and were opening negotiations with Paris, he had proclaimed in his salon, in a loud voice, that one would do well to take service with the Bourbons — moreover, that he urged all those there present to do so, and thus make it easier for everybody. He had gone on to say that those who had struck their bargains need not dissemble with him: that dissimulation annoyed and hurt him worse than anything else. 'I cannot abide deceit,' he added.

I spoke to the Emperor of the demand that he had had made upon me for the return of his Act of Abdication, and of the letter that he had written me in regard to this, after the articles were signed. There was no way whatsoever, I pointed out to him, in which I could have obeyed that order without ruining him and disgracing myself; wherefore there could be no question of my choice in the matter. I remarked that of course I had regretted my inability to oblige him, but that there were some sacrifices which no man of his word could make, even through force of feeling or at his Sovereign's command. He told me that he had understood my motives.

'I approve of you,' he went on; 'you acted properly. I did not know how things stood at the time. I was given to think that the Guard was unwilling to surrender, and that most of the troops felt the same way. Therefore I was able to count on something from my forces in the Midi, and on their joining up with my army in Italy — for I should never have been willing to

devastate France with internal strife. If everybody had not struck his own bargain and deserted me, I should have snatched Italy from the clutches of Austria: those gallant Italians would have welcomed me with open arms. What difference could it make to Their Majesties if Austria did without Italy? My presence in that country would have braced its whole morale; I should have thrown open its ports to the British — and there I should have had a fine kingdom which would not have frightened a soul. If the course of events and the wrath of Europe had prevented my setting up that State for my own, at least I could have kept it for my son, whose rights over Italy I meant to retain in my abdication. There you have the change that I intended to make in it.'

The Emperor asked me whether it was true, as he had been told, that Marshal Ney had gone over neck and crop to the Provisional Government. My answer was that the report was too strong; that all these particulars were pointless now, in any case; and that when there was a revolution in progress one's very love of Emperor and country might find new ways of expression. The Emperor, it appeared to me, was convinced that Ney had treated him shabbily. 'You can tell me the truth,' he added, 'for I understand him. Yesterday he was against me — and he will lay down his life for me to-morrow.¹ Be that as it may, I know for certain how he behaved at Talleyrand's a few days ago. He spoke in front of so many people that what he said is common knowledge; even Fouché, who is unwilling that they should give me Elba, could not help remarking to somebody that I must have sent Ney to Paris out of spite with myself. That fellow Fouché is above suspicion of good will toward me. If what they tell me is true, he is one of the men who

¹ A prophetic forecast of 1815. — EDITOR

are most outspoken against giving me Elba, because it is too near at hand. He is afraid of me, and would like to see me at the world's end, I should imagine — such is the load of treason on his conscience. Even so, he is scornful of Talleyrand's revolution, and perceives clearly what mischief it will do to France.'

The Emperor asked me if I had seen Fouché. I replied that I had caught sight of him only yesterday at the session of the Provisional Government, when I was delivering the abdication. 'I am positive of what I tell you about him,' His Majesty repeated; and then he mentioned the Empress. 'She will not wish to live at Elba the year round, but she will come and go.'

Involuntarily, as it were, he broke into heavy sighs when speaking of Her Majesty and his son; and he was constantly letting slip some sorrowful exclamation or other about France's predicament. 'I cannot bear to live!' That exclamation in particular recurred so often — it seemed uttered so much of its own accord, and despite the efforts I saw him make to still his sorrow — that I was startled as much as I was affected by it.

As you may imagine, the tone of the conversation was not merely earnest. It was very affectionate; and for the first time since I had had the privilege of close association with the Emperor the discussion was amicable, even considerate. I was heartbroken to see the state he was in. Try as I would to control myself and so prevent his breaking down, my heart was too full. We thus found ourselves so disposed toward each other that he was about to tell me everything, while I was proving to him that I was too good a friend — if I may venture the expression — not to sympathize with all his misery and to deserve his entire trust. Just then, however, somebody interrupted

us to announce the arrival of M. Orloff, the Tsar's aide-de-camp, bearing the ratifications.

The Emperor seemed very much provoked at this intrusion. 'Leave us alone,' he said; and then, addressing himself to me: 'He will wait; these gentry here will see him cared for.' After a momentary silence: 'What is the good of these ratifications — seeing that neither France nor my son will reap the reward of my sacrifice?'

This comment seemed the preamble to what he was impelled to tell me. He checked himself abruptly, however, and quickened the pace with which he had been walking throughout our discussion. After a silent five minutes, he added: 'My dear Caulaincourt, go and see what he wants. Get through with this business, and come back so that we may talk.'

II

Upon returning to my quarters I found Roustam there. He was waiting to tell me that the Emperor requested me to come to him at once. I made haste to note down the conversation I had had with the Emperor, to whom I speedily returned. As soon as he saw me, the Emperor asked if there was any news. My reply was that the Tsar of Russia had sent in his ratification, as promised, in order to put His Majesty's mind at ease concerning the faithful performance of the treaty pledges; that the Secretariat was busy making copies, and that the formal exchange would be completed next morning.

He spoke to me again of the army's partial adherence and the Senate's craven conduct (those are his own words), and of the behavior of Talleyrand and numerous other persons. Always, when mentioning the army, he said that the course it had followed was virtually a legitimate measure of self-defense. His comment was that all

those acts of treachery, the Senate's conduct in particular, had betrayed France and the troops, leaving them bound hand and foot and depriving him of every means with which to exact pledges safeguarding the national institutions and the army's rights. 'Talleyrand and that conspirator Dalberg,' said he, 'are fooling everybody, just as they fooled the Senate. Talleyrand has restored the Age of Folly. Louis XVIII, in short, will be very fortunate in finding him at hand, for Talleyrand has a close grasp of affairs. He will be a great help to the King, too, because he knows men as well as facts — *which is a matter of importance to a government that is establishing itself and succeeding me.*'

'The King,' he continued, 'is said to be witty, very Machiavellian, irresolute, cowardly like all the Bourbons, and false altogether. The Count of Artois is far more fantastic than the King, but downright. The Bourbons will lose their way if they commit themselves to those who are coming back with them. Their way to safety lies through the coalition that I have established; they must follow that course if they would not be lost. The King will become the country's hero; he will live at his ease, the happiest monarch in Europe. If he favors the *émigrés*, preferring the old nobility before the new, they will walk off with everything and will plan to exploit France for the aristocracy's advantage, not the dynasty's. That will rouse factions. France will then be ungovernable for princes so weak as they. The King will do well to hold fast to the men of the Revolution whom I have employed side by side with the old nobility. They are able men, and will serve with zeal — yes, and with assiduity — because they are ambitious. It will be simple for him to make them more royalist than the Vendéans. Besides, that will give their faction

pledges of security, and will set all minds at rest.'

He talked of the prestige inherent in an old dynasty; of how easily it could win the support of the troops if it treated them well — if the King surrounded himself with a group of their leaders, judiciously chosen. He spoke with emotion of how magnificently the Guard had behaved. 'Its faithfulness to me will prove to the King that it is composed of sound men who can be relied on. Just the same, in his place I would not keep them as a unit. I would give many a fat pension, and such of them as were fit to render good service I would promote — *meanwhile scattering them throughout the army.* Thus I should make first-rate royalists of them. The Bourbons are not strong-handed enough, nor are they in a position to lead that corps if they let it stay together. My memory is too green.'

He enjoined me to serve the Bourbons if I persisted in my unwillingness to go with him. He added that they would use me frequently in the public business; that I should be helpful to them because I was well known throughout Europe; that I ought to serve the King as faithfully as I had served him. The Bourbons, he repeated, would reign in peace if they had the good sense to change nothing but the sheets on his bed, and to give no power to the gentry who returned with them: 'Cash, a few places at Court — so much and no more for the *émigrés*.'

'The administration of France,' he added, 'must be left to you gentlemen who understand her. My hand was firm; and France will run for a long time yet on sheer momentum, thanks to the impulse I gave her. The Bourbons have far more need than I to keep step with public opinion, since, unlike me, they lack the prestige that goes with glory and with proven experience as an administrator. I have been

blamed, and perhaps justly, for loving war too well: but my administration has received its due. There was no waste there, no preference shown, no respecting of persons. The books were wide open to the world. The whole machine ran like the works of a clock with nothing but a pane of glass to screen it. Everybody could see how the wheels went round — a reassuring sight. Everyone whined about conscription, but it fell on everyone alike: the titled and the rich were hit by it, just as the beggar was. The schoolmaster's son got his commission, the bricklayer's son got his chevrons, the *pauvre diable* who had distinguished himself got the riband of the Legion of Honor — and the son who had earned distinction made up for the one who was lost. If you have a hand in affairs, Caulaincourt, bear in mind that drastic changes are not popular in France. Stability in the personnel makes everything stable. I had some unsound ministers, some administrators of small talent: if I did not make them all into good ones, I at least made them more useful, by not replacing them, than some others who might perhaps have been better and more capable than they. The shifting of ministers under Louis XV and Louis XVI did more to ruin France than the stupidity and impotence of the administration did, and all its wastefulness.'

Despite himself, the Emperor's feeling of depression would frequently break in upon this discourse that was exciting him; and along with it he betrayed his constant preoccupation with some idea from which I sensed that he was trying to divert his mind by commenting so extraordinarily (circumstances considered) on public affairs. 'Poor France!' he exclaimed, time and time again; and then he added: 'I cannot bear to live. I tried my best to die at Arcis. Not a bullet would have me. My task is done. . . . I have

failed. Unheard-of misfortunes have laid my power low. Treason, fatality — they have run me on the rocks and bowled me over. I was born a soldier; retirement to civil life cannot grieve me; it will not vex me to live as a private citizen. I shall always have more than I need to supply my wants. I only regret the throne for France's sake; she needed me for two more years. Destiny ought to have spared me that long: we should have beaten England. France and the whole Continent would have reaped the reward of their sacrifices.

'The day will come when they will do me justice: but by then they will be under the yoke, or at least beneath the sway, of either Britain or Russia. Those who trade by sea, and whose hostility to me has been so inveterate, will miss me then; and they will miss the Continental System, too, which has served in a measure to rouse Europe against me. That System will some day be recognized as the grandest of my political conceptions. Already the Continent, like France, has me to thank for developing its industries — a development whose benefits will show much clearer as time goes by. If they don't watch out, the monarchs of Europe, who to-day are united by nothing but their hatred of me, will pay as dearly as India for the preponderance that their present successes give to England. They are very short-sighted.'

He had words of praise for the Viceroy, and spoke of him as a prince who had served him faithfully, always. 'Eugène,' he told me, 'is the only one of my family who never has given me a single cause for dissatisfaction. His mother made me very happy: those are the sweetest recollections of my life.'

The Emperor looked so weary, and I saw him so torn by self-conflict, that, despite my interest in this conversation, I begged him to take a little rest.

He assured me that I was mistaken, that he was not yet ready for sleep, but that I might withdraw now if there was anything I must attend to, and he would send for me to come back; that he was anxious, anyway, to reread the treaty, and especially those parts of it which concerned the Empress. I offered to read him those articles. He answered that he would rather glance over them himself, and dismissed me. I went to my quarters, more impressed than I can say with the Emperor's discourse.

Why this summing up of the main events of his life? Why, I asked myself, this passing of judgment upon men and things? What, at such a time, was the point of these explanations about the motives that had guided him in instances long past? Why this political testament, so to speak, of which he seemed eager to make me the trustee or confidant? Why, indeed, when I showed myself in small haste to have the explanations he was giving me (for there would be ample time, I thought, to talk of those matters), and when he ought more naturally to be wondering, at a moment like this, about the explanation of many more recent happenings, which I had seen so lately that I had not been able as yet to tell him of them? He appeared, however, to have no interest in anything that was going on. Such were my reflections; and while they led me to no precise conception of the sad spectacle that I was soon to witness, they did mark me with a sort of melancholy and fill me with forebodings.

III

At the end of an hour the Emperor sent for me. After several remarks of slight importance about the treaty, and more particularly about certain clauses of it to which he had wished to give a different wording, he understood so

thoroughly that the expressions had been imposed on us as they stood, and that we could not have done better, that he said: 'What use could you be to the Empress and my son, with her father and Metternich voicing their open opposition? Owing Italy addles Austria's brains. It is likely that that will some day be the destruction of her.'

The Emperor spoke to me of the Prince of Neuchâtel, who had told him that he intended going to Paris before His Majesty's departure. He knew that the prince had made arrangements to leave on the morrow, and he was extremely displeased. (He did not explain that his Chief-of-Staff had refused to follow him to Elba, even for a few months.)

'This proof of attachment,' he told me, 'would have cost him nothing. It would have given pleasure to me. Those who give me that proof will lose nothing by it. Who knows what my plans are? Now that I am useless to France, do you believe I shall outlive her glory?'

After a short silence, during which he seemed fearfully downcast, he complained still further about Berthier's desertion: 'Who could have told me that he would be one of the first to leave me! . . . He has his wife and children; there is a duty imposed from that quarter, too. By remaining behind, he hopes to save his fortune. They might indeed confiscate Neuchâtel's property if he followed me — whereas Schwarzenberg will arrange matters so that he can keep it; those are important factors in his position. But for him to quit Fontainebleau before my departure — that is what wounds my feelings.'

It would have been more seemly, no doubt, if the Chief-of-Staff had not forsaken the Emperor until the last moment. Before condemning him, however, justice would require us to go

into a thousand-and-one details pertaining to the embarrassment and discomfort of his predicament. We must visualize him, too, in the state he was in at the time: suffering, tortured by the Emperor's unrest. For some little while His Majesty had made him uneasy, and often alarmed him as well, by his wild projects, which, so the prince feared, might be laid at his own door. This brain sickness of the Emperor's made Berthier actually ill. Since the Emperor, then, was desperately unhappy himself, he took no consideration of the age and the physical suffering of an enfeebled man whom he had burnt out, and whose feelings he often wounded in the throes of his present temper. Now, wounded in his turn by Berthier's planning to leave him, His Majesty made him no allowances on the score of a past filled with proofs innumerable of devotion and attachment. Such was the relationship existing between the master and the good and loyal servant, — or friend, rather, since the Emperor frequently delighted to call him so, — the faithful sharer of so much glory and the splendor of days gone by.

The Emperor had stopped talking about the friend whom he mourned as lost to him. He felt in need of consolation. Naturally enough, while he was speaking to me of those who stood by him, he found words of praise for Count Bertrand, Grand Marshal of the Palace. He extolled the count's true nobility of feeling, and cited him as a wholly honorable man whose loyalty he relied upon.

'The envelope,' said he, 'is plain and unprepossessing, but there is pith and substance inside it. I wish he were more spirited — and that his wife had less influence over him.' He spoke affectionately of his aides-de-camp, and told me that he was touched by the loyalty of his whole *entourage*, despite the fact that — so he avowed — he

was scarcely susceptible to emotion and hardly knew what affection meant. 'It is doubtless a pity,' he went on; 'but matters of sentiment — the heart-felt emotions, so called — have no share in my organization.' And in respect of this he told me, as on former occasions, that for him the heart was not the organ of sentiment; that he felt emotions only where most men experienced feelings of a different kind: nothing in the heart, everything in the loins. He told me, moreover, that those emotions of his were never very strong; that they betrayed themselves only through a sort of painful tingling, a nervous irritability, such as other people felt when they experienced the sickly foreboding that someone was about to do them harm: 'The squeaking of a tool sometimes gives me the same sensation.'

The Emperor went on with his review of personalities. It led him once again to mention Paris, where the list of actors in the great drama was growing longer each day. He plied me with a variety of questions about what had happened and who was there. I avoided answering them.

The Emperor seemed deep in preoccupation throughout; I frequently observed a change in his tone of voice. He continued to treat me in an affectionate manner, talked with me about my personal position and my finances, and expressed regret over having done nothing for me that I could hope to save from the crash. 'For Talleyrand,' said he, 'who has turned France over to Alexander, will not lift a finger to salvage the endowments. The generals, the senators who have been so hot to betray me, will be overreached in fine style when they find out what a treaty the foe imposes. Metternich and the Prussians will be keen to take back all the surrendered estates. Alexander is not interested in plundering you — but he will give a free hand to his

allies, so that he may have their leave to trim up Poland as he pleases. I have given you endowments in Hanover and Prussia. You will lose everything,' the Emperor told me. 'If it is not beneath you, would you care to have something out of the two millions they promise me? Would you like half of it?' I report the Emperor's words, to which I replied with refusal and thanks for his concern.

'France's financial position,' he resumed, 'is the soundest in Europe. I had three hundred millions in gold in the vaults of the Tuileries to offset the cost of the Saxony Campaign and the present one. I leave behind me a capital sum of a hundred millions, — my own expropriations from my Civil List during the past ten years, — my own property, every bit of it, just as surely as your pay belonged to you. You know perfectly well that even with the building programme counted in I never spent more than twelve or fourteen millions a year. Money never meant anything to me except the undertaking of useful or glorious enterprises. Never a thought have I given to my personal fortune on my own account. Therefore I have nothing. . . . I might have invested my savings year by year and made away with them, but I left them lumped in with the funds of the Extraordinary Domain. I thought

only of France, not at all of myself, and too little of my loyal servants. I would far rather know your fortune made out of those millions, though, than see them split between Talleyrand and Metternich and doled out to the men who have betrayed me.

'I restored, furnished, and beautified the palaces with the funds of my Civil List; only the Louvre was charged against the Extraordinary Domain, on the score that it was a truly national investment of the fruits of conquest. What I allocated from the Domain to the Louvre and the Arcs de Triomphe was my bonus as General-in-Chief.'

He added that the French national debt amounted to nothing: that despite what the Russian campaign and the organization of a new army had cost, and despite the non-payments now resulting from the enemy's partial occupation of France, the entire debt would be balanced as soon as the books could be brought up to date.

This long discourse; these recollections of a past so filled with glory and so unlike the present; the painful thoughts that were bound to follow upon any such accounting — all this, it seemed, had worn the Emperor out. He was crushed.

'I need some rest,' he told me; 'and so do you, no doubt. Go to bed. I shall have you called again to-night.'

THIS WIND THAT RISES

BY JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

Put down the glasses.
There is sound of death to-night in wind that blows
Through all the watchtowers of the world.
— Put down the glasses.
Listen to the wind, and rise
White in the face, and wrap the silver spoons,
The knives, the gold and white
Lilies of glass, the carved plate and the cloth,
Snatch up the wine-stained lace,
The linen, and the last
Sliver of white breast from the bird.
— Run!
Scamper grotesquely down the darkening stairs,
Light candles in the vault, and pry the door
— This way it goes . . . here . . . there . . .
Now shove the silver down, the lilies, and the blue
Light of the sapphire stones. 'O God!' one cries —
'Where's God? — God save all here!'
And 'God,' one says, 'is gone. The Guestroom's bare.
— Save breath for sword!' And all
Run up the dark stairs, crying, peering,
Fumble for armor in the niche, and go
Snatching down webby helmets from the wall, and run
Buckling and bellowing down the halls to stare
Out of deep windows into night, and feel
Wind on their eyes and hair, and wind
Howling and whistling through the empty towers.

Put up your swords, O little men! Take off
The rusty shield, the helmet with the mouse's nest,
The poison spur.
This wind that rises in the night and comes
Howling through ancient battlements and blows
Old shredded flags and banners into dust — is one
Against which sword and spike are thread,
And shield is rust, and armor fog.

It is a wind that hurls
 Marble on granite, twists old towers of stone,
 — It is a wind
 Strong with the smell of death, and loud
 With crash of iron altars through the world!

Look down. — Look down, O little men!
 Listen. — Lean down and hear.
 Loud on the wind of death there comes
 Cry of the living mouths, the hard
 Pound of the living feet on stone, the strong
 Beat of the living drums in night,
 — And up through the dark ravines there comes
 Red torchlight and sound of song!

YEA, HE DID FLY

BY *MacKINLAY KANTOR*

He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and darkness
 was under his feet.

And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly
 upon the wings of the wind.

He made darkness his secret place . . .

— *From the Eighteenth Psalm*

For an eternity he struggled in his narrow prison. The walls inside were smooth, but also they were very firm, and the damp sluice at which he thrust his buffeting head seemed as unyielding as the rest. . . .

Little by little he drove his head past the shriveled fibres of silk that rimmed before him. Squeezing his body, aching, striving, driven by some force more sturdy than the filament of his coffin, he lunged out of the tiny darkness.

His feet, clammy with fluid, felt the coarseness of bark beneath their spurs. Forcing his legs tighter against the branch, the escaping prisoner battled

upward. Green leaves brushed him; the hot June sunshine swept in a yellow blast, to dry the hairs of his back into distorted tufts. Moving rapidly like one who travels a well-accustomed path, he pushed out along the branch until he reached the first intersecting twig. There he fastened himself, ruddy legs embracing the smooth thorn bark, while his body quivered, panting from all this torturing exertion.

More than eight months he had lain in that coffin.

The lush forest spread around the thorn tree. Dotted with natural clearings and marshy glades, it fell away

toward isolated farmhouses on one side and prairie pastures on the other, bisected by a gleaming sash of concrete highway. Insects droned and leaves trembled in the tingling warmth of midday. It was shortly past eleven o'clock when the prisoner began his assault on the woven walls that hemmed him in. Now the sun swam high in the south.

This creature which quivered, wrapping the twig with spurred legs, could not have been called beautiful. He was too bizarre, even macabre. The small, shriveled wings which fell from his flanks disclosed a damp, sloppy body larger than a human finger joint, covered with moist fur and gleaming with circular bands of red and white.

An odor of oily richness, almost visible in that green gloom, hung about the thorn tree. It was the royal scent which swells out in such a struggle and never vanishes until death claims its owner: the body musk of *Samia cecropia*. This specimen was a male, and a scientific observer could have seen at a glance that he was enormous, even for that rugged and showy family, for there were no eggs to weight the abdomen — nothing but the yellow blood which he was struggling to force into the hollow structure of his wings.

Whipping them rapidly back and forth, the newly escaped Red Legs felt his wings sprouting more broadly with every muscular tremor. From pulpy flaps they expanded into stronger area with each frenzied second. Red Legs grew like a Japanese paper flower opening its crumpled beauty in water. His broad orange antlers, soaked with the damp fur of his body, protruded knowingly as he fought for the maturity to which months of waiting entitled him.

Rapidly he reared himself out of dishevelment. His body, above the cottony bands of the abdomen, wore a gay saddle of dusky scarlet envelop-

ing the thorax and spreading like a miniature shawl over the pattern of his wings. Those gaudy flaps were swollen into great flat wafers of scarlet and rust and gray, as the pumping juice unfurled their structure and the warm air dried the down with which they were covered. They quivered like autumn leaves. They were strong and large. Red Legs, ready for the unknown life ahead of him, was equipped with planes fully seven inches from tip to tip.

In the middle of each of Red Legs' four wings glowed a big moon-shaped spot — not the hyaline transparent panes of lesser moths, but opaque and luxuriant with the same flower dust that covered his entire being.

He was a courtier of the wild, no longer swaddled by the husky ceremonies which he had abandoned within his gaping cocoon. Like a tropical orchid he hugged the thorn twig as his wings folded and unfolded in the broken sunlight. He could never have returned to his woven jail, now, if he had wished to. The warm life which filled his body had gushed into those spreading glories which grew from his sides. His abdomen was narrow and compact at last, his back coated with a light-weight armor beneath the glossy velvet, his antennæ spread like pine branches.

There were other cocoons: huge, weathered pulps woven on water sprouts at the base of the tree or fastened like overgrown cigar butts to the higher twigs. A female *Cecropia*, weighted with eggs, had passed that way the previous June. Of the hundred oblong pearls which she pasted on the leaves, and of the hundred voracious black caterpillars which had eaten their way from the transparent shells, six had survived to march in green and gaudy brilliance along the branches and spin their cocoons in September.

But Red Legs felt no curiosity concerning his brethren who still lay muffled in waterproof silk. He was seriously intent on the business of drying himself, preening his red fur, stretching the taut tendons which bound him.

Most captives, released by summer from their long durance, would have been sniffing the air for food. Not Red Legs, or others of his kind. Nature had not equipped him with a frænulum — that greedy trunk with which moths suck up the richness of flower hearts. Honey and attar and more prosaic sweets could not tempt him; he had no sense of their existence.

As a larva, in that forgotten earlier epoch, he had eaten his fill of tender leaves, eaten and gorged and chewed his ravening way among the branches until his skin split itself time and again outside his growing plumpness. From his winter chamber he brought the vitality to live, and a khedive's rose garden would never have lured him.

He clung passive, the last moist scales of his wings drying into gray fluff, content to clutch the twig and wait for darker and more interesting hours.

II

There was a faint chattering in the black oak which reared above the stunted haw tree. A fox squirrel gave a piece of his mind to a mottled bird which dared dispute with him the free rights of a certain limb. The flicker shrieked angrily and swung down and out over the underbrush, the white patch beneath his wings glaring through the gloom.

Red Legs wiggled his antennæ, and clung tranquilly to his patch of bark. If he heard these creatures, they did not interest him. Already he felt a growing concern for vague adventure, a desire to fly somewhere and find something, but he was wearied from his struggle and the world was too bright a place

for him. A later world, gray with the hush of winds, would be more to his liking. He dozed contentedly.

The fox squirrel cursed the flicker again; then he found a broken acorn in a crotch of the oak and sat down to examine it. He sniffed the relic, turning it in his claws. Obviously it was unfit for consumption. With a baffled snort, he tossed it overboard and continued leisurely down the black trunk. He was not starving, but he would not ignore any choice morsels that Providence might place before him.

Ten feet above the ground, in the whorl left by ancient amputation of a branch, a red-headed woodpecker had battered out a dwelling. The irregular hole showed like a tiny cavern, pocked by a thousand beak blows. It was an old hole, a sort of transient rooming house, occupied in past seasons by woodpeckers, bluebirds, and other gentry.

It seemed to the fox squirrel, although he could not be certain, that this particular hole was associated with a summary banquet of dainties — fresh bluebird's eggs, for instance. He sniffed loudly, and clawed his inquisitive way along the lichened slabs of bark . . . bluebird's eggs, or tender young bluebirds; even woodpecker's eggs. He was not starving, but —

He barked, and withdrew precipitately. From somewhere within that apartment a keen sword had stabbed his prowling nose. The squirrel was no hero — in fact, only the most skulking and hyena-ish of marauders. The defender of the domicile did not show itself and the squirrel made his remarks to an unseen audience. He raced along a lower limb, sat down, fluffed his tail, rubbed his nose, forgot the hole in the trunk, ran his eyes over the banks of greenness beneath, and considered a tour of the ground.

That was bad. Danger lurked on the ground — he knew that all too well.

There were scars on his fat rumps. Sharp tines had clutched at him more than once; there was a BB shot in the muscle of a hind paw. No, the strata of saplings and taller bushes and hedgy growths which struggled for life between huge trunks of hard wood would offer a safer prowling ground.

The fox squirrel swung easily from the end of the oak bough and dropped toward an exposed branch of the hawthorn tree.

Red Legs hung there, slumbering, his pinhead eyes opaque, his antennæ frozen with sleep. Above him, the russet squirrel scouted and capered. There was a smell here, a very interesting smell. Warm succulence . . . he had known that before, too. Something with wings. That was it, said the squirrel. Something with wings. . . .

Headfirst he descended the slender trunk, picking his way past the barriers of thorn that bunched close at hand. A thorn tree was a very safe place; and in colder weather there were thorn apples, if anybody wanted to eat the seeds. He had tried them; not often. Only a fool would waste his time digging out the maggoty, trivial seeds of a red haw when there were harvests of hazelnuts in every thicket and hickory nuts studding the ridges. . . . But here in this tree: something with wings. There was a smell —

A bare yard away he glimpsed the great red moth. It was a slice of crazy color against the afternoon shadows. The squirrel became a wooden squirrel, all of an instant. He measured the distance. Red Legs did not stir; he dreamed away the warm seconds; there was the barest ripple of crimson fur beneath his folded wings. Like live shoe buttons, the eyes of the squirrel fastened against his gorgeousness. One leap and —

There was a movement on the ground beneath the tree. The squirrel whirled. In the gloom of the close-grown thicket

a common gray house cat glared at him. Her tail lashed to and fro, and there was all of an intent tigress in her gaze. The squirrel could not see them, but the nipples on the underside of her body were bare and pink, gnawed often by eager little mouths. Mother of a belated litter, she was ranging the woods for lawful prey, and she did not account a squirrel too formidable an opponent.

With a stream of angry consonants, the squirrel vaulted to a higher branch. Red Legs stirred anxiously and wriggled his wings. He took a few brief steps up the twig and paused again, his antennæ twitching slightly. There was noise, and he did not care for the great mild light of the sun, but after all nothing had really bothered him. He relapsed into his doze and did not move again, not during the long hour when the fox squirrel chattered about in the oak, fuming at the cat, when the cat glared and peeked and flattened herself amid the hazel brush, and finally caught a fat brown mouse in long grass of the clearing.

Red Legs was forgotten; the forest world passed him by; he did not move again until the yellow light was gone and the green gloom of late afternoon washed his wings.

III

As the sun crawled lower beyond the feathery rim of trees, Red Legs began to feel restless. He crept up the twig, lost his balance, and fluttered heavily to a lower limb of the haw. This quietness was more to his liking; the shadows that lay in the thickets were mingled with a velvet dusk, a visible fog which seemed to rise from damp earth with the approach of night.

You could not have told Red Legs from a flat clump of last year's leaves. The shadows were dense in that forest. Frogs set up an oily, humid grumbling

in every reedy glade; swarms of millers and mosquitoes twisted among gnats in the flowery air; there was a faint memory of blossoms, of late-blooming shrubs that pierced the darkness with their message.

Red Legs was not hungry; he could never eat if he wanted to; but the wave of odors that swam amid the foliage set his impulse on edge. His antennæ bent and curved themselves. His bulbous eyes glowed like fox fire through the gloom.

He began to march nervously along the twisted branch. His wings shivered in a delirious blur, but still he kept to his feet, gripping the bark with sharp spurs. He left a last stain of yellow on the twigs—the dregs of the fluid which had ballasted him, which had softened the fibres of his cocoon and filled the veins of his wings. At a broken fork of the branch he fell into space before he knew it. The great planes of crimson swept out and fanned the air—he was rising, he was a winged creature strolling the element where he belonged, and it was all easy and natural, and still quite the most wonderful thing in the world.

He swam boldly up into the sultry murk. It was cooler suddenly, and Red Legs looked down to see the forest spread beneath him—a close, hummocky carpet of blackness in which marsh lights glowed and where warm mists were twisting and alive. Far beyond him, there was a faint blush of pink washing the inverted bowl of sky, and nearer than that moved strange glimmers of whiteness, fanning beyond the summit of trees. That was the highway,¹ where headlights of cars swung in intermittent curves. Red Legs did not know what it was, but in some way the brush of light beckoned him.

The whole world was gray—a deep, umber grayness that lay in matted thickness over the forest. And it was growing darker every moment.

Now there was purpose in his creation. It seemed reasonable to consider—could he have considered—that he had lain for months in his dark shell, had squatted half a day in a haw tree, solely for this wheeling entry into space. He kept his tough legs folded carelessly beneath his body; the wings flapped tirelessly back and forth—a heavy, bat-like flight, yet at once effortless and graceful.

Far above him, guiding up and down in the dusk, broader wings than his fanned the air. The woodland caught occasional shrill cries and flung them up again toward the stars. Night-hawks were out, searching the gloom.

Beside Red Legs the atmosphere exploded with the rush of a feathery torpedo that plunged toward him with open beak, its pinions slicing the dusk like knives. The heritage of cloudy, forgotten ancestors spoke in that quick second to the great moth. He leaped aside, tumbling in the drift of air that cut behind the nighthawk's flight. In another instant Red Legs was swinging up and down, out and across, whirling through bewildering circles, startled and wary all at once.

The hawk looped after him. A shriek of bafflement broke from its open beak, and a score of its fellows echoed the high-pitched yell. They were around Red Legs like dusky vultures, swooping and planing after him. Their thin bodies whirled between blurry wings; their echoes stung the night. But the *Cecropia* fell by leaps and bounds; he seemed to break into flaky bits, catch himself together again, his rubbery muscles flexing in insane gestures until he was only a dark whirligig tumbling toward the trees beneath.

In a black avenue between the oaks he straightened his course and sped quickly down the path, ten feet above the ground, angling among branches that bent toward him, but running a moderate race compared to his dizzy

antics of a few seconds past. The hawks rode up to the stars again, and left him, and forgot him.

Danger waited above; that much was proved now. He would wander in his element, but not so carelessly. There was no need of lifting far above the tree tops. Danger was up there. Here were warm gloom and mingled odors, and some vague voice crying its summons. . . .

Already he had traveled far from the little thorn tree. But leagues were nothing to this creature. Other moths, not of his kind but no larger, spanned the Gulf of Mexico every year; they came from palm-dressed islands to whirl across the sea, to hang above Mississippi swamps, to march fervently over prairies, to halt and quiver and die above snowdrifts in the Rockies. A mile was but a moment.

Red Legs glided on.

IV

Beyond the farthest fringe of underbrush into which the path poured itself, a white light glowed — something rushed and hummed — the forest was blown away. The *Cecropia* hovered cautiously in a poplar thicket; he felt as if a great suction were straining at him, and yet he wanted to be sure, be sure. . . .

Another hoarse blast and squeezing of wind: another car sped along the highway. Its wide beam lanced the bushes and roadside grass; the blackness turned to white gold in one solid tunnel.

Impelled beyond any restraint, Red Legs flapped from the last barrier of trees. He hung silently, wondering about it all. That light was a moving wall; it was gay and appealing, not like the sultry mildness of the sun lamp which he had shunned at his awakening. All the lure of ages seemed bound up and concentrated in a retreating fan

of whiteness, yet it was moving too fast and he could not hope to overtake it.

The hills began to give birth to another motor. It sang nearer and nearer. Now Red Legs could feel the edge of diffused light rinsing across him. He curved his wings and shot straight into the heart of the glare: a double heart where two circular panes fired their torrid blast. Surely all was good and wonderful in the centre of that brightness. The increasing growl of the engine annoyed him; he wavered; but the beam was intoxicating, maddening — it had him in its fatal stimulus.

Another sword pierced from behind him. It was coming faster than the other. Two lives, two lovers, two areas of insanity quickening all about and crushing him between them. He was blind, but there was no blindness — only light, light, light all about him, spinning and burning, whitening the universe forever.

A wall of wind caved upward, stunning him. The wake of mutilated air cast him aloft like a fluff of cotton — he tumbled, and caught himself, and fell once more. Then he was twirling foolishly, staring at the unexpected darkness, drifting with leaves and dust and noxious gases where the two cars had passed. He knew nothing except that the wonderful whiteness was gone, and the woods were once more at hand . . . had there ever been any whiteness? He did not know that death had missed him by the margin of a wind's breadth, that the gushing current between the two machines had swept him up and saved him from pasting his beauty against glass and steel.

A child in one car said, 'There was a big butterfly.'

'Nonsense. No butterfly out at night, Sonny.'

'But I saw it. It was a great big, beautiful —'

'Must have been a bat.'

Red Legs hurdled the elms and launched himself toward the distant pinkness of the sky. The urge to gallop, to keep moving, to traverse distances, was eating within him. Perhaps in that glow to the west he would find whatever it was that he wanted.

Tirelessly he waved his way over the countryside. More forests, more clumps of hazel, more bushes dotting the blankness of open fields. Once there was a wide sweep of water bending across the earth, where fireflies spattered into being, many and tremulous.

That color of the sky was stronger, and broken into gradations, a hundred depths and intensities. Single lights appeared, spotting the blush of the town. There were stout smells, and drifting smoke, and more noise than any moth could ever countenance. Yet the tangle of electricity held him in its embrace, as surely as had the attraction of automobile lights a few minutes before.

Red Legs wavered from one possible shrine to another, poising, dazzled and delighted, above the parapets of brick buildings; hesitating, deciding to plunge into the glistening lure beneath, and yet always drawn aside by some new enticement which his aching eyes discovered just beyond. Then, bursting up beyond a distant rim of masonry, appeared a greedy rush of light which drenched the *Cecropia* in a second's spasm; he teetered, and fell toward the magnetic shimmer of this blaze.

It was a gasoline station, its stucco walls whitewashed to the color of snow, its concrete studded with dizzy bulbs. One huge globe of angry intensity hung above the doorway to shout brilliance in every direction. Around this shrine buzzed and danced and crawled a host of tiny night wanderers — sand flies, June bugs, *Microlepidoptera* of count-

less varieties, all gasping upward, clawing stupidly, writhing over the glass until their tortured bodies shriveled and fried in its infernal heat. Yet more came on the drift of every moment: bewildered myriads butting against one another in their eagerness to reach this monumental seducer.

Into the wretched assemblage fluttered Red Legs. The hosts tottered away from his cumbersome advance, and swept back to join him. He was grotesque and elephantine — an ogre of cinnamon, pounding his head against that glass, the dust of his wings clouding about him as he beat a frenzied tattoo on the hard, hot surface.

There were other beauties grouped in a mad swarm: tiger moths, their tiny-paned wings flaming in the glare, a belated hawkmoth or two, a battered and veteran Pandora sphinx. But there was nothing unusual in their size or degree of gaudiness. Red Legs, reeling his shadow in blurry circles over the concrete, caused the knot of human beings to cease their contemplation of ethyl gasoline and look up at him.

'That's a damn big bug,' said one man.

The attendant nodded. 'We get a lot of them around here every night.'

'But certainly not like that one,' insisted someone else.

'Don't believe I ever saw any that big before. He *is* big.'

'Gosh,' said the first man, 'I think that's something unusual. What is it — a butterfly? Too big. Gosh!'

The attendant climbed up on the running board of a car which stood beneath the light. Bracing one foot against the fender, he made a wild, sweeping snatch at Red Legs. His fingers scratched pollen from the great moth's body; the circling swarm broke in amazement, and Red Legs swooped away. He swung in consternation above the driveway. Something had

bothered him, something had pushed him, bruised him, brushed him away from the centre of all things good.

'Missed him,' said the attendant, and climbed down.

'Here,' said the other man. 'I'll use my hat. Gosh, I'd like to get that bug. Bet he's something remarkable — new to science, maybe.'

Yet, it appeared to Red Legs, the light still lived. The smaller fry came back and clustered in their delirium once more. There was still the light — and it was more wonderful than anything which had ever occurred before or would ever occur again. . . . Whiteness, hot whiteness. It seethed to meet him. It said, 'Come.' It said, 'I am here . . .'

Once more he hurtled toward the charm. His feet touched burning glass; he drew back in pain; he could not cry out. He could only beat his frenzied wings and hope that somehow this evil barrier would be melted away, burst asunder, and he could gorge himself forever on the utter brilliance within.

The man, standing on the car's fender, drew back his hat. He gashed it through the sticky swarm. Its circular sweep gobbled Red Legs — he was caught, he was falling, something was crushing him.

'Got him!' shrieked the man. He held the hat tightly, its brim mashed together. The attendant and a woman and another man came to peer at it.

'He's inside. Wonder how you kill these things?'

'Stick them on a pin, I guess. Just a minute.'

In the sweaty confines of straw, Red Legs sat motionless, his wings cruelly bent but undamaged. His eyes glowed like phosphorus in the darkness. He must get away. He must fly. He must crawl. That was it. Crawl. . . .

Fingers came in to find him. They pushed upon him, crowding, squeez-

ing. The edges of the hat were slightly ajar. There was light outside. It would be better outside, out of that place forever.

He tumbled wildly about. The fingers came together, but Red Legs was not between them. He angled his way toward the aperture. Something slipped — the hat fell. Red Legs, scratched and disarrayed, but still unhurt and beautiful, swept into space like an angry comet.

V

Behind him there were yells, laughter. He did not know what the sounds meant; he knew only that he must get away. Vaguely he felt that his wings were tired. Not since he left his native thorn tree had he perched to rest. The baffled moments inside the hat were no rest for him — every cell had been shivering, every sense alert.

Away, away. The ferocious glow of the big white light was behind him. The air swam with smoke and gases — there were more lamps burning down there, but Red Legs must go away. Away, away. He charged across parapets, past chimneys and signs and trees. Hot blasts came up to set him giddy and trembling, but his broad wings stroked the air in unending cadence.

Then he was in cooler spaces, darker and quieter, and it was a relief to find them. He crossed the band of water, drove through a wall of cottonwoods that lined it. Night meadows stared up at him, a-grumble with frogs and rasping with the noisier insects of blackness.

Deeper woodland lay ahead, a soft and far-reaching hedge penetrated by the twinkle of fireflies. It sent its elixir out to meet the tired wanderer. Flower smells, tree smells, the breath of flowers he could never taste and of trees he could never understand. Something, whatever it was he sought,

might be resting in those thick oaks, serene and quiescent for his homecoming. Another moth? He did not know. But . . . another moth —

And in the wash of odors the barest suggestion of a peculiar scent drifted out. Red Legs altered his course suddenly. He was hunting that scent, as eagerly as he had ever hunted light in his short life. The smell dripped out of those woods where he was born; it was thinner than any other memory; it was distilled through night mists, and yet he sought it up the trickling wind with headlong certainty.

Something coursed out beside him. Another moth . . . Red Legs danced and reared between his wings. He hovered in concentric circles, he and this other creature, bewildered, alarmed and wondering all the time. Another moth — almost as large as Red Legs, but showing a cottony gray in the gloom. Long tails filmed down from his moving wings; in the light of day he would have been green, piped with tan and lavender, a fairy image. He was a *Luna*, and he and the *Cecropia* did not understand one another. . . . No, perhaps this was n't it, after all. Maybe not even another moth.

They swooped about for a moment, wary and cautious, and then each flapped away in his separate path.

The strange odor was stronger. It set Red Legs on edge; he forgot that

he had not rested for a long time. He forgot everything except this mighty musk that came at him out of the hissing trees. He flew sturdily on, past the glades of flag and swamp grass, the fringes of hazel brush and gooseberry, past the deeper oak shadows.

Beside a remote tunnel in the forest stood a small hawthorn tree. From it was emanating all the power of universes. It was the tree where Red Legs had crawled and eaten and slept his way to maturity, but he could not recognize it as such. . . . He was aware of the odor, the happy current that pulled him there.

Other creatures, and they were like him, fluttered about the branches. They were dark smoke rising and settling and twisting up again from one stiff stem of the hawthorn. Red Legs was larger and heavier and mightier in all ways: he swept them aside. His feet clutched a twig and he crept upward, his eyes alive with the wonder of night. Another cocoon had become vacant that day, another dungeon had yielded forth its prisoner. He had known nothing about it before — his senses were not ready for her message; but now he came to her, rudely brushing away a dozen other suitors.

She clung among the leaves, her wings folded. The air was warm and musky in the heart of that thorn tree.

AGGRESSION — SAVAGE AND DOMESTICATED

BY GREGORY ZILBOORG

I

WHATEVER man happens to be doing, he must have something to do it *with* and something to do it *in*. Should he wish to dig a ditch, he not only requires a good spade to dig with, but he must also have the proper ground to dig in. If he lacks the spade and has no adequate substitute for it, he cannot dig any more than if, given the spade, he should try to cut a hole in a solid ledge of rock which no such tool could penetrate. In matters of human relationships this commonplace truth is frequently overlooked.

Thus, if a man commits a capital crime, we merely state that he is an individual lacking in common moral sense, or in intellectual capacity. We seem to forget how many criminals are devoted to their wives or sweethearts, what ingenuity and intelligence they show in planning and executing their enterprises, and what a singular sense of honor and loyalty they frequently display in relation to many of their gang. It is evident that the attributes we ascribe to the criminal, apt as they may be, explain little and express only our own social disapproval and our desire to make him out different from what we ourselves are or want to be. We call him names, as it were, in order to register our protest. Yet, to be performed, crime — any crime from theft to murder — must have both the

proper tool, which is the criminal, and the proper soil, which is society, in the sociological sense, propitious to the development of the crime.

Let us temporarily abandon all purely conceptual, evaluative thinking and merely observe the facts as they are. To be sure, such an attitude is a form of rising beyond good and evil, since it permits us a vantage point from which to observe the facts regardless of moral scruples and all too human protestations. It may at first appear to be tinged with a bit of Nietzschean philosophy. In actuality, however, it does not invite the abolition of the concept of crime, but merely suggests a temporary divorcement from it. If such a divorcement is achieved, then our attitude becomes scientific rather than Nietzschean and we can quietly watch a soldier killing his enemy, or a murderer slaughtering his victim, without participating in the usual patriotic enthusiasm or civic indignation. If we could thus calmly view the gruesome scene, all that we should see is man killing man.

But have we a right, even in our fantasy, thus to disregard the altruistic, patriotic motivations of the soldier, and the egotistic, acquisitive motivations of the gangster, since the motive force that leads each to his respective actions is so different? Have we a scientific as

well as a moral right? Yes, we have. For if we are to study the phenomenon of killing, alone, the motives are of no interest to us.

We know that there are altruistic and patriotic soldiers who are unable to kill, who develop severe attacks of mental illness and disintegrate psychologically in their effort to muster up the courage to kill. We also know that many rude, selfish, apparently heartless individuals neither steal nor kill. Evidently, in order to kill, one must have one's natural aggression in some mysterious way adequately unhampered — uninhibited, as we say to-day. Once it is uninhibited, once it is unleashed, out it comes in full force, and it is the *direction* of this aggression that leads us to call it heroism or criminality, just as it is the direction of sunlight that makes the latter agreeable and welcome or injurious and intolerable to the eyes, or the direction of a poison that makes it a valuable adjunct to our life's pleasure or an agent of death. The spray of lead arsenate on the trees ensures better fruit, but the same spray along the lining of our stomach is lethal. If our dog bites an intruder he is a faithful servant, but if he also bites our child he is a vicious animal to be shot.

Let us analyze still closer this biting propensity of the dog: if he bites only the intruder, we would call his aggression *domesticated*; but should he bite our child, we would call his aggression *savage*. While this purely descriptive definition is admittedly crude, it is nevertheless serviceable. Even our complex modern civilization follows this principle under various and not always obvious guises. For example, the aggression of our police officer or G-man is domesticated by virtue of the fact that he points his gun against the intruder — that is, the criminal. Should his aggression turn against one of his own men, however, he would naturally be regarded as a criminal.

When Trotzky's aggression was directed against the enemies of Lenin and Stalin, it was considered heroic (domesticated for the greater glory of the revolution), but no sooner was it turned against Stalin than it became criminal. When Francesco Nitti directed his aggression against dictatorship he was considered a great liberal leader, but, once Mussolini was in power, he was regarded as a criminal. Hitler was the criminal of the questionable Bavarian *Putsch*; he became *Der Führer* when the same aggression was successfully unleashed from another point of vantage and in another direction.

We have, of course, oversimplified these considerations to illustrate the point in question. In reality the problem is not only more complex but also less subject to a clear-cut analysis than one might wish.

II

We have stated that the motives for one's aggressive acts should be left out of consideration. This we judged morally permissible and scientifically indispensable, but is it psychologically possible? Even a cursory inward glance will convince the average man that it is impossible for him to exclude motives from the field of his considerations. He cannot exclude them — he is psychologically incapable of that mental *tour de force* which will at once maintain his subjective awareness that he is a good citizen, a member of human society in good standing, and his objective view of a detached observer, devoid of all moral scruples and human sensibilities, who can look at murder, manslaughter, mass destruction, or a legal execution without rebellion or approval, disgust or admiration. The great majority of philosophers, religious teachers, and scientists were never able to achieve that divorcement from

social and ethical motives which is an absolute prerequisite for a proper understanding of human aggression.

Luther, far from understanding it, was rather a victim of his own aggression. When he did not throw ink pots at the devil, he vituperated against the Pope or instigated the burning of witches. Melancthon was a great humanist, but he encouraged Calvin to burn Michael Servetus, who, good doctor and geographer, described the Holy Land as the barren country he saw rather than the Scriptural land of milk and honey. Jean Bodin was a great proponent of liberty and humanism, one of the great pioneers of free thought of sixteenth-century France, and yet history knows of very few lawyers who 'won' so many cases against witches, who was directly and indirectly responsible for so many thousands of executions at the stake. All these great personages, whose names are legion and whose contribution to human knowledge is immense, were unable to rid themselves of their so-called prejudices of the time. Among the great minds of mankind there are few if any examples of genuine detachment in matters concerning human relations and the social or ethical motives that prompted them.

This, perhaps, is the explanation for the fact that the problem of human aggression, of which we are at once the carriers and the victims, has not been adequately studied until our own time. The advancement in medical psychology — which we owe primarily to Sigmund Freud — was possible not because psychology turned its attention to the problem, but because medicine turned its interest toward the deeper psychology of man. This point cannot be emphasized too strongly. Medicine occupies a singular position in the scheme of human relations: of all fields and aspects of human endeavor, medicine alone does not concern itself with

the judgment of man's behavior and his ethical motives. Medicine studies and tries to heal the wound of a soldier or a thief, the fever of a king or a burglar, the delirium of a great teacher or a scoundrel — all are equally to be studied, combated, and healed. The doctor reaches this sense of detachment not because he is a superman, nor because he is made of different stuff than any other human, but because his social function is that of a healer and not of a servant of any social, religious, political, or philosophical creed. As long as this function is fulfilled, his conscience is clear regardless of his social and ethical allegiances. The blinding passions involved in such problems as 'Jew or Gentile,' 'Communist or Capitalist,' 'Italian or Ethiopian,' may very well occur in the doctor's province as an individual, but they are outside his actual lifework. Society understands this and judges the doctor in the light of this understanding. Should an American teacher, philosopher, or economist go to Moscow to advise Stalin, he is likely to be judged or suspected of being a Communist; should a doctor go on a mission of health to Tokyo, Moscow, or Berlin, no one would suspect him of being an Imperialist, Communist, or Nazi.

It is obvious that to be clearly understood the problem of human aggression must be viewed through 'medical eyes.' It is not surprising, therefore, to find that throughout the nineteenth century psychology failed to throw any definite light on the problem of human aggression, and that only within the past thirty and particularly the past fifteen years has human aggression been more fully understood. Throughout the nineteenth century, psychology strove to become an objective science — like physics or physiology — and so neglected the deeper reactions of man. In the course of the past few decades a medical — that is, a dispassionate and

therapeutic — consideration of the psychological motives of man's behavior was attempted, and with it came a deeper insight into human aggression. What can this new orientation in psychological science contribute to the problem before us?

III

Stated briefly and rather schematically, the primitive aggressive impulses of man are awakened at the moment he *begins* to be born. Still within the mother's womb, man begins to poke, to kick, to hit, to strive, to will to be free. Let us watch for a moment the tiny baby writhe and squirm when it is hungry. The whole body of the little being is convulsed with impatience, no matter how helpless; with anger, no matter how inarticulate. Already the primitive, aggressive impulse — we do not speak here of any self-conscious, reasoned, and directed activity — is manifest. And from the moment of birth, on through the nursery, kindergarten, and classroom days, man carries within himself an ever-growing load of explosive drives and destructive impulses.

Soon, sooner than he learns to comprehend and assess it, man learns to hate. This feeling of hatred comes quite spontaneously, and is but an emotional registration, a signal that the wave of aggression is rising above the level of invisibility. In the nursery the small youngster builds little houses only in order to destroy them; he breaks the heads of dolls, pulls their bodies apart, smashes the bridges he himself has built with blocks of wood. In the playground he gets into scraps with his playmates, he fights, he protests, he flies into tantrums, and, as soon as he learns how, he curses. In a word, man himself offers ample evidence that, no matter how many peaceful and peace-loving characteris-

tics he may develop as a full-grown citizen, he is born with a bundle of aggressive impulses which have to be harnessed and redirected if he is ever to become tolerant of and tolerable to his fellow men.

There was a time when we accepted the convenient fantasy that man was born a *tabula rasa* — smooth, neatly polished, unmarred by fingerprints of evil or stains of human past. This postulate, together with that of free will, caused untold trouble in human hearts and a great deal of bloodshed during such social crises as the Inquisition. It was this postulate that kept psychology in a state of speculative ignorance of man's real nature and made it appear unnecessary to study the real nature of children. It was this circumstance that made Freud suggest that we should do better if, instead of speculating about the nature of the child, we observed the child directly. Nowadays every enlightened parent, nurse, and school-teacher can easily observe how truly 'bad' we are before we grow up and how our aggressive drives almost outweigh all the other 'bad' propensities with which nature has chosen to endow us. As a matter of fact, the practising psychiatrist — and more especially the psychiatrist who works with children — knows that almost every deprivation, every attempt to thwart a child's wishes, arouses within that child an ever-increasing wave of hatred and aggression, which, however, he soon learns to hold in check for fear of punishment or disapproval (namely, loss of love).

But merely to hold hatred and aggression in check does not suffice. Human emotions, particularly those based on very primitive human-animal drives, cannot disappear any more than matter or energy can disappear. You can harness the flow of a river; unless an outlet for its waters is provided, the dam will break and the energy of the

water will become wild — savage. If such an outlet *is* provided, the impact of the water may be used to grind wheat or to produce electricity, and the energy then becomes domesticated. You may, as an alternative, build a dam so high that the water, after striking it, will fall back and appear to change the direction of its flow. This simile is not merely a poetic parable. It is more realistic than one would at first suspect. Let us take, for instance, this last stratagem. Suppose that we erect an extremely high dam to control our river. The water strikes it, is turned back on itself, and its energy is lost in a useless whirl. The same process can be observed in man. At one time or another we all experience that state of helpless rage during which we will not, or cannot, give vent to our impulses. The psychological dam, whether we call it inhibition, self-control, or cowardice, happens to be too high. The accumulated aggression, or the overflow of it, is then turned against our own selves, and we bite our lips, we sink our nails into our hands, or, if we are a bit off the psychological balance, we hit ourselves as a child in a tantrum strikes its head against the wall or the floor.

This psychological mechanism for turning one's aggression against one's self is of utmost importance from both the individualistic and the sociological point of view. To the individual it is a useless domestication of his hostile impulses in the process of which he becomes the victim of his own drives. This is one of the most potent psychological trends underlying suicide. Very few victims of suicide fail to give evidence to the psychiatrist and psychoanalyst that they were laboring under the unconscious (dammed up) drive to commit murder — a drive which, turned on themselves, resulted in *self-murder*. The ancient Greek and Roman laws and the Christian dogma since Saint Augustine reflected the truth of

this psychological fact. The Romans called suicide a felony of one's self (*felo de se*); Saint Augustine equated suicide and murder; and until the eighteenth century the English language knew no other word for suicide than 'self-homicide.'

This same mechanism is the underlying factor in certain customs of primitive races (the Trobriand Islanders, for instance) and of such civilized races as the Japanese: a man who is deeply offended does not kill the offender, but *himself*. The offender, at whose door the suicidal act is laid, is either directly punished or looked upon with great disfavor by the community. There apparently custom decrees that the community alone has the right to attack actively an individual offender, while the offended may only attack himself. This is one of the most primitive methods of domesticating one's aggression, and is injurious both to the individual and to society. Such domestication, when observed in our modern society, is decidedly of regressive nature. It is an abnormal left-over of the remote past and by right belongs to the field of abnormal psychology.

This, however, is not the only pathological form of domesticated aggression. Between the two extremes of biting one's lips and committing suicide there is an uninterrupted series of various degrees of aggression turned in various degrees and manners on one's own self. Many neurotic complaints, from stomach trouble and headache to severe disturbances in health without apparent organic reasons, are based in whole or in part on the same mechanism. Many profound derangements, commonly called insanity, develop on the same basis: severe depressions (so-called melancholias) with obsessive wishes to be dead; stupors during which, as our patients tell us afterward, the individual relives in fantasy his own birth and death. We may summarize

this series of phenomena by saying that they represent the severe struggle (usually unconscious) within the individual of his own destructive impulses, which, if fully and adequately expressed, would destroy the world.

This leads us to a very paradoxical conclusion — namely, that aggression frequently presents one of the dominant factors in mental diseases, and yet the disease itself performs a socially useful function by neutralizing and rendering useless an individual who otherwise would be dangerous. Were this the only efficient method of warding off (domesticating) our primitive aggression, society would have a right to disqualify the profession of the psychiatrist as socially superfluous and to resign itself to the ultimate doom of seeing the whole world but a disintegrating colony for the mentally sick, who personally and jointly, mutually and reciprocally, passively and actively, would finally exterminate themselves.

IV

There is more than a lurking suspicion that the lady who reluctantly accepts an invitation to attend a prize fight, who faints at the sight of blood or of a knockout, is not as kind and soft-hearted as her behavior would suggest. It is quite probable that, beneath her very feminine exterior, she is cruel and unable to 'handle' her own aggression. No sooner does she begin vicariously to take part in the slaughter in the ring than she faints — that is, she becomes stuporous, she 'dies away,' or she knocks herself out. In other words, she turns her aggression on her own self. If she would learn to participate, with the rest of the onlookers, in the fight, in this symbolic murder, if she could learn to release her aggression in the spectacle, she would find her periodic fainting spells less frequent in this as well as in other instances

and her stomach would not 'turn' on so many seemingly unwarranted occasions.

The rest of the crowd, the fight fans, enjoy the knockout because it affords them a singular outlet for their aggression. Their own murder impulses are domesticated through this vicarious and symbolic fight, which yet remains completely impersonal. All fight fans insist that these three conditions be fulfilled. They pay an entrance fee and come to the fight as though there were only love and peace within themselves, therefore the fight is external to them; the fight is also vicarious; and in registering a strong protest with shouts of 'Stop it!' as soon as one of the fighters shows serious signs of bleeding, fans require that the fight remain symbolic. Not so many years ago this last prerequisite was not absolutely necessary. The crowds of ancient Rome did not demand that the murder be symbolic, and to-day we do not insist on it when the victim is the bull and not the matador.

Many of our 'bloody' sports, and the majority of the less bloody, present the more direct domestication of our aggressions — a form of domestication in which the primitive goal of the aggression (murder, complete defeat) is only thinly disguised. One might say that in seeking — unconsciously, but none the less systematically and persistently — to gratify or assuage his hostile and destructive impulses within the confines of cultural admissibility man devised the institution of cruel sports, in which he retained for himself the pleasure of consciously participating in organized cruelty. In so far as the element of cruelty stands out more or less undisguised, we might call this type of domestication only partially complete. Obviously a complete domestication would require the denial of the element of cruelty and hate. Such a denial, if it be an honest and not a

formal one, — a denial which makes the man himself believe that there is no hate, no cruelty, — is known in modern psychology as a reaction formation, or as a substitution by the opposite. It is a form of spontaneous, automatic rationalization, which, in perfectly good faith, gives one's self and others a good reason for the 'real' reason.

We can see this reaction formation in the so-called sportsmanlike attitude of the gladiators of the bull ring, boxing ring, and many other sports. I once heard a matador relating his impressions of his own bull fight which I had attended. He spoke kindly of each of the three animals he killed; he related with what appeared to be real admiration stories of their intelligence, their tricks; he praised the valor of one, the cunning of the other, and he criticized the lack of fervor in the third. It seemed as if he genuinely loved the animals he killed, and he too thought he loved them. The same can be observed at almost any boxing ring, when, the decision announced, the boxers shake hands, smile at one another, and pat respective backs while the crowd applauds. At such a time there is not hate, there is only love; the broken nose and split lip are but insignificant incidents which are overlooked, *which do not count*, although they are what actually did count during the fight, as far as both boxers and crowd were concerned.

We thus approach more closely what we would, theoretically at least, call genuine domestication of aggression. Every instinctual impulse — and this is true of aggression also — has its source and its goal. Hence, as Freud pointed out, when such an impulse is inhibited or modified, it may be inhibited or modified as far as its source or its goal is concerned. Truly domesticated aggression, therefore, should be inhibited and modified in both these

respects. It should be put to some less detrimental or directly beneficial use. The institution of bloody, even of rough sports only partly approaches this ideal. Within the frame of our civilization commercial competition would seem the nearest to this ideal. Men struggle for existence, compete with one another, buy as cheaply as possible, sell as dearly as possible, undersell as much as possible, eliminate ('murder' and 'destroy') competitors, enjoy their own success, organize trusts to combat trusts, and remain fully convinced, frequently not without reason, that the interests of the community are fully served. This brings us to the sociological implications of the varieties of human aggression.

V

Studies of the history of aggression in both neurotic and normal individuals are associated with the names of Freud and Karl Abraham. Some twenty-five years ago these men described two definite varieties of human aggression which are coexistent in man from his earliest childhood. First one and then the other might predominate and color the personality characteristics of individuals; both seek expression and gratification, and both are rooted in the infant's earliest efforts to meet the world. The world unceasingly attempts to dictate its own terms, and the individual just as unceasingly attempts to reject those terms. Heretofore we mentioned chiefly the first variety of aggression: the destructive impulse and its modified forms imposed by man's adaptation to his cultural demands. The second variety is milder in form. It is the need to control, to dominate, to master.

When the child builds his house out of blocks, admires it for a moment, then with gusto breaks it all up and starts rebuilding, he gratifies not only

his destructive drives but also the need to master, to erect the building at will, whenever and wherever he wishes. It is not difficult to see that this drive for mastery is usually coupled with the drive to destroy. One alternately serves the other as support. This drive to master and control is the particular bane of parenthood, for in many parents, increasingly thwarted by the natural unruliness of the growing child, this need to control allies itself with the drive to destroy and expresses itself in the form of recurrent and more or less impulsive maltreatment of the child. Consequently, many children are punished rather because the parents *have* to punish them than because the child deserves the corporal chastisement. The frame of domesticity is frequently used to house very poorly domesticated aggression.

The need to control and to master is perhaps best domesticated in such pastimes as fishing. We may give full vent to our instincts of domination by outwitting and outmanœuvring a bass or a tuna fish. In big-game hunting we fulfill both our need to dominate and our need to destroy. Yet, despite the infinite variety of man's methods of finding a more or less acceptable outlet for the forbidden impulse of destruction, there is still a force of aggression and hatred stored up within him which, cumulative in effect, *must* break through and disperse its energy or find its equilibrium, a thing purely individual adaptations fail to achieve.

Were the individual to rely only on himself for such periodic releases of pressure, every decent and peace-loving citizen would have to go through periodic attacks of destructive criminality or severe mental illness akin to the running amuck which we find among some primitive tribes. The bushman, for instance, suddenly becomes wild, breaks down everything

in sight, occasionally kills a few people, or runs into the jungle to die. The civilized man differs from the bushman, not by virtue of his being less destructive than his primitive African brother, but in that his methods of running amuck are more devious and more masked. He uses his social life, his political and commercial channels, to express what is so primitive in him.

In democratic countries, political campaigning, with or without mudslinging, serves the purpose quite neatly. Violent strikes, lynchings, and riots are in the same biological and psychological category, although they spring from totally different social and economic ideologies. The sensationalism of the yellow press, with its constant reminder of murders, holdups, and tortures, is a like phenomenon. Wars and revolutions, regardless of their elaborated philosophical superstructures, belong to the same class of human reactions. So-called 'mass hysterias' serve the same end. The recent outbreak of concentrated tension in connection with the execution of Bruno Richard Hauptmann is a case in point; it served as a channel through which untold human aggression and hatred were permitted to flow. Many of us, who were too civilized, were ashamed of the wild manner in which the public and the press reacted to the Lindbergh kidnapper, yet this manner was at the same time so civilized that it took care of much human aggression which might otherwise have proved dangerous to the community.

A study of the uncharted depth of the psychology of man's alternating submissiveness and rebellion, of his alternating states of cruelty toward others and passive submission to the cruelty of others, would throw a great deal of light on many a sociological problem, but a discussion of this aspect of human reactions, no matter how essential to the understanding of how

man 'handles' his aggressive drives, would lead us too far afield. Suffice it to say that our impulses appear to be cyclic in nature, and the proverbial calm before the storm has its homologue in man's psyche.

During the period when human aggression goes through the process of accumulation and constant holding back, passivity, even submissiveness, dominates man's attitude. Gradually, as the waves of accumulated drives begin to rise, a reaction formation sets in. At such times the word 'peace' is more frequently heard, more loudly spoken, more prominently displayed on the pages of our daily press than usual. Then, with a suddenness which is, of course, more imaginary than real, the storm sets in. Its force is inevitable, almost fatalistic. During such periods the drives to dominate and to be dominated make a peculiar alliance, and we see revolutions and dictatorships grow overnight. This is perhaps the psychological secret of the French Revolution. Starting with rebellion, it resolved itself first into liberty, equality, and fraternity under the tricolor, then into fervent missionary imperialism under the sceptre and boot of Napoleon. And since the World War the ever-greater centralization of governmental power from Moscow to Washington, the growth of such dictatorships as those of Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler, manifest the same rhythm.

These aggressive, combative dictatorships are strong, not, as it would at first appear, by virtue of their cruel and oppressive domination of the masses, but because of their extreme expansive aggressiveness, their challenging hatred and propulsive readiness to kill others beyond their own borders. The masses may seem to be beaten down by the ruthless dictator, but they are actually vicarious participants in one great aggressive explosion which their ruler effects. Hence the great

need felt by dictators for pageantry and boastful exhibition of force, for only in this way can the masses identify themselves with the ruler and his domineering cruelty. It is this identification that is the secret of the dictator's strength. Obviously this psychological conception of the play of human forces on the large scale of human history by no means explains the complexity of the present-day world, nor does it pretend to do so. It merely points to the psychological matrix into which the design of history is set.

It is but natural that during such periods of extreme intensification of aggression the border line between the savage and the domesticated should frequently become well-nigh invisible, and that at such times the need to kill, which civilized man always struggles to domesticate, modify, or mask through symbolic and vicarious means, should come out of its repression, throw off its disguises, and become more evident in its full savage nudity. This is what actually can be observed at present, particularly under dictatorships of the brandished sword, the poison gases, and the loaded gun.

In spite of being dressed up in a flurry of various ideologies which are in reality but conscious, made-to-order motivations, this display of man's most primitive drives manifests varying degrees of savagery and domestication. In Mussolini, for instance, the drive to master and control is dominant and is coupled with and supported by the destructive drive — obviously a more civilized (domesticated) form of aggression. Mussolini loves his peasants, with their fields and orchards. He loves, too, his vision of a bigger and better Italy, a bigger and better family dominated by a strong and benevolent but strict father, himself. Should any one of his political children grow into adulthood, that child must be reduced to the ranks — he must neither be seen

nor be heard. A Grandi or a Balbo are 'sent back to the nursery,' for no one must ever equal or grow beyond the stern father. If, in order to achieve this family greatness, a few destructive shots are needed, the guns will boom. In Mussolini's scheme of things, the latter appear an unavoidable necessity, not the primary drive. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same can be said of the dictatorship in Russia.

On the other hand, Hitlerism represents more directly the predominance of the destructive drives. The motive, or platform, is hatred, the abolition of actual or imaginary enemies, and seems to be the result of a persistent inner challenge to fight and to torture. All this is rationalized by a cloak of ascetic idealism and sentimentalized self-sacrifice, which is but a partial turning of one's aggression on one's self; but unless suicide is chosen as a way out, only absolute power can achieve this end. The instinctive drive to mastery and control then becomes the servant rather than the master of the destructive impulses. Hence the 'blood purges,' the restoration of the almost mediæval pageantry of capital punishment, the motive of revenge and retaliation couched in terms of ruling the world. Hitlerism would seem, in short, a form of more primitive, less domesticated aggression.

VI

We live in a practical world and are prone to give voice to practical queries. It would be only natural, therefore,

that the question should be asked: In the light of the knowledge which is at present at the disposal of the medical psychologist, what possible remedies suggest themselves? Such a question betrays man's fear of his own helplessness, and his compensatory but unalterable faith that he can remedy anything. The answer to the question, if we are to remain realistic, must *perforce* be unsatisfactory.

In the sphere of social and political expression we can control the ebb and flow of human aggression to the same extent that we can control solar eclipses or volcanic eruptions. The devastations of an eruption of Vesuvius can be cleared up, the ruins rebuilt, the villages restored, but the eruptions will come back some day. The medical man can treat the individual, but not the world. If he should attempt to treat the world he would soon find himself abandoning his calling to become a mystic, a visionary reformer who, like Alexis Carrel, confuses the experimental laboratory or the treatment room with the battlefield of the universe. The doctor treats those wounded in battle, — as Harvey Cushing well describes in his war journal, — but it is not in his province to prevent the battle. *Volens nolens*, he takes the latter as one of the fatal inevitabilities which provide him with material for his job. He does not seek to create this material; he would be glad to see its quantity reduced; but as long as it exists he accepts it and deals with it in accordance with the dictates of his science.

NOTES ON THE CONVENTIONS

BY RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

I HAD never attended a political convention in America. Those held at Cleveland and Philadelphia this year were a totally new experience for me and one that modified many of the preconceived ideas I had formed about such events by reading about them and looking at photographs. As a foreign correspondent it was my duty to try to achieve a dual purpose: I had to describe what I saw and heard in such a way that my distant readers might have a picture of the scenes I witnessed and of the atmosphere in which I found myself, and I had to explain the relation between all that and American politics in the making.

The result was not entirely successful. In reading over my cables now, I find that whoever read them on the other side of the Atlantic must have gathered the impression that I had somehow managed to attend simultaneously such varied types of gatherings as a music-hall show, a revival meeting, a six-day bicycle race, a picnic, and a world fair, but that, from time to time and for no reasonable motive, I had found it necessary to introduce in my story irrelevant remarks about the condition of agriculture in America, the unemployment problem, the rebirth of the Republican Party, and the variations of the Democratic doctrine.

America being a democracy and France being another helped not at all. In fact, the apparent similitude

of principles and the identity of the political terminology used in both countries hindered more than it served my efforts of interpretation.

Maybe we need a Culbertson to give us a system by which men of different nationalities will understand what they are doing when they play at the disorderly game of politics. A code showing the standard value of such words as Liberalism, Democracy, Dictatorship, Communism, Socialism, the Rich and the Oppressed, would be useful. But even that would not make it easier to explain why the greatest democracy in the world has chosen the peculiar form of the political convention to reshape every four years its destinies and nominate its leader.

The strongest impression I gathered at Cleveland and at Philadelphia should be a comforting one for the Americans. I convinced myself that this country is the only one in the world which can still afford to play the great game of politics without dangerously hurting itself, for the simple reason that politics in America have not as yet become sufficiently vital to affect the life of the people in any immediate way. I know that many Americans deplore this. They would like the mass to be more aware of the importance of politics. Quite often during these conventions some of my American friends apologized to me for what was going on before our eyes.

They thought that I should form an unfavorable opinion of the irresponsible levity and the uncontrolled exuberance of these thousands of people supposedly assembled for a serious purpose. But I think that if those who attend conventions are so light-hearted and so obviously cheerful it is because they know by instinct that whatever is done or said does not matter very much. They do not consider politics a tragic business because they do not have to — not yet.

The Republicans wrote in their platform that America was in danger, — meaning, of course, that they do not want Mr. Roosevelt to be reëlected, — but the fact that such an alarming statement could be made without disturbing in any way the atmosphere of optimism and merriment which prevailed at Cleveland merely shows that nobody believes that politicians can lead America to ruin. European countries are in danger, yes — so much so that each political decision, each step in one direction or another, can at any time lead to immediate disaster. That is why nobody smiles when one of the French political parties takes as a slogan '*Politique d'abord.*' It is only too true. Politics come first, for France, whether one likes it or not. That makes it impossible to have any parallel to an American political convention.

The difference between the two conventions was very marked. I thought that the volume of sound produced in the Auditorium at Cleveland could not be surpassed by any human or artificial means. I was wrong, and found it out in Philadelphia.

The physical discomfort experienced in the convention halls cannot be adequately described to those who were not there. The sheer volume of sound was painful whether produced by that remarkable band of the Republicans or the monstrous pipe organ of the Democrats, or by the bedlam which

existed most of the time. The human voice heard through the amplifiers lost all quality. Radio listeners may be able to enjoy the talent of a good speaker, but not those in a convention hall. There the effort necessary to follow a speech was so strenuous that it could not be sustained for more than a few minutes at a time. This, however, did not prevent any of the star orators from speaking an hour or more.

The technique of addressing twenty thousand visible listeners and unseen millions through the microphone has not yet been perfected. Both in Cleveland and in Philadelphia the speakers clung clumsily to the oratorical methods of pre-broadcast days, but one could see that they were network-conscious and afraid to let themselves go. They seemed moored to the microphone like the *Hindenburg* to its mast. The general effect was unfortunate. The fact is, performers and listeners are being slowly but surely integrated as part of the elaborate mechanical system which tends to change any manifestation of public interest into food for what is called, in radio language, a sustaining programme. A convention hall is, in effect, a broadcasting studio not yet completely under control.

The consequences of this evolution are unpredictable, but the day may come when it will be difficult to assemble more than a few hundred people. The rest will stay at home and listen to their radios. This tendency was already noticeable in both conventions, where, in spite of the descriptions given by the reporters and radio announcers, I had the impression that to fill these huge halls had not been an easy task.

The trouble with many scientific devices is that they often do not work perfectly and it is only because most of us are still imbued with a sense of childish wonder that we tolerate the torture inflicted on us by our engineers.

The klieg lights which cast a dazzling glare from the roofs of the auditoriums were unbearable to those who happened to be in front of them. Luckily each of them flickered and went out every five minutes, and it took some time to turn them on again. When Mr. Hoover spoke at Cleveland they all went out at once for a considerable time, giving great relief. More disturbing was the capriciousness of the sound-amplifying system. Accidents occurred several times at Cleveland, and if the American public was not so good-natured the absurdity of seeing an orator on a distant platform suddenly struck dumb would have been overpowering.

I was much interested at both conventions in watching the operators of the sound system, the real masters of the show. The operator at Cleveland was particularly impressive. He seemed to be about sixteen years of age, with turned-up nose and hair apparently uncombed during the whole convention. He never moved from his chair, situated on the platform immediately behind the speaker. He never showed any nervousness even when the whole system misbehaved. He was relaxed and efficient, obviously untroubled by the fact that upon his youthful shoulders rested the responsibility of enabling the leaders of the G. O. P. to tell the American people the whole Republican truth about the Democrats. When, through no fault of their own, Mr. Steiwer and Mr. Hoover found themselves abruptly confronted by a dead microphone and a roaring crowd, it was to him they turned with deference and anguish. What had happened? What were they to do? Could he, *would* he help them out? They were helpless. Each time the young man with the earphones reassured them. He telephoned to the far-away engine room. The wires came to life. The speakers went on with their speech.

I presume that this young man was chosen because he knows his job, but think of his power. Think of the temptation of playing with his switchboard, just for the fun of it. In his place and at his age, I do not think I could have resisted.

I believe that the invention of the 'roar meter,' as one of my confrères sitting behind me at Cleveland called it, has great possibilities. It is a simple device by which bedlam is accurately recorded on a luminous scale which looks like a big thermometer. Both conventions adopted this contraption, but unfortunately it was considered more like an amusement-park feature than what it really is: the most practical and honest measuring rod of popularity and disfavor.

Naturally the 'roar meter' makes no distinction between the applause and the booing, but neither did the chairman of either convention when trying to pass various recommendations by Ayes and Noes, and deciding that the Ayes had it when the 'roar meter' plainly showed that the Noes had won.

If, as I believe, the system of the American convention such as I saw it is best fitted to the regimented expression of mass emotion and the dictatorship of whoever stands on the platform, then the 'roar meter' should become the official regulator of modern democracies.

Why vote when you can yell and count your decibels?

Another important factor in the shaping of the destinies of a nation is the band.

The Republicans, in that respect, had a crushing advantage over the Democrats. The orchestra conductor at Philadelphia did his best, but he had no political genius, no instinct; and the organ, practising unfair competition, killed his best effects.

It seems that the lady who played

the organ was somewhere in the basement and listened through earphones to what was going on above her. The orchestra was way up under the roof. The result was that synchronization, whenever attempted, never went beyond the 'stagger' effect. During the last days of the convention, the orchestra and the organ each went their own way, playing different tunes, or it may be that the lady organist lost her earphones.

The Democratic band conductor and Mr. Farley were also at cross purposes, and I saw the Postmaster General on the verge of losing his equanimity more than once when the overzealous band tried to stretch the enthusiasm of the delegates longer than was deemed necessary by the careful manager of our emotions.

But nothing of the kind happened at Cleveland. The inventiveness of the Republican conductor, his sense of discipline, his tactful choice of tunes to fit the changing moods of the audience, his inspired rendering of the true spirit of Americanism as conceived by the Republican Party, created the impression that he was not doing a job but holding an office and fulfilling a mission.

This Cleveland conductor — whom I could never see because he stood a long way off, separated from me by a permanent smoke screen — *made* the Republican Convention, which, without him and his timely selection of patriotic, religious, and jazz tunes, could not have compared with the Philadelphia Durbar.

Plato would like this transfiguration of politics into music.

The sincerity and spontaneity of the extravagant demonstrations of enthusiasm which took place at both conventions have been questioned, and rightly so, I think.

In spite of the delirious and prolonged ovations which greeted certain

speakers and references to the candidates, in spite of the pandemonium of patriotic feeling which was let loose on every possible occasion, none of it was very convincing, somehow. One could not escape the suspicion that all this tumult was staged and carried on for the sake of making a lot of noise.

There seemed, however, to be a single exception, and that was at Cleveland, in favor of Mr. Hoover. I do not pretend that it was not prearranged — quite the contrary. But everyone, bored by three days of ineffectual proceedings, waited eagerly for the climactic appearance of the Great Victim. It is my impression that the demonstration which greeted him went a good deal beyond the programme. It was, in fact, so boisterous and so insistent that I thought I could detect a worried look on the faces of the gentlemen on the platform who were managing the show.

Of course my lack of experience of conventions does not permit me to judge whether Mr. Hoover could have started a stampede right there and then and thus upset completely all calculations, or whether this emotional outburst was so violent and so genuine only because everybody knew that it could not lead anywhere. But I thought then, and I still believe, that this was one of these rare moments when one man can change the course of history.

What would have happened if Mr. Hoover, discarding his carefully prepared speech, had just spoken out and said, for instance, regardless of the copyright, 'My friends . . .'

But Mr. Hoover — who, like the late Poincaré, seems to have been wrapped at birth in a cobweb of awkwardness — did no such thing. He carefully placed his manuscript on the stand, and read it. And when he had finished reading it he left the auditorium, but the always-inspired orches-

tra leader improvised a four-note theme pounding a '*We-Want-Hoo-ver*' which shook the air.

It was too late. After an hour of effort to appease the audience, the Chairman said that Mr. Hoover had taken the nine-thirty for New York, and although I was told that he did not leave Cleveland before midnight, the result was the same: the curtain was dropped on the only moment of candor of the two conventions.

I had heard a good deal about what went on in hotel rooms behind padded doors during a convention, and as it became obvious to me that nothing of any importance at all happened in public I was interested in finding out the truth about these rumors.

Needless to state, I was not admitted to any secret meeting, but after spending countless hours in hotel lobbies and corridors, both in Cleveland and in Philadelphia, I became increasingly suspicious that I had to deal with a legend.

It is true, of course, that those whose responsibility it is to conciliate conflicting factions do meet and discuss their affairs. They meet in hotels, but this is because they have no other place to go. In France these same gentlemen would meet in the back room of a café and debate probably in the same fashion. The difference is that, the café being usually open on the street, these meetings seem less mysterious to the outsider.

As a matter of fact, one of the very strange things about these conventions was that I could never quite discover by whom or where momentous decisions were taken. Not on the floor of the auditoriums, to be sure; not in the lobbies of the hotels where idle delegates and onlookers milled around the whole long day in the hope of seeing or hearing something; not in secret places out of town.

Well, perhaps, after all, the hotel rooms . . .

I have heard it said many times that the conventions have so degenerated that something should be done to restore their past dignity and revive their original purpose, which was to offer to the delegates of the states an occasion to debate.

Not having attended any convention before, I am not able to make comparisons, but it seems to me that, such as they are, they correspond adequately to the universal trend, which is the increase of the power of mass emotion and a corresponding regression of the influence of individual intelligence. The critics who attended the conventions showed no indulgence toward the whole performance. Some were indignant, some were bitter, some were scornful; many were merely bored. Their reaction was interesting because those among them who have acquired sufficient authority to write whatever they please enjoy a remarkable prestige. The fact that they are the only group of human beings who are free to say publicly what they, as individuals, think, sets them apart.

At both conventions they attracted a great deal of attention and it was clear that the public was as interested in those celebrities whom it knew by name and by photograph as it was in the familiar political figures.

In fact, a curious conflict exists between the practical politicians and the independent critics. The critics are intellectuals; therefore they believe individuals are responsive to reason and to arguments. The practical politicians know that their job is to make men act and vote, not to make them think.

The outcome of that conflict will be more interesting in the long run than the one which opposes the two major parties. But it will not be solved in a convention.

THE PERFECT HOBBY

BY MORROW MAYO

At various times within the last two years my wife and I have searched for placer gold in the black beach sands above Eureka, California, along the lower courses of a dozen Sierra Nevada streams, in the San Gabriel Canyon, and elsewhere. As a result of our occasional trips, perhaps thirty altogether, we have accumulated two thirds of an ounce of raw gold, worth about twenty dollars. Pure gold is worth thirty-five dollars an ounce, but placer gold is never absolutely pure.

The largest single piece we have recovered is a tiny nugget which weighs one pennyweight, or half the weight of a new Lincoln penny. It is the size, shape, and color of a very small, stunted grain of yellow corn, and is worth approximately one dollar and sixty cents. We took it out of a crevice between two boulders on the north bank of the American River, thirty feet from the stream, a mile west of Folsom Penitentiary. While I held the boulders apart with a crowbar, Muriel scooped into our gold pan all the dirt on the bedrock beneath, using a garden trowel and a whiskbroom, and we panned the material in the river.

When the residue was no more than a teaspoonful we had not seen a *color* (a color being one visible flake or grain of gold), and then my wife gave the pan a peculiar little flip which is one of the tricks of gold panning, and there it was! I shall never forget the thrill I experienced when I saw that bit of

precious metal standing out in bold relief against the bottom of the pan.

I have done considerable fly-fishing, and I enjoy that sport immensely, but the capture of that little gleaming piece of raw gold, something a million times more elusive than the wily trout, gave me a pounding of the heart such as I should not experience if a whale struck my fly. We were in the heart of the Mother Lode country, near the spot where James W. Marshall picked up the twelve pieces of gold which started the California Gold Rush, and all the history and romance and tragedy of that epic migration seemed to be embodied in the little nugget we had found.

The country about us was fairly rugged, a series of low foothills and valleys, covered with scrub pine and rock. It was deserted now, but in the days of the Gold Rush the Forty-niners were working feverishly on every foot of it, and in an unbroken line along the banks of the river. To get there they came from the ends of the earth, braved the Panama jungle swamps, fought their way through on the awful trip overland, and made the heroic journey around the Horn. Rushing pell-mell into these foothills, they encountered that fabulous cradle of riches, twenty miles wide and two hundred miles long, the greatest deposit of gold ever heard of in the world. In those days gold nuggets were sprouting in the ground like seed potatoes.

We had visions of making a great

gold strike then and there — of finding more and larger nuggets, perhaps a pocket of gold. Why not? Near by was the spot where a single mass of gold twice the size of a man's head, weighing 2340 ounces, was taken out in November 1854. But although we labored the rest of the day and all the next day around that spot, we discovered only two more colors. Our little nugget was simply a tiny piece of gold which had eluded the thousands of gold seekers who had worked that stream bank over and over again through the years; or perhaps it had come down the mountains in the flood waters of the American River the previous winter.

The expense of that particular trip was about twenty dollars, which will indicate that for us the profit in gold seeking is not limited to the actual finding of gold. My wife is a working artist, and it happens that our apartment in San Francisco is our workshop as well as our domicile. When we finish our coffee in the morning and go forth to business, I simply move to a desk in the next room, and Muriel merely shifts from the breakfast table to a drawing board. As a result of our incarceration we are especially exposed to that sinister creeping disease which I call *apartmentitis*. It is worse than tonsillitis, bronchitis, or laryngitis, and, like the goblins, it will get all isolated sedentary workers who live in cities if they don't watch out.

We try to watch out. The symptoms of this dreadful disease are unmistakable, — nervousness, irritability, mental fatigue, — and whenever they appear in recognizable form we take immediate steps. The typewriter, that mechanical tyrant, is slammed into the desk; and the pencils, art gum, inks, brushes, tubes of water color, and other tools of the artist are set firmly aside. Out come the maps, — highway, Forest Service, and Geological Survey, — and we select our tentative destination.

'Suppose,' says Muriel, 'we go up into El Dorado County this time?'

We open a little directory, published by the state, and read: 'Gold placers of El Dorado County: Middle and South Forks of the American River, Consumnes River and its Forks, and all branch streams and tributary creeks; reached by way of Auburn, Plymouth, Placerville, and Sonora.'

Excellent! We can reach any of those locations in about three hours.

My wife puts on hiking pants or overalls and I usually change my clothes in the car. We throw the skillet and the coffeepot into the back seat, check to see if the tent and the rest of the gear are there, call the dog, and are on our way. We may camp that night on Coyote Creek, which empties into the Stanislaus above Melones, or we may spend the night at a miners' boarding house where Muriel and the Italian landlord's wife are the only women in a crowd of forty hard-rock miners who are working in the great Carson Hill Mine near by.

Whatever mountain stream we select to work in, we park the car as close as possible, sometimes in it, and start working upstream, taking only a light miner's pick, shovel, and gold pan. I should say here that these Sierra Nevada streams bear gold as an orchard bears fruit, and that every winter, year after year, they bring down from the mountain a crop — an annual yield from what is apparently an inexhaustible source. That is what the Forty-niners harvested — the accumulated crops of gold brought down and deposited in the foothills through thousands of years. The fresh crop of raw gold is small each year, and is deposited over a vast area, but nevertheless there is some.

If we discover a few colors in a bend or a gravel bar, we may work around that spot for half a day, or we may continue on. It is difficult to stop any-

where, because you always feel sure that in that sand bank fifty yards ahead you will find a large nugget. We have followed a mountain stream for more than eight miles in one day, fording it a dozen times, climbing boulders, scaling cliffs. We are never in a hurry. The country is always beautiful. The sun is hot, to be sure, but the icy snow water of the mountain stream is a cooling agent. We may stay three or four days.

The purpose of panning is to wash out the lighter material, leaving only the heavier mineral grains. Gold is so heavy that you can drop one grain of it into a pan containing thirty pounds of sand and gravel, and if the panning is done correctly that one yellow speck will be in the final half teaspoonful of concentrates. But panning is tedious, and once we have selected a spot to test thoroughly, the pan is laid aside and the water is put to work.

We have a portable sluice box, which we designed and made ourselves. It is no more than a light wooden trough with riffles across the bottom, divided into two sections which fit together. We dig a little canal, diverting water from the main stream, and into this the box is set. After it is set properly, there is nothing to do but shovel sand and gravel into it and let the water do the rest. If the box slopes at the right angle, and the proper volume of water flows through it, even very small particles of gold will fall between the riffles and stay there, while nearly all the other material gradually washes out.

If any large gold grains appear we pick them up with tweezers and drop them into a tiny bottle. After a few hours there is always a small deposit of heavy black sand in the box, and we remove the riffles and wash this sand carefully into our gold pan. There it is moved slowly around in the V formed by the bottom and sides of the pan, under a little water, and if any gold is present it gradually appears as a little

yellow tail. If such is the case we take up all the concentrates, black sand and gold sand alike, with an eye dropper and squirt them into a larger bottle. Later, in our apartment, we isolate the gold dust, or flour gold. Oh, yes — 'home work' is one of the most fascinating phases of gold seeking.

This gold-bearing black sand is not worked until we have accumulated, say, a teacupful of it. Then we pan it carefully in a large basin, washing out black sand until we can eliminate no more of it without losing gold. What remains resembles black and yellow sugar. Many of the black particles are iron, and these are removed with a magnetized knife blade. Then we drop a little quicksilver into the pan and roll it back and forth through the concentrates; the quicksilver picks up the gold, leaving the other particles undisturbed. Finally we dump the amalgamated gold and quicksilver into a pan, put it on the stove, and cook off the quicksilver. The tiny mass of yellow metal which remains goes into a little bottle labeled 'Pure Gold.'

Our gold is very pretty, glistening and gleaming in its little bottle. It is not much, but it is undeniably ours. We took it out of the good earth with our own hands, and it is worth far more to us than its value in legal tender. It represents exercise, health, wonderful trips into the hills, sunrises over the Sierra, and campfires beside mountain streams under the stars.

In two years our gold seeking has cost us about three hundred dollars, and we consider the expenditure of that money the most profitable investment that we have ever made. We have discovered a game of absorbing interest, the pursuit of which has taught us a great deal and led us to make some fine friends. With another couple we are planning a gold-seeking expedition late this summer nine thousand feet up into the High Sierra.

FRANCE UNDER TWO FLAGS

BY AN AMERICAN OBSERVER

I

HISTORY never quite repeats itself, but it does issue from time to time 'new' editions which have a striking family resemblance. While the style may vary, as well as the type and the binding, the substance remains the same.

One of those revised editions is now coming out in France. The political situation in that country is indeed similar in many respects to the conditions that existed during the revolutionary days of 1848. To start with, a government divided against itself. The Provisional Government which came into power after the downfall of Louis Philippe was in fact a sort of Popular Front combination of men a world apart on fundamental principles. On one side, idealists and humanitarians such as Lamartine and Arago, who sincerely sought the welfare of the masses, but intended to maintain the established social order and would under no consideration march under any flag but the Tricolor. On the other side, militant socialists such as Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin, whose aim was to destroy the bourgeoisie and bring about a social revolution, with the red flag as their emblem. But together they had to face the fierce opposition of a group of anarchists led by Blanqui and Proudhon, and particularly that of secret organizations in command of the Parisian workmen.

Their policy was perforce one of perpetual compromise, the left wing, how-

ever, scoring most points. The main cause of the revolution had been the refusal of the monarchy to extend the electoral franchise to the masses (there were then only 250,000 voters in a population of over 30,000,000 inhabitants), and the first decree of the new government, concerning which there was no difference of opinion, established universal suffrage. But the problem that overshadowed all the others was then, as now, the unemployment problem. And certain social reforms had to be enacted to pacify the working class.

Decrees were hastily drafted and issued providing for a shorter working day, freedom of association, and the opening of 'national workshops' in Paris, coupled with a proclamation of the 'right to work' and a guaranty by the State of employment for all citizens. This public-works programme proved to be the government's undoing, as hordes of provincial workers invaded the capital, and since it was not possible to employ all of them they merely increased the ranks of the disorderly elements.

Hardly a day passed without a riotous demonstration in front of the Hôtel de Ville, which was the government's headquarters, and bloodshed was avoided only through the magic of Lamartine's eloquence. When an infuriated mob once demanded that the red flag be hoisted on the government

building, he not only resisted their threats, but convinced them that there could be no other national flag but the Tricolor, an oratorical triumph which has perhaps never been equaled in history. But other demands were clamored day after day, and even the police forces raised their voice, which resulted in the National Guards being disbanded (just as the 'National leagues' recently), but to be reorganized along democratic lines.

Meanwhile, the government's financial situation was growing worse every day. A loan of 250 million francs was obtained from the Bank of France, but import and export duties were dwindling at a rapid pace, as well as the tax receipts, while the burden of the national workshops and the dole was steadily becoming heavier. In order to satisfy the masses, a certain number of indirect taxes bearing upon the cost of living were abolished (the present Finance Minister has announced a similar proposal), while direct taxes were increased by 45 per cent.

This tax increase incensed the peasants, and, as business conditions were not improving, the middle classes also began to protest. The consequence was the election of a conservative Chamber of Deputies. Whereupon a revolt broke out in Paris, and for four days, from June 23 to 26 (historically known as the June Days), desperate fighting took place behind barricades, making thousands of victims.

A little later Louis Bonaparte was elected President of the Republic by a huge popular majority. The Revolution of 1848 had lasted only four months. Its outstanding achievement had been to open the door to the Second Empire.

II

What is the Popular Front Government now in power likely to achieve? And, in the first place, has it a longer

lease of life than the Provisional Government of 1848?

There are indications that the leaders of the Socialist Party themselves are skeptical of the solidity of the existing coalition. In a speech delivered on July 8, Paul Faure, Minister of State and General Secretary of that party, said: 'If the measures we have taken do not produce the expected results within the next three months, we [the Socialists] shall come forward with a programme of our own.'

He had already declared in a previous speech, which did not, however, fix any time limit: 'In the event of the failure of our measures, we shall conclude that the Popular Front platform is inadequate, and we shall therefore not hesitate to ask that the Chamber be dissolved, in order to allow the people to send us back in greater number, which would enable us to apply our Socialist programme.'

Inasmuch as the 'expected results' include a business revival and the ending of unemployment, M. Faure surely does not believe that they can be attained, even under the most favorable circumstances, in such a short space of time as he mentions. His faith in the Popular Front platform which was heralded as a panacea during the electoral campaign has evidently been shaken since, and it is not, if it ever was, of the kind that moves mountains. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that he is preparing his followers for a disappointment, and perhaps for a break with the Radical Socialists who prevented the adoption of stronger measures than those that were agreed upon. Is Léon Blum riding for a fall, hoping to gain strength thereby, Antæus-like? Or is he making of necessity a virtue?

It is an open secret that complete harmony does not exist in the ministerial crew. The bills concerning the nationalization of war industries and

the Bank of France had to be toned down, and the proposal of a capital levy has been definitely abandoned, in spite of the insistence of the Communists that the country can be saved only by expropriating the fortunes of the famous '200 families.'¹

But the greatest cause of dissension is the failure of the government to stop the occupation strikes. The Senate, which is overwhelmingly Radical, has compelled the Minister of the Interior to promise that force would be used, if necessary, to end these strikes and to prevent their recurrence. At the same time the Communists stoutly maintain that force must never be used against workers. The Cabinet thus finds itself between two fires, and its only chance of escape and salvation lies in the willingness of the strikers to abandon their present tactics.

Even then, there is still ahead the formidable hurdle of the financial policy, which must be shaped to the size of the social reforms now in force. This is where the various political parties are most likely to cross swords.

III

It is not, however, in the Chamber of Deputies or in the Senate that the issue will be effectively decided. The French Parliament has lost a great deal of its prestige in the last decade, and this accounts for the fact that the people are so prone to take the law into their own hands. The average Frenchman has little faith in electoral promises and feels like Robert de Jouvenel, who once wrote: 'There is more in common between two deputies, one of whom is a revolutionary, than between two revolutionaries, one of whom is a deputy.'

It was therefore an easy matter for the occult organizers of the stay-in

¹ The Bank of France is controlled by the 200 largest stockholders. — EDITOR

strikes to convince the Paris workers that, if the proletariat meant to obtain prompt enactment of the reforms promised in the Popular Front platform, they should show their strength and thereby compel immediate compliance with their demands.

By so doing they dealt a severer blow to Parliament than to the capitalist régime. The fact is, the government no longer governs, but is simply goose-stepping under the clenched fist of a proletarian dictatorship — just the opposite of what is happening in Germany, Italy, and Russia.

How long will the country tolerate this state of parliamentary impotence and subservience? Where and from whom will the opposition come?

IV

What forces can the bourgeoisie muster in a struggle in which it stands as the common foe of the other classes?

Its position to-day resembles in several respects that of the nobility at the end of the eighteenth century. For nearly 150 years the descendants of the bourgeois who engineered the French Revolution, and who were its chief beneficiaries, have grown in wealth and power. They weathered the storms of 1848 and 1871, but they are now facing the fiercest attack that has ever been launched against them. The revolution which is just starting, but which may gain considerable momentum in a comparatively short time, appeals to the same passions and prejudices as did their own revolution against feudalism in 1789, and it is as well organized.

On the other hand, they are better prepared to defend themselves than were the eighteenth-century nobles. Their wealth can be more easily mobilized. Their influence can assert itself in more subtle and effective ways. They are more open-minded and ready

to adapt themselves to new conditions than their feudal predecessors. And then the fight is not only against them, but against the capitalist system to which the great majority of their countrymen are more attached perhaps than any other nation. There lies their greatest strength.

There, and in the press, which they so largely control. It is a well-known fact that most of the Paris newspapers, which have readers in every town and hamlet in France, are owned or financed by the big interests, when they are not the property of wealthy individuals. The leading provincial journals also belong to rich families. In the event of a class warfare, it is safe to predict that all these papers, with the exception of the Red party organs, would be found in the conservative camp. But even a unanimous press could not save the bourgeoisie in its present plight, if it did not primarily and earnestly defend the vital interests of the peasants and the middle class.

These two classes have indeed long been out of sympathy with the bourgeois — *les gros* (the big ones), as they call them. When they vote for Socialist or Communist candidates, it is not because they believe in their doctrines, but because they wish to register a protest against the powers that be. A political revolution does not frighten them, but any encroachment on their property rights would meet with furious resistance.

Proudhon, who was close to the soil, wrote that 'nobody who knows the French peasant will try to communize him.' The Communists, who have lately started a campaign to win over the peasantry, are now assuring them that they do not contemplate ever to interfere with the absolute ownership of small farms, but only to do away with large holdings which would, of course, be apportioned in equal shares to the poorer villagers.

It happens, however, that France is not, to any considerable extent, a country of large estates. Nowhere in the world are land and wealth so evenly distributed, although less so than before the war. The 1931 census figures show a rural population of about 52 per cent and a total of 2,412,983 farms. Of this total, there are 1,339,926 farmers who employ no outside help, 1,041,988 who employ from one to five workers, and only 163,283 who employ from six to ten. Under these conditions, distributing the other lands can hardly have a nation-wide appeal.

Furthermore, the peasant's mentality must be taken into account. The land on which he toils in most cases has been held by his family for several generations, and there are instances of farms which have been handed down from father to son since the days of the Crusades. Every square inch of these lands is a sacred possession in the eyes of its owner. The peasant's ruling passion is land hunger, his constant ambition is to acquire more land, but the thought of sharing any part of his domain with anyone never enters his mind, and woe to the politician who would suggest it.

The French peasant is essentially an individualist. While he does look to the government for its assistance in raising the prices of farm products and blames it when they fall below his expectations, he also resents any prying into his private affairs. He instinctively resists inquisitorial methods and all regimentation. Hence his reluctance to depositing money in the banks, and the persistent survival of the legendary woolen stocking which has meant so much to the country in times of national emergency.

For in spite of his thrift, which frequently borders on avarice, he is intensely patriotic, not to say chauvinistic, and when he feels that the 'Patrie' is in danger there is no hesitancy in his

response. If asked what he thought of the red flag, he would doubtless try to echo Lamartine's celebrated speech.

V

Of equal if not greater importance, so far as the fate of democratic institutions and that of the capitalist system are concerned, is the attitude that will be taken by the middle class — the small manufacturers, tradesmen, and the artisans.

This class has during the last thirty years usually voted, as a whole, the Radical-Socialist ticket. There were many desertions from that party in the recent elections, owing to discontent born of the depression, but the majority remained loyal to the old party colors.

No social revolution is possible without their support. As in the case of agriculture, the small establishments hold a preponderating place in French industry and commerce. Taking again the 1931 census figures, there are 761,171 manufacturing plants in the country, and 1,166,248 artisans working on their own account, including 583,672 women. The manufacturing plants that employ only one to five workmen number over 500,000; those employing from six to ten, nearly 60,000. Commercial establishments number 626,891, of which 61 per cent employ only from one to five persons, while there are 159,200 with no employees except members of their own families, or else none at all.

These figures account for the frequent references recently made in parliamentary debates to the *petit patron*, the small employer. The Radical-Socialist Senators, who have been more vocal than their colleagues in the Chamber of Deputies, have repeatedly stated that the Popular Front reforms (the forty-hour, collective-bargaining, and higher-wage laws) will ruin this type of employer. On the other hand, the government pretends

that it will improve their lot by providing cheaper credit and tax reductions — which, of course, remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, this *petit patron* fears that he will be crushed between the upper and nether millstones. Not unlike the peasant, he abhors inquisition and regimentation. Should the new laws work to his detriment, he will certainly compel the Radical-Socialist party to withdraw from the Popular Front alliance. He is, besides, as fervent a patriot as the peasant, and he will not tolerate the displacement of the Tricolor by the red flag.

VI

At all events, the Blum Government's policies will be judged by their results, which will also decide its fate. The French nation is now in an expectant and apprehensive mood, though not yet ready for any upheaval, either from the Right or from the Left.

Fascism is not likely to rally the majority, unless a leader appears on the scene whose personality will fire the imagination of the crowd — and there is none in sight.

Collectivism is a greater menace, but while it is making a strong appeal to the working class, at least in the great industrial centres, there are abundant reasons to believe that the country will reject it.

Nevertheless, a new social era has been ushered in with state paternalism in the ascendant, and it is impossible to visualize its future progress and destination. That the French bourgeoisie and capitalism will be uncrowned seems to be written on the wall, but they have not yet run their course. Their survival is largely in the hands of the fundamentally conservative middle class and the land-loving, sou-gathering peasantry. It cannot therefore be said that they are in deadly peril.

SELLING MORE LABOR

BY SUMNER H. SLICHTER

I

BETWEEN 1900 and 1914, the United States received an average of nearly half a million immigrants a year. Two thirds of these immigrants were workers. American industry absorbed these new workers as a matter of course. There were occasional years of depression when employment shrank, but no one questioned the ability of industry to provide more and more jobs and to use more and more labor; no one suggested that there might be a limit to the number of jobs that industry could provide or the amount of labor that could be sold. In fact, when the immigration restriction act was passed, shortly after the war, the chief concern of employers was where they could now obtain sufficient men. Recently, in his Baltimore speech, President Roosevelt suggested a programme for reducing the number of unemployed. His programme had two principal parts. He proposed to limit the span of working life to the years between eighteen and sixty-five, and he advocated a reduction in the weekly working hours — a reduction which would be compensated by an increase in wage rates.

Mr. Roosevelt's Baltimore speech vividly illustrates the reversal of popular opinion on the subject of employment during the last twenty years. For the views that he expressed in Baltimore are not his alone — they are the opinions which are dominant in America to-day. In a recent poll by the

American Institute of Public Opinion, 76 per cent of the voters favored shortening the hours of labor in business and industry for the purpose of reducing unemployment, and 84 per cent said that the reduction of weekly hours should not be permitted to reduce weekly earnings. Just as thirty years ago it was taken for granted that the amount of employment is not limited and that industry could readily absorb a large influx of labor, so to-day many people seem to believe that the only way to give work to the unemployed is to take it away from the employed. To approach the problem of unemployment in this way is, of course, to confess defeat in advance. But such an approach is unnecessary. Boiled down to its simplest terms, the problem of unemployment is essentially one of selling more labor. Surely in a world where human wants are virtually unlimited it must always be possible to discover a market for more labor. The problem is to discover the conditions that are favorable to the sale of labor and to put these into effect until unemployment has been cut down to the irreducible minimum.

II

No one knows how many unemployed there are in the United States. Of the several estimates the best is that of Mr. Robert Nathan, formerly Con-

sultant on Unemployment Statistics of the President's Committee on Economic Security. Mr. Nathan, after careful and elaborate study, put the number of unemployed in October 1935 at 10,600,000. Since that time there has been a moderate gain in employment. I am not convinced, however, that Mr. Nathan's figures make adequate allowance for the substantial growth in employment produced by the starting of many thousands of small enterprises and the rise in self-employment. Between 1930 and 1935, for example, the number of farms in the United States increased by 500,000. Furthermore, the depression led many thousands of persons who could not obtain jobs working for others to go into business for themselves as taxi drivers, truck drivers, filling-station operators, and in other ways. In addition, during the period of revival, many new enterprises have been started, particularly in the consumer-goods industries. The actual volume of unemployment in the United States to-day is, I suspect, less than 9,000,000. This is a rough figure and it is somewhat less than most estimates. It is considerably above the much-publicized estimate of the *New York Sun*. The *Sun's* estimate, however, does not pretend to be complete and there are serious objections to the sample upon which it is based and the methods by which it is derived. Apparently the *Sun* would have us believe that unemployment is scarcely any greater now than at the time of the unemployment census of 1930, although building construction is far less, railroad employment 500,000 less, industrial production no greater, and the job-seeking population about 2,500,000 larger.

A certain amount of unemployment is probably unavoidable. It is always off-season in some industries. Furthermore, men are always changing jobs for various reasons and enterprises are al-

ways going out of business. When one considers that there are approximately 38,000,000 persons in the United States who make their living by working for others, it is not extravagant to guess that the amount of 'normal' unemployment is in the neighborhood of 2,000,000. This represents the amount of maladjustment which is present in industry even during good times. The figure may at first seem large, but it represents an employment-giving efficiency of well over 94 per cent — and, as human institutions go, 94 per cent efficiency is high. If the present volume of unemployment is as much as 9,000,000, and if the 'normal' amount is about 2,000,000, the problem of absorbing the unemployed is one of finding jobs for about 7,000,000 men and women, plus about 500,000 more who represent the annual net increase in the number of job seekers.

These figures suggest that the re-absorption problem is considerably less serious than would appear from most of the current estimates of unemployment. In one important respect, however, the problem is greater than these estimates indicate. There are many thousands of persons engaged in agriculture at a very low level of income who should be transferred to jobs in non-agricultural industries. Their precise number is uncertain, but it may be well over a million. At any rate, these persons should be counted in estimating the number of additional jobs that are needed in the non-agricultural industries.

III

A considerable reduction in unemployment has already occurred. The peak of unemployment was reached in March 1933. Since that time the number of unemployed has dropped by over 5,000,000. At first sight this is an encouraging figure, because another gain of like amount would bring the volume

of unemployment within about 2,000,000 of normal. The discouraging fact is that nearly three fourths of the reduction in unemployment occurred between March and October 1933. Since then the Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production has gained 34.6 per cent, but the volume of unemployment has dropped by only about 15 per cent. In the manufacturing industries, a rise in output of nearly 38 per cent between October 1933 and May 1936 has raised the index of factory employment by only one fourteenth. As the index has a downward bias during periods of revival, the actual gain in factory employment is somewhat more.

This lag of employment behind production is not confined to the United States; it is a world-wide phenomenon. Between June 1932 and June 1935, industrial production increased 24 per cent in the United Kingdom, but industrial employment gained only 8.6 per cent; in Germany, industrial production increased 77.3 per cent and employment 24.2 per cent; in Canada, industrial production increased 30 per cent, employment 6.8 per cent.

One reason why employment has failed to gain as rapidly as production is that it did not drop as rapidly. In fact, as late as March 1936 factory employment was virtually as high in relation to factory production as it was in 1929. In March 1936, factory output was 81.3 per cent of the 1929 level and factory employment was 80 per cent. A similar situation has prevailed in Great Britain, where in 1934 both factory employment and industrial production were practically up to the 1929 levels, and in Germany, where factory output was 80 per cent and employment 85 per cent of the 1929 level.

The lag of employment behind production on both downturns and upturns is partly explained by the fact

that certain types of labor are needed in almost the same numbers regardless of whether output is large or small. In the main, however, it is a result of the fact that employers meet drops in production to some extent by reducing hours rather than by laying off men. This policy of spreading work in order to avoid dropping men has been pursued more widely during the current depression than ever before. Quite naturally the pickup in production has been met partly by increasing hours rather than by hiring men. In September 1934, for example, the average working week in factories in the United States was only 34.4 hours. By April 1936, it had increased to 38.7 hours, a gain of almost 12 per cent. During the same period factory employment increased 12 per cent. Half of the increase in man-hours during this period was accomplished by lengthening the working week, and half through an increase in employment. The most recent figures suggest that many employers, especially the smaller ones, are overdoing the increasing of working hours.

But although factory employment is as high relative to 1929 as is factory production, it is true that employers to-day are using fewer man-hours of labor to obtain a given volume of output. To-day the average working week in factories is over ten hours less than in 1929 and output per man-hour is about a fifth greater. The rise in output per man-hour has been just about sufficient to offset the effect of the shorter working week upon employment. Many persons attribute the rapid gain in output per man-hour to technological progress and express the fear that the number of jobs is being permanently decreased. It would be encouraging if the gain did represent improved efficiency, because only in this way can the standard of living be raised. Unfortunately, however, a

large part of the gain is explained by other causes.

In the flush days of 1929 many enterprises felt rich enough to use many men in experiment, research, expansion, and other ways which had no immediate effect upon plant output. The quantity of labor purchased for these purposes to-day is much less. Furthermore, the gain in output per man-hour is partly a result of the efforts of the government to reduce unemployment. No nation has made a bolder or more heroic effort to increase employment than has the United States during the last three years, and yet the effort has yielded disappointing results. The procedure which has been followed has been that of raising wages in the hope that this would increase consumer purchasing power and provide markets for more production. This policy was the essence of the NRA. Stripped of all phraseology about consumer purchasing power, the procedure simply amounted to an attempt to sell more labor by raising the price of labor!

Now it is conceivable that under favorable circumstances a general increase in the price of labor might precipitate an upward spiral in commodity prices and so increase the sales of labor by making it relatively cheap, but the chance that a rise in costs would generate an inflationary spiral must be regarded as remote. In any event, our common sense should have warned us that raising the price is not likely to increase the sales of any article and that there is no reason to expect labor to be different in this respect from all other articles. It is not likely to be the one and only thing which can be sold in greater volume by increasing the price.

The government, however, did attempt to increase the sales of labor by raising its price, with the result that during the last three years the price of factory labor has advanced by 25 per

cent and is now 3 per cent above 1929. The prices of the commodities which factory labor produces, however, are still about 15 per cent below the levels of 1929. With labor expensive and the products it makes still low in price, employers can afford to hire workers only under those conditions where their productivity is high. Hence the high productivity of labor represents, not merely mechanical and managerial progress, but partly the fact that under prevailing price relationships employers can afford to use labor only where it is much more productive than in 1929.

Part of the gain in output per man-hour, however, must be attributed to better equipment and better methods of production. Such changes, of course, are always being made, but the depression and later the rapid rise in the price of labor have compelled employers to search harder than ever for ways of getting on with fewer men. After a hundred and fifty years of industrial revolution and of rapidly growing employment, it should be fairly evident to everyone that labor-saving methods do not *necessarily* reduce the total volume of employment. Nevertheless they *may*. Whether they do or not depends in the main upon (1) whether the savings are passed on to the public in the form of lower prices, or (2) whether, if the savings are not passed on, they are promptly spent by enterprises for inventories or new equipment or are disbursed in the form of dividends to persons who promptly spend them. There is some evidence that during the last several years savings from labor-saving methods have been only partially passed on in the form of lower prices, investment, or dividend disbursements, and that to a substantial extent they have been used to build up the cash resources of the enterprises making them. Consequently, they may have retarded the gain in employment.

IV

What can be done to increase employment? Mr. Roosevelt says shorten hours and raise wages. There is a strong case for not raising working hours above forty a week, but the experiment of attempting to make jobs by shortening hours and raising wages has already been tried with disappointing results, and the reason is plain to see.

Whether we like to admit it or not, there is a connection between the wages which employers must pay and the amount of labor which they can afford to hire. When wage rates rise, employers find it uneconomical to keep some men and they also find it easier to discover profitable ways of displacing labor. The rapid rise in the price of labor during the last three years has undoubtedly been a major influence limiting the gains in employment, and further rises in this price would retard still more the absorption of the unemployed.

Suppose that, instead of raising wages and reducing hours, we did almost exactly the opposite. Suppose that we reduced the wages and salaries of *everyone* who now has a job, on condition that employers use the money thus saved to hire more men. One of my trade-union friends, who does not like the idea, suggests that we begin by cutting the wages of economists. That is fair enough, provided, of course, that the colleges and universities use the savings to hire more economists! The money incomes of present job holders would be down 10 per cent, but the number employed would be up by one ninth and about half of the persons now out of work would have jobs. The output of goods would rise, but probably not quite so much as employment. In fact, the output available for consumption might increase by substantially less than the volume of employment.

Let us assume that it increased only 7 per cent — the proportion would probably be more. As the total demand for goods would be unchanged, employers would have to reduce prices in order to sell the larger output. This is why many of them would object to the plan. In order to sell 7 per cent more output, prices would have to drop on the average 6.5 per cent. The drop in the purchasing power of the incomes of those of us who now have jobs would be about 3.7 per cent. The community as a whole, however, would be better off because its standard of living would rise by the increase in the output of goods — by about 7 per cent. This gain in the standard of living would be accomplished principally by increasing the incomes of those who are now unemployed. But even those of us who now have jobs might not be worse off, for part of our present incomes are taken from us in the form of taxes and contributions to support the unemployed.

As employment increased, taxes and contributions for relief would drop and they might drop sufficiently so that even the present job holders would be slightly better off than now. At any rate, we are safe in concluding that the net loss to present job holders would be infinitesimal. It would seem a small price to pay for reducing unemployment by nearly one half.

V

This suggestion is crude and oversimplified and it fails to take account of the different effects of an increase in output upon different industries. It serves, however, to illustrate the tragic conflict of interest which exists between the unemployed, on the one hand, and business enterprises and the employed on the other hand. Both business and labor are interested in preserving prices and wages against

cuts and are opposed to an expansion of production and employment which would threaten the existing structure of prices and wages. Hence my proposal, although sound economics, is obviously bad politics — no politician of any party would dare advocate it. Politicians much prefer Alice-in-Wonderland schemes, such as trying to sell more labor by raising the price. Let us see, therefore, whether there are not other ways by which employment might be increased.

Most consumer-goods industries (except residential building) are already operating at about the 1928 rate. Absorbing the unemployed, therefore, is largely a matter of stimulating the capital-goods and the construction industries. The problem of stimulating these industries falls into two principal parts — stimulating home building by individuals and speculative builders, and stimulating expenditures on plant and equipment by business enterprises.

For six years residential construction has been far below the needs of the country. Naturally it helps to sell a man a house when he can be shown that the monthly payments will be little more than he must now pay in rent. Consequently it is important to keep down the cost of construction, which means the prices of building labor, building materials, and mortgage money. But the demand for new housing depends upon other things besides the relative costs of renting and owning — especially upon the ability of prospective buyers to make the necessary down payment and their willingness to go into debt for the remainder of the price. After a long and severe depression, time is required before people get their debts paid and sufficient savings accumulated so that they feel able to afford a down payment on a house. And naturally men will refuse to assume large debts until they feel some confidence in their economic future.

As times improve and as men look forward to greater security of employment, more and more persons will become willing to go into debt for the sake of owning a home. For some years to come, however, the demand for new housing is likely to be limited by the fact that for the average wage earner buying real estate on margin is an unwise and risky speculation. The reason is not primarily that houses are too expensive in relation to his wages, but that his employment is too insecure. Consequently the best way to stimulate residential building on a broad scale is to give workmen greater security of employment. The depression has led to the rapid spread of the seniority rule. Under this rule, layoffs in a given occupational group are based on length of service, the junior men being dropped first. There are many pros and cons to the rule, but in most industries it does have the important advantage of assuring reasonably steady work to at least the senior half of the working force. The extension of this rule to additional plants is probably the most important single step which could be taken to increase the demand for residential building.

VI

The most immediate prospect of increasing employment is by increasing the expenditures of business enterprises upon plant and equipment. The engineers say that the plants of the country are using much equipment which could be replaced at a saving. The amount of such equipment is undoubtedly less than the engineers believe, but it is considerable. Furthermore, there are many plants which might profitably be enlarged and new ones which might profitably be built. In this connection it is important to observe that the gains in the efficiency of labor and management during the last several years mean

that the existing plants of American industry can be operated with a smaller force than was required in 1929. Hence, in order to provide plants for the existing labor force to man and machines for it to operate, the United States needs more plants and more machines than it now has. It may seem paradoxical to assert that the United States has a shortage of plant at a time when many existing concerns are not operating at capacity. Nevertheless that is true, for during the last few years, while labor economies have been effected and the number of workers has been growing, the industrial plant of the country has scarcely been enlarged. Here is the crux of the unemployment problem. Why do not enterprises make the replacements, improvements, and extensions which they profitably could? If they could be induced to make them, a large part of the present unemployment would melt away. And the very process of putting men to work improving, enlarging, and building plants would provide larger consumer incomes and hence larger markets for industry.

Many concerns do not make replacements and extensions because they do not have the money. A leader in the furniture industry recently wrote me: 'Probably more than 75 per cent of the machinery of furniture manufacturers north of the Ohio River and west of the Mississippi could profitably be replaced. Much of it is obsolete and actually preventing lower costs of production. If we had the money with which to buy machinery, I am sure much would be bought, but the money is not there, and, ironically enough, it is not likely to be there unless we meet the apparently impossible condition of getting it through profits.'

The substance of this statement applies to many railroads and to a wide variety of other enterprises which were almost ruined by the depression and which are only gradually getting on

their feet. Many of these concerns have become burdened with heavy short-term bank loans which they are gradually paying off. Obviously these enterprises can contribute little or nothing to recovery in its early stages. Only *after* recovery has helped them increase their profits and reduce their bank loans will they in turn help recovery by entering the market for new equipment and for labor to make improvements and extensions.

But these concerns, though still numerous, are not typical of business as a whole. Most enterprises are well supplied with cash — in fact, the bank deposits of business enterprises as a whole are greater now than in 1929. Why do not concerns which have plenty of cash convert more of it into up-to-date plant and equipment? True, the outlay for plant and equipment is rising — last year it was about 30 per cent above 1934 and this year it is likely to gain even more than last. Nevertheless, the determination of managers to keep their enterprises highly liquid seems to be the dominant factor in the business situation to-day and the immediate cause for the failure of employment to increase more rapidly.

The expression which business men almost invariably use in explaining their reluctance to make expenditures is 'uncertainty.' But uncertainty is *always* present, because the future is always a mystery. What is peculiar about the uncertainty that confronts business men to-day? One thing is the artificial nature of the recovery. They are encouraged by the recovery that has been achieved thus far, but they are not induced by it to spend very freely because they are not yet convinced that it is 'real.' It is still being financed by an enormous government deficit — a deficit which grows rather than diminishes as business improves. Next year, for example, government

revenues are estimated at about 75 per cent above 1933-1934, but the deficit will be substantially larger than three years ago.

Many people are led by the large and persistent deficit to fear inflation. Strange as it may seem, the average business man has the opposite fear — he fears deflation more than he does inflation. He admits that inflation is an ultimate possibility, but he is not led by this possibility to buy commodities. On the contrary, in so far as the prospect of inflation affects him at all, it encourages him to maintain a strong cash position, to be ready to buy commodities in case inflation actually occurs.

The immediate concern of the business man, however, is with what will happen when the government at last puts its finances in order. For a period of about two years the large expenditures of the present Administration were an exceedingly useful stimulant. Had the Administration permitted its deficit to drop gradually as recovery progressed and as revenues increased, the government's expenditures would still be a stimulus. The persistence of the large deficit, however, creates the danger that the government will not get around to reforming its finances until just about the time that business is ready for a recession anyway. If government expenditures are then substantially cut and if taxes are substantially increased, will business go into a severe slump? This is the question which lately has begun more and more to worry the business man, and because no one can tell him the answer to it he is disposed to hold his cash and to be conservative about making commitments.

No less important than the uncertainty created by the government's financial policy is the business man's concern over future relations between the government and business. The dis-

illusionment and discontent produced by the long and severe depression have led the government to undertake a drastic redefinition of the rights and obligations of property and of the relations between government and industry — in fact, the status of property has been changed more drastically than at any time since the abolition of slavery. Whether one approves or disapproves of these changes, one must concede that the process of making them is discouraging to enterprise. Even after the changes have been completed, business men are likely to be cautious about making commitments until they have acquired some experience under the new rules. At the present moment, however, business men are not sure that the process of redefining the status of property and the relations of government and industry has for the time being been completed — in fact, most of them believe that it has not.

The long and severe depression has not only led to reforms; it has also caused governments all over the world to make the restoration of production and employment a matter of public policy. This means that governments the world over have been assuming a new function. They have been acting as general managers of the economic system. No one has particularly intended it, no one has particularly planned or desired it — governments have simply been compelled by force of circumstances to assume the new responsibility. Had our government been more astute and skillful as an economic manager, it might have been able to offset the retarding effect of its reform policies upon recovery. The Administration, however, has made the fatal mistake of not distinguishing between the results which can be obtained through fear and compulsion and those which can be obtained only by creating confidence and inducing coöperation.

It has sought to compel rather than to induce a revival of business.

This is well illustrated by its efforts during the last three years to make business enterprises increase their expenditures. The government began by using currency depreciation as a method of scaring managers into spending. This produced a temporary buying spurt in the summer of 1933, but after inventories became fairly large the spurt stopped. Almost simultaneously the government tried to make industry increase its expenditures by compelling it to pay higher wages. A considerable increase in payrolls followed. Business managers, however, considered it wise to keep their enterprises liquid, and as wages rose they hunted for ways to limit their purchases of labor. This spring a tax bill was introduced for the purpose of compelling enterprises to disburse as dividends a large part of the money which they were not willing to invest. The Administration's policy has tended to create a sort of contest between the government and business — the government attempting to compel enterprises to spend and business managers attempting to protect the cash position of their enterprises.

It is illuminating to compare the experience of the government as an economic manager with the experience of employers in managing labor. For many years plant managements attempted to get results from workers primarily by using drive methods. They found that these methods would produce results up to a certain point, but they also found that there were limits to the effectiveness of fear and compulsion. It took plant managements many years to make this discovery and many of them have still to make it, but during the last twenty years the literature of personnel management has consisted largely of discussions of how to get results, not by driving, but by inducing coöperation.

The restoration of production and employment depends upon greater willingness on the part of business men to take chances. Business men cannot be scared or driven into taking many chances. They can, however, be *induced* to take them by favorable circumstances. Just as plant managements have had to learn the difference between compelling obedience and winning coöperation, so the government will not be a successful economic manager, at least during periods of depression, until it learns how to create conditions which make business men more willing to take chances. This does not preclude the institution of reforms during depressions, but it does mean that the more ambitious and sweeping the reforms, the more carefully and vigorously the government must at the same time encourage enterprise.

VII

The employment problem of the moment seems to boil down to this: There are many expenditures which business enterprises could profitably make and which would go far to reduce unemployment, but which managers do not make because they consider it wise to maintain a strong cash position. In order to encourage industry to buy more labor, the following policies are needed: —

1. To avoid for the time being general increases in the price of labor.

2. To reduce the fear of drastic deflation on the part of business managers by making moderate cuts in government expenditures and permitting the increase in revenues still further to reduce the deficit. The government is here confronted with a delicate and important problem — of reducing its deficit so gradually as not to sacrifice the gains in production and employment which have thus far been achieved. In order to accomplish this, the curtailment in government expenditures must be accompanied by policies designed to encourage enterprise.

3. To abandon the policy of attempting to make business spend by the use of fear and compulsion and adopt as an objective of public policy the fostering of confidence and the creation of a willingness among business men to take chances.

4. In order to make a given increase in the demand for labor yield in the main new jobs rather than longer working hours, to seek the coöperation of industry in avoiding increases in the normal working week above forty hours until unemployment has been substantially reduced.

Such a programme, it should be noted, would not involve abandonment by the government of its objective of ultimately raising wages, for the simple reason that a substantial expansion of business could not go very far before competition among employers for men began to bid up the price of labor. It would not involve the abandonment of reforms which New Dealers hold important, such as the spreading of collective bargaining. The growth of

collective bargaining requires above everything else a substantial increase in employment, because labor organizations cannot make and hold large gains except on a rising labor market.

Finally, a programme of this sort is the only real solution of the most difficult parts of the employment problem — finding jobs for the million and a half unemployed who are fifty-five years of age or over, accelerating the movement of people out of stranded areas where industry is not likely to revive in substantial degree, and drawing a part of the workers out of agriculture into other branches of industry.

The achievement of these results requires above everything else a substantial increase in the demand for labor, and this increase can be fostered only by policies which encourage business men to take chances and to increase production rather than to hold cash.

THE POLITICAL BURDEN OF RELIEF

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I

THE fundamental political problem facing the United States to-day, as it has been for six years, is unemployment. Out of it has grown a secondary problem which seems to be absorbing the resources and energies of the Federal Government and the state and municipal governments, and which, in a very broad sense, may force us to alter our economic if not our political institutions. That secondary problem is relief.

Relief is an outgrowth of unemployment. The spectacle of millions of human beings without subsistence in a land of plenty horrified the nation. Mr. Hoover sought to meet the problem first with private charity, and then with contributions by the states, towns, and counties. Mr. Roosevelt at first utilized state relief agencies and then supplanted them with a vast plan of federal relief.

In spite of indisputable evidence of increasing employment and improving economic conditions, relief has continued to demand an increasing toll of national revenue. In spite of obvious reemployment in industry, both political parties cite figures which seem to indicate that the number of unemployed in the United States is exactly as large to-day as it was when Mr. Hoover retired from the White House.

We have here a vicious circle which requires a non-political appraisal. If

there are as many unemployed in the United States to-day as there were when Mr. Roosevelt took office, then apparently his relief expenditures have not served to increase purchasing power by a redistribution of liquid wealth, which can be their only economic justification. We must ask, 'What has become of the billions of dollars spent on relief, if they have not been consumed in the sale of goods?' Whether the slum dweller purchased food or the farmer a new automobile, government relief checks went into the use of goods. This is obvious from the constant rise in national income. Increased consumption of goods could only mean increased production of goods, increased employment, and increased services.

II

Both problems, relief and unemployment, have been discussed irrationally and emotionally, because it is impossible to obtain accurate and official data with regard to how many employable persons are out of work in the United States. The estimates of unemployed generally quoted are guesses which have not been checked and cannot be proved. Until the New York *Sun* commenced to publish irrefutable evidence of reemployment, the basic figure used not only by private individuals but even by government officials was that of the American Fed-

eration of Labor, which clung to the rough total of about 10,000,000 men and women, sometimes more, sometimes less. This figure is not based upon scientifically gathered data: it represents a guess.

Here we have the amazing spectacle of a government spending billions of dollars to solve a problem and not spending a dollar to determine how acute the problem is. We have counted sheep and trees, we have employed men and women on queer intellectual tasks to keep them occupied, but we have never dared to spend a dollar on a census of employment so that we might know how many are unemployed. The government maintains a Census Bureau which is adequately equipped to do this chore; tens of thousands of WPA workers can be assigned to it to do the actual census taking. It is not more difficult to take a census of employment than it is to take a census of the nation. Why has nothing been done about it?

Can the answer be that a census of employment might prove that the size of the expenditures on relief is not justified? Accurate data on unemployment might raise the political question of the inaccurate basis for relief activity. In short, perhaps the assumption of enormous unemployment has been, during the past two years, a political necessity.

At the very moment, July 1936, when the government speaks of 11,000,000 unemployed, a survey of manufacturing industries shows that, in 1929, 8,600,000 men and women were employed in manufacturing industries, and to-day 7,000,000 are so employed. The deficit, then, is 1,600,000. These figures do not account for construction, mining, and transportation workers, among whom unemployment is undoubtedly much higher. The general emphasis has been upon 'industry,' and I have taken the principal section of

industry and have shown what a payroll analysis will produce.

The New York *Sun* analyzes the unemployed figures after a survey of employers' payroll data. It estimates that the net unemployment in mechanical and manufacturing industries (including clerical workers), in trade (including clerical workers), extraction of minerals, and transportation and communication (including clerical workers), shows 3,643,000 unemployed in 1936 out of a total employable population of 29,223,000.

These figures do not have the validity of a scientific census, but the method of gathering the data, plus similar estimates based upon payroll data, plus the failure of either the government or the American Federation of Labor successfully to impeach these figures, gives them an authority which no other compilation on this subject enjoys. I personally do not accept the *Sun's* figures, as I do not accept any figures compiled by learned doctors of philosophy. No figures are acceptable until there has been a census of employment. The reason I prefer the *Sun's* guess to the many guesses of professional statisticians is that the *Sun* uses payroll data, which are more credible than relief or compensation data, which the statisticians seem to like. After all, a payroll deals with actual employment of employable people.

It must be noted, however, that these figures do not include farmers, professional persons, or the services. Undoubtedly the bulk of unemployment is in these latter fields. With regard to them there is no authentic information from any source, governmental or private. If we provide relief, we do it blindly, not knowing whether relief is required or not.

It is probable that an accurate census would show that more than half of all those on relief are agricultural persons,

and that of these many have substituted the word 'unemployment' for the seasonal characteristics of their vocation. That is, in the old days the farmer took the winter off, except for watering and servicing his cattle, for indoor chores of various sorts. Now he calls that unemployment.

It should be apparent, from the inadequacy of reliable data, that after six years we are still guessing about the source of our national troubles. Even if every figure used in this article is an accurate estimate, there are still blind alleys where not even an estimate is possible. This is particularly true in rural communities where even young men go on relief in preference to working on farms.

Clearly, this question cannot longer remain in the dark if we are to solve the problem of relief. We may be relieving the destitute unemployed, but we may also be relieving the habituated unemployed. We may be helping men and women over a bad time, but we may also be breeding a population that will not work for a living. The country needs scientifically gathered facts — facts that are indisputably accurate.

III

Certain facts regarding this problem are by no means as doubtful as the actual number of unemployed. The cost of relief to the government and the losses to business, due to shrinkage of values as well as actual expenditures, are available in detail.

The Cleveland Trust Company Business Bulletin of March 15, 1936, which is prepared under the direction of Leonard Ayres, provides a comparison between what business has spent for recovery and what the government has spent. The use of the word 'recovery' is unfortunate, but it is a loose common denominator to make such a comparison possible.

Up to the time of the compilation of these figures, business, between 1930 and 1934, had spent \$26,600,000,000, while the government had spent \$12,500,000,000 (payments in excess of receipts). This vast sum that the depression cost business must not be regarded as additional to government expenditures, but as a protection for the continuity of plant and personnel. Yet, unavoidably this \$26,600,000,000 must be included in the cost to the nation of unemployment and relief.

These costs may be evaluated in many ways. In 1929, when the problem of unemployment and relief did not concern us, government expenditures — federal, state, and local, but not including debt redemption and tax refunds — amounted to \$11,709,000,000; by 1934 this figure had risen to \$14,449,000,000. But the later figure becomes more emphatic when it is pointed out that the federal expenditure was \$3,046,000,000 in 1929 and had risen to \$6,784,000,000 by 1934, or more than double — and this during a period of receding national income. The figures for 1935 will show an increase for federal expenditures, the total for that year, corrected to conform with the already quoted figures, showing an expenditure of \$6,844,400,000.

In 1934 and 1935, the expenditures for relief purposes of the Federal Government amounted to \$7,658,000,000. It is interesting to note that the ordinary expenditures of the government during those two years amounted to \$5,888,000,000, or approximately \$2,000,000,000 less. Part of this relief money was paid out directly by the Federal Government and part of it was distributed to the states. If sums were wasted in the first category, that may be put down to the necessity for speed in solving a human problem. It is the second category that must give us pause, for here the evidence is indisputable that agricultural states were

given preference over industrial states, that Democratic states were shown a preference over Republican states. The remainder of this article will be devoted to the actual operations of relief agencies in both categories.

IV

In his message to Congress on March 18, 1936, President Roosevelt estimated that there were 5,300,000 relief cases in the country. If it were possible to assume that only heads of families are applying, then this would mean that approximately 20,000,000 persons, or a sixth of the population, are on relief. Again we are faced with the paucity of official data. The government steadily refuses to furnish accurate and analytical relief information, and it has fought off Congressional investigations of relief agencies. The result is that we do *not* know whether the indicated figure represents bread-winners in the sense of family heads, whether there are duplications involving husband and wife relief, whether many members of a family receive relief, so that the family figure is cumulative, and whether those receiving relief are, under the circumstances prevailing before 1930, employables. For instance, in theatrical relief projects we do not know whether those receiving government charity were ever in their lives employed in the theatre. We do not know what percentage of farm relief involves refusal to work as farm hands. Casual evidence on these subjects is plentiful, but there is no official, provable evidence. The government, the only agency that can provide such information, withholds it.

There are thirteen federal agencies handling relief. These are:—

Public Works Administration
Works Progress Administration
Civil Works Administration
Federal Emergency Relief Administration

Federal Surplus Relief Administration
Emergency Conservation Work
Administration for Industrial Recovery
Agricultural Adjustment Administration
and Farm Credit Administration
Reconstruction Finance Corporation
Federal Land Banks
Department of Agriculture Relief
Federal Savings and Loan Associations
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
Emergency Housing
Resettlement Administration

In effect, these agencies divide themselves into four major groups—the Ickes group, the Hopkins group, the Tugwell group, and the Agricultural group.

In 1934, the Ickes group seemed to dominate the situation. Mr. Ickes favors a programme of utilizing the labor paid for by relief in enterprises of permanent value, some of which are self-liquidating. He has the reputation of being an honest and careful administrator, whose insistence upon visible results impedes his ability to spend money rapidly.

The Hopkins enterprises are operated on the basis that pouring money into the market will help solve the problem of unemployment. Mr. Hopkins's administration has been characterized by profligacy in the use of public funds and by that curious category of relief known as boondoggling, which means useless and meaningless activity. As his object is to move money rapidly to prospective consumers, his administration will hand out checks on the slightest provocation. From May 22, 1933 to December 31, 1935, the FERA expended \$2,859,605,085; the CWA disposed of \$833,965,000 during the same period. This policy is generally referred to as 'priming the pump,' the theory being that if money is put into circulation in this manner purchasing power will be increased and the depression alleviated.

The Tugwell group is now engaged in

resettlement efforts, and thus far has little to show for its activities, to which reference is made elsewhere in this article.

I have omitted a discussion of agricultural relief, as this refers principally to the AAA, which is not germane to this article and really involves problems apart from unemployment and relief.

In addition to these four groups, reference must be made to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (RFC), which by the act of July 21, 1932 was authorized to lend \$300,000,000 to states and their political subdivisions for relief purposes. These loans were secured by bonds issued by the borrowers. The RFC engages in no direct relief; it passes that responsibility on to the states and cities and other federal agencies. In this respect it differs from the PWA, the WPA, and other agencies.

The FERA also left responsibility for actual relief work with local subdivisions, but it went out of existence when the WPA was created by executive order on April 30, 1935. The WPA engages in direct federal relief, the individual acceptor of government charity being on a federal payroll.

Mr. Harry Hopkins, who has been the Administrator of both FERA and WPA, has adopted the policy of paying an increasing amount to the relief recipient, which has resulted in an unfortunate competition between private employers of labor and the relief agencies for personnel. In a word, when relief is high enough, it does not pay a worker to work for private employers. No better example of the effects of Mr. Hopkins's policy has appeared than that cited by Senator Vandenberg in his speech on the subject, of May 12: —

I am speaking, Mr. President, about what happened in Fulton, New York. In 1928, private employment took care of 3464 workers and private charity took care

of 136 cases at a cost of \$17,500. In 1936, private employment takes care of 4327 workers and government charity takes care of 858 cases at a cost of \$350,000.

Not only does the number of workers in private industry increase heavily, but the private payrolls increase from a pre-depression high of \$2,753,000 to a 1936 altitude of \$4,404,027. But at the same time, in this same city which 'the depression missed,' the relief cases have multiplied 600 per cent and the cost of the relief load has multiplied 2000 per cent.

There never has been any uniformity in policy or regulation of either FERA or WPA expenditures. Different calculations have been applied to different areas. For instance, 60 per cent of all funds used in Delaware came from the state and municipalities between 1933 and 1935, inclusive, whereas in South Carolina 1.9 per cent came from the state. During that period thirteen states furnished less than 10 per cent of relief funds expended within their borders. Only three states paid more than 50 per cent.

Such states as Nevada, Wyoming, Arizona, Montana, and New Mexico seem to have been treated remarkably well by the government agencies, whereas Maine, Vermont, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Indiana were, comparatively speaking, left out in the cold.

The cost of emergency relief during 1935 runs from a cost per relief case (including the overhead charges and materials used) of \$196 for Kentucky to more than \$800 for Nevada. New York averaged about \$600 per case. It is very difficult to understand these differences. We find that the cost per person on relief in Nevada was \$346.61 in 1935, whereas it was only \$172.20 in New York. Yet, the cost of living and overhead expenses in New York are higher than in Nevada.

The WPA, which succeeded the FERA, has never defined what con-

stitutes a person entitled to relief. No act of Congress defined that for three years. No differentiation was made between employables and unemployables, between citizens and aliens, between those for whom private employment may be found and those who prefer, as a matter of personal choice, either to remain on relief rolls or to do some 'made' work for the WPA. Mr. Hopkins decided that all persons who got jobs on the WPA should have been on the relief rolls during November 1935. Why? Why not October or December 1935, or January 1936? It is a bit hard to understand the reasons for such arbitrary decisions.

Again, vast variations were evident in the cost of administration of the Hopkins agencies.

On the average, the FERA spent 10.7 per cent of all its funds expended on administration. Mr. Hoover once told me, if I recall his remarks correctly, that it cost about 2 per cent to administer relief agencies under his control during and after the war. Under the FERA, administrative expenses varied from a high of 18.3 per cent for South Carolina to a low of 5.4 per cent in Vermont. It is interesting to note that generally expenses in the Southern states were high and the New England states low; yet salary costs are higher in New England than in the South. It is not easy to understand these differences in overhead costs.

For instance, the WPA spends an average of \$972 to employ one man for a year. This sum is computed as follows: \$600 is the worker's wages, while \$372 goes for material and supervision. The amount of pay that the man receives is supposed to be based upon local living costs. The monthly rate may vary: for instance, Connecticut, \$64.33; Rhode Island, \$56.93; Massachusetts, \$59.38. Yet, the cost of living in these three states is the same. In

New York City, the monthly rate of wages averages \$72.23. It is difficult from these figures to discover Mr. Hopkins's method of computing the variations in living costs in these different areas.

V

The United States undoubtedly faces a problem of marginal people. It is impossible and unnecessary here to enter upon an analysis of the history or sociology of the groups that have not adjusted themselves or been adjusted to the times. Few Eastern or Southern states are without large numbers of such maladjusted people. In addition, the depression has undoubtedly had the effect of distorting the lives of a great many Americans.

The problems raised by this situation are not to be dealt with lightly. They require thorough study and analysis. Dr. Tugwell has himself stated his problem in an article which appears in the *Congressional Record* of May 15: —

The new frontiers opened to Americans by the Resettlement Administration take into account many people who have literally been misplaced or forgotten in the hit-or-miss methods of our national development. There are, for example, the young married farm couples just starting out in life. Had they lived three generations ago, they would have moved westward with the tide of migration. Had they been born one generation earlier, they would have moved to the cities with the tide of industrial expansion. Now they find themselves out of time — stranded couples. They have no alternative except to start as hired servants or farm tenants, and in many cases even these opportunities are closed to them.

Then there are the stranded people — families whose breadwinners have been employed in forestry or in coal, lead, zinc, iron, and other mines which have been fully exploited and are now practically exhausted. With the resources gone, they have no way to turn. Part-time work combined with small-scale farming can save them.

Finally, there are good farmers in the farm-tenant class who have been caught in the meshes of an economic arrangement from which they cannot extricate themselves without assistance.

Families from all these classes, in addition to those who have been living on submarginal land which has been purchased by the Federal Government, furnish the candidates for resettlement. It is only right and fair that the new frontiers be opened to these people.

To Dr. Tugwell has been assigned the task of caring for this unhappy clan. His title is Administrator of the Resettlement Administration, and, with the passage of the Emergency Relief Act of 1935, he was given authority and \$278,000,000 as a starter.

His administration has been subject to severe criticism, as seems to have been inevitable. Nevertheless, certain facts stand out from the routine. The varieties of activity undertaken are thus described by Dr. Tugwell: —

The Federal Government, aware of the situation, has embarked on a nation-wide programme of land use designed to conserve our natural resources, leading to a proper readjustment between the people and the land.

To carry out a major portion of this programme, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, on April 30, 1935, established the Resettlement Administration.

The Resettlement Administration has been charged with a number of duties all designed to benefit large numbers of our people who are in need of help — to initiate projects on behalf of rural families and industrial workers in our cities, to alleviate the distress of farmers in our rural areas, and to carry on specific work useful to the nation as a whole.

The work which the Resettlement Administration is doing may be summed up as follows: —

1. Initiating and administering projects to check the misuse of our land.

2. Making loans to farmers and reestablishing their credit, so as to 'put them on their feet again.'

3. Initiating projects involving the resettlement of distressed people in rural areas.

4. Fostering town planning and demonstrating both the need and the feasibility of adequate housing for city families with modest incomes.

The various phases of this work in adjusting the people of the nation to the land on which they live are interrelated. They are all parts of a coördinated effort to achieve a more stable national economy. It is just as important for the city laborer, the craftsman, the clerk, the merchant, and the banker that this work be done as it is for the farmer, the share-cropper, and the rural resident. The problems that face us are not new. They were implicit in the careless way our continent was settled.

More than \$44,000,000 is reported to have been designed for the purchase of submarginal lands, consisting of 9,700,000 acres, comprising 18,000 farms of which some are now under actual cultivation. But is not this relief measure in direct conflict with the reduction of farm acreage under the agricultural relief policy of the AAA?

Again, why should so much land be purchased under this programme in Montana and so little in the Eastern states? Montana is receiving \$5,000,000 under this particular dispensation.

Four suburbs in as many states are to be developed at the cost of \$31,000,000. These projects are situated at Boundbrook, New Jersey; Cincinnati, Ohio; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; and Berwyn, Maryland. The idea is to establish model homes, surrounded by green country in which the people will be self-supporting, thanks to a combination of agriculture and industry.

The New Jersey experiment at Hightstown is an amazing venture. The plan is to remove a number of garment workers from New York City, settle them in this model town, and make them self-supporting by setting them up in the garment business, in

which they already have experience. The Baron de Hirsch Fund has been expended in the same region for decades on a much larger and more practical scale, but without a brilliant success.

It is planned to place two hundred Jewish families in the new colony. Each family is to deposit \$500, and the entire project is to cost \$1,800,000 — that is, if the government is not to lose money in the manufacture of clothing. The Workers Aim Coöperative Association is in charge of this venture; but so far evidence is lacking that an isolated garment enterprise near Hightstown can compete in the astonishingly complicated garment market in New York. The preparation has run into thirty-one months.

The government enterprise enters into direct competition with highly unionized labor, in an industry where the margin of profit is so small as to imperil a living wage and where there is a large turnover of employees annually because of the precarious changes in taste and fashion. No matter how the experiment may develop, is there not a danger that its mere presence may dislocate all efforts to stabilize prices and, therefore, wages in the garment trade?

VI

It has been increasingly obvious in large cities like New York, and to a lesser degree in smaller places, that WPA workers can be organized into permanent bodies for the perpetuation of relief. In New York, an organization exists which puts signs in shops bearing slogans such as these: —

WE VALUE WPA WORKERS' PATRONAGE
WE FAVOR WPA EXPANSION

These organizations have conducted WPA strikes in many cities; in New York and elsewhere they have picketed WPA headquarters. They refuse to recognize the fact that relief is charity,

but take the stand that the government owes them a living, which obligation it is fulfilling inadequately. The League of the Physically Handicapped, after picketing the New York WPA headquarters, marched on Washington, where they besieged Mr. Hopkins's offices. At Trenton, New Jersey, and at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, WPA workers besieged the legislature. In Madison, Wisconsin, the Assembly was taken over for a period.

These manifestations are indicative of an attitude among relief recipients which might conceivably be threatening to the nation. For, whereas the national conception is that relief is a temporary expedient designed to help people in distress, the relief workers are adopting the attitude that they are a permanent class of dispossessed human beings who have a lien upon the state and who by mass pressure can dictate its policies as regards themselves.

In New York (and undoubtedly the same condition obtains in other portions of the country), the Communist Party has used relief as a means for subsidizing its members and supporting its programme. Allen Raymond, in the *New York Herald Tribune*, provided names, dates, and places to prove this alliance between relief and the Communists. He showed the organization of the Unemployed Councils by the Communist Party with about fifty locals, charging members ten cents a month, which in the aggregate amounts to a tidy sum used for Communist propaganda. These organizations have favored a programme not only of expanding the WPA, but of making it permanent in character, so that those who devote themselves to the destruction of the state may be financed by the state.

And when Victor Ridder, the New York Administrator, opposed these organizations, he was vetoed by the

Administration in Washington, which formally recognized them for purposes of collective bargaining.

This pressure may become an effective menace to orderly government during the period of a presidential election. If one can envisage the danger of having 3,000,000, or even more, men and women, many of them voters, organized as a body dependent upon the national treasury for their subsistence, then the picture presents itself in all its menacing realities. May there not be a temptation to those in control of government to utilize this vast force to perpetuate themselves in office?

The peril to democracy is that this body of men and women may succeed in imposing their will upon those in control of government so that the government will not be able to free itself of the incubus of supporting an increasingly large body of nonproductive citizens. No democracy can withstand the corrosive effects of such an acid. It will eat into the vitals of government finance. It will destroy free capital by exorbitant taxation. It places a premium upon idleness and vagrancy. It makes a fool of the orderly, productive citizen.

VII

The State of New Jersey was the first in the Union to become free of general relief programmes. The state lacked funds to continue contributing its share to this type of relief. It thereupon threw back upon the local government — that is, the cities, villages, and counties — the necessity of providing relief. The state went back to its Poor Law, and the Overseers of the Poor took charge of the 270,000 persons who had been on relief rolls.

Relief was immediately pared down to subsistence necessities; the reduction in numbers on relief was immediately evident. On March 31, 1932 were on

relief in Atlantic City; on May 29, the city reported about 3000. In Trenton, relief during the second half of April was 79 per cent less costly than during the first half; in Camden, a 40 per cent decrease in costs was reported. Hoboken slashed its relief roll from 2000 to 90 in a few weeks.

Miss Helen R. McCormack, City Welfare Supervisor of Trenton, discussing these reductions, said: —

For example, we had many cases where the father was out of work, but a boy had a job, and under ERA the family was getting supplementary relief. Our investigators would explain the situation to such a family and say from now on they'll just have to get along on Johnny's wages. Almost invariably the wife would turn to the husband then and say something like this: 'Now you've got to go out and get a job. I told you there would n't be any more relief.' . . .

Business and employment conditions are much better than a year ago. Men who had got used to being on relief and had stopped looking for work have been surprised to find when they were actually cut off relief that they could get jobs. There have been many such cases. And the men themselves are much more happy to be able to get work again. My experience has been that most of the men on relief would rather be able to work.

The New Jersey evidence is not conclusive for the entire country. It may be that special conditions prevail in that state. But this is conclusive, that the Federal Government has steadily resisted and rejected any investigation of its relief agencies. At a time when some agency of the government is investigating nearly everything and everyone in the country, the Administration views an investigation of Harry Hopkins or Dr. Tugwell with horror. Arthur Krock, in his column on the editorial page of the *New York Times* on April 29, begins his article on such an investigation with the following paragraph: —

WPA is so costly and so wasteful, PWA is so slow, and the Administration is so definitely opposed to a reversion to the direct dole in advance of an election, that persons honestly seeking a solution of the problem of relief are calling more insistently for an efficient reëxamination of the whole subject. There is no evidence that this call will be heeded at the White House. Yet, to respond would solve several perplexities for the President.

No Commission to make such an investigation has been appointed. No Senate, no House inquisition has been arranged. On the floor of the Senate, it has been stated that federal relief agencies were destroying their files; nothing has been done about that. Senator Vandenberg has offered a substitute to keep relief clean; nothing has been done about that, either.

The Administration is clearly afraid of an investigation of relief because it is political dynamite. It is impossible, in the United States, to spend money on the scale that these agencies have without tar sticking to the clothes of the spenders. It is generally recognized and conceded that Mr. Ickes has administered the PWA honestly and effectively. But neither by life experience nor by point of view are Mr. Hopkins and Dr. Tugwell prepared for the expenditure of billions of dollars and the administration of nation-wide agencies, and that can be said without even slightly questioning the honor or integrity of the men. One is a social worker of limited scope, the other a Columbia University professor. Neither has had any preparation to cope with the wiles of politicians or the trickeries of vicious human nature. Granting their essential honesty and

their lofty humanitarian concepts, neither of the men is suited for a job which requires its own liquidation.

VIII

Either the relief agencies are designed to be emergency organizations, to be liquidated as soon as possible, or they become part of a permanent bureaucracy. As temporary organizations they can do little harm, even though all the money assigned to them be wasted. As permanent organizations they must make their recipients permanent beggars. I use this strong and ugly word because none other will serve. There can be no other explanation for the continued size of relief rolls when there is obvious increase in employment throughout the country. The investigations of the *New York Sun*, if they amount to nothing more, challenge the Administration on this score.

And whereas, in an emergency, it is possible to forgive inefficiency, incompetence, profligacy, and even graft, if these relief organizations of the government are to become permanent, it is not possible to forgive anything. It is then necessary to audit every item of expenditure, to probe every policy, and to expose every error.

More than that, relief, as an emergency, may be expensive and stupidly handled, but, since it will pass when the emergency is over, it need not be related to national policy. If, however, relief is to become permanent, it must be made to fit into a scheme of American principles. It must become constitutional. It must not interfere with democratic government. It must not become a wedge for collectivism.

THE RECTOR, FROM LIFE

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

I

ENTERING from the screened porch, the rector stands in the doorway, home from a morning's hunting. He is all tawny brown, eyes and tousled hair, worn khaki and zippered jacket. The pointed brown cap suggests Peter Pan, or Puck. From the kitchen his wife skims like a bird to meet him, as he stacks his gun and drops the hunting sack. Beyond their heads, both curly russet, the long gray beards of Spanish moss flutter and sway from the oak boughs. There's the flashing of poinsettia from across the street, and from the oleander tree in front of the rectory there is the gleam of high fairy pink blossoms. Gyp, the canary, bursts into a trill of welcome. The rector has not found any quail, but out from the hunting sack there rolls on the floor a stream of golden oranges, plucked from the plenty along the way. The rector is twenty-nine. His wife is twenty-six.

'Empty,' he pleads with her; 'I'm empty all the way down!'

'But if you eat now,' she protests, 'you'll spoil your lunch!'

The rector becomes ponderous and judicial: 'In the six months since I married you, you have constantly told me that eating beforehand would spoil my breakfast, or my lunch, or my dinner. Now has anything ever spoiled them?'

She snatches his cap off, takes a bird peck at his forehead, and flies back to the oil stove. Slim and straight as she

is, with her clear face all alive beneath the ruddy coronet braids, I feel as I watch her as if I were looking at a picture stepped down from its wall; but for herself, what with cooking, scouring, sewing, teaching the infant class, visiting, singing in the choir, she is far too busy to remember her beauty. Her name, Elaine, fits her, for she is like the Lily Maid if the Lily Maid had been happy. When she comes back with cloth and napkins, the two of them have to chase each other three times around the table before she can set it.

It is a few months now since I came to their little Florida parish, and the two of them led me, room by room, object by object, through the rectory, sunshine-colored within and without — the rectory that Joel has remade for his bride. It took all summer, for he worked single-handed, there being scant money and no offer of assistance. Shining-eyed, he tells me that it was a fascinating problem to puzzle out how to do some parts of the work — a bit of roofing, for example — with only one-man power. The house had been old and dingy for many a year before they came into it, but the two of them managed new light and painting and partitions. It is only a little bungalow, but on entering you have an instant sense of space and sunshine.

The rector is a connoisseur in wood. He runs his hand over a table surface as a blind man might touch some loved

face. In the varied preparation that for many young men to-day precedes their years in the theological seminary, Joel Harding managed somehow to pack two summers in a window-sash factory. It gave him, he says, exactness — much the same delighted exactness that I knew him to employ in polishing a sonnet in his student years, when first I met him. In those days I used sometimes to wonder just how Heaven was going to make a poet into a parson, but now I know! Now I know just why the rector so loves his attic carpenter shop. He loves fishing, too, loves solitary dawns on some little lake, for the same reason, I believe, that he loves a saw and plane.

The rectory walls are frankly Woolworth, and proud of it. There are few treats that delight these two more than a visit to a 'dime store.' What the rector can find there astounds me, to his great joy. Only a few pictures to touch the cool expanse of the creamy walls he himself tinted, but these few have a soft color that only he could have discovered on the piled counter. One of Joel's assets is his sure eye for beauty wherever it may be found. I exclaim over the book ends, unbelieving his grin which asserts that these seated mastiffs cost but ten cents apiece. The search for beauty, dirt-cheap, to make a home, can evidently provide great zest.

Sometimes, watching young appetites and cheekbones a shade too clearly outlined, I might wish there was a little more money for beefsteak that does not require spiked pounding to make it possible, or, having been a wage-earning woman myself, I wonder whether the Lily Maid ever recalls the good salary she was earning before she married. But I am rebuked for these thoughts when I gaze into the strange earnestness behind their laughing eyes. Out of my intimate knowledge of present-day seminaries I know the number of young men eager to give

themselves for merest subsistence, but being refused for lack of money to pay laborers in the vineyard. Only once have I heard the rector express a desire for money. As I jogged along at his side in the parochial Ford, he told me how he wanted books, especially those that might help his work. He still tried, he said, to keep a dollar a month for books on his budget, but he could never quite manage it.

Beside the rectory stands the tiny yellow-painted frame Church of the Holy Spirit. There's a faded signboard that gives this name and that of the former rector, who died of old age. Though Joel has been here for two years, no one has ever thought of substituting his name upon the signboard. The last person to think of such a change would be Joel himself. I doubt if the sleepy little town, with its street after street of water oaks with their sweeping gray moss, guesses what a fountain of new life is springing now within that small bare interior. On Sunday mornings a scant two-dozen worshipers fill the rear seats. From the gray old inn across the street a few of us, some of whom have traveled far and listened to many preachers, come to hear always something that startles us to new vision and perspective. Some of us are white-haired and lean on canes, but as we leave the church, passing that warm handshake and the bending curly head bright in the Florida sunshine, we find ourselves grouped beyond the rector's hearing, to stare into each other's eyes and ask breathless, 'But how does he know? How does he know?' For he has just preached about Nicodemus, understanding him — and us. His text rings in our ears, 'Can a man be born when he is old?' The mystery we have just witnessed is that the rector, not yet thirty, has told us, patient step by step, precisely how one *can* be born again, when one is old!

II

Looking back, I see my Florida winter punctuated by Joel's sermons, curiously fresh and different every Sunday, so that they leave me still pondering each new vista. I remember his words on Holy Innocents' Day, his distinction between Jesus' attitude toward children and Herod's, the profound and enduring difference between Herod and all people like him, who would destroy a child because he might interfere with their power, and Jesus, the reverently receptive toward a child, the man who taught 'A little child shall lead them.' And I remember the sermon on church unity, when he stood there confident that within fifty years all our 'unhappy divisions' would be done away, and there would be no more churches, but one Church. It was in small towns that such union would begin, he said, little towns like this one, where people were neighbors. Indeed the movement is well begun here, where no one of the four young ministers, all close comrades in aim, is more than thirty-five.

There has been only one sermon on a different note, just one out of all the buoyant ones, the only indication I have ever had, either in private or from the pulpit, that the rector knows the difficulties with which he deals. Steadily I have heard all the low grumbling that every little town enjoys uttering about its minister, even while demanding his help in every difficulty. I was born and reared in a village rectory, and so I understand the heavy-burdened idealism of a country minister. But from Joel himself there is never a whisper of complaint. He will not permit one word of condemnation of anyone in his presence; without rebuke he always makes his own quick change of subject. But one Sunday he spoke out, and as I listened to his appeal I wondered how anyone could

resist it. He told how hard it was when people refused shared effort because they so hated their fellow parishioners. Only that once have I heard the rector voice his own sensitiveness; 'for a rector,' Joel said, facing his little congregation clear-eyed and unafraid as he spoke, 'is always studying the hearts of his people, and trying to reach them in that part of their hearts which is nearest to the heart of God.'

Drives I have had with the two of them that are long to be prized. Once the afternoon was already dimming when Joel appeared at the door of the inn to take me on an excursion he knew I should enjoy. A huge ice-cream freezer was to be returned to its owner somewhere out in the country. The previous week there had been a parish supper, urgently desired by the rector, but, from an easygoing inertia, undesired by the congregation, so that the work of it piled on Joel. The Ford had fetched the freezer, and must now take it back. Would I go along? I consented, if I might sit on the back seat, with the freezer. I only won when I pleaded, 'But I want to look at Elaine!' Then Joel gave in, agreeing, 'I like to look at her myself!'

Out of sight and sound of the parish, the two promptly forget me there behind them. I can watch the sunset light the bronze of Elaine's head, or a cloud bank outline her clear profile turned to Joel.

On we go through wood roads ever more deep and strange and shadowy. They are not the wood roads of the North, but the eerie, semitropical reaches of Florida, that Florida which, outside the tourist centres, so swiftly reverts to the jungle. We pass through tracts of cypress, myriads straight slim trunks with frowzy gray heads, and their feet in water, or miles of scrub pine with never a house, but here and there a tall palm lifting out of space. Sometimes our road is a stretching gray

tunnel with a circle of sunset at the end. We grow silent, all three. Then we make a turn through higher, deeper woods, and suddenly we stop. 'Here is the place,' says Joel.

Sunset is just over. We are on the edge of a lake, too wide to see across. Its silver fills all the space before us. The sky above is all silver, too. There is no darkness, but only light withdrawn. Silence, no longer sinister like that of the woods, but gentle gray peace. We are quite still. Something moves from the sedge, floating up.

'A white heron,' says Joel.

A moment later he speaks again. 'Listen, do you hear that low roar out there toward the left? I think that is a young alligator.'

It is dark when we climb back into the Ford and turn homeward. The road and the outlying woods are black now, and secret. I am glad of our rushing lights and Joel's sure hand on the wheel. About us seems only wide desolation, not another car anywhere, no sign of life. Then suddenly, only a little darker than the darkness behind them, two figures, man and woman, are standing there, waiting by the roadside. Yet Joel goes flying by. We are two minutes past them when he draws up short and turns to Elaine and me.

'I wanted to pick them up, but I did not think I ought to until I asked you if you are willing.'

'Turn back, of course!' we cried together.

The two strangers out of the night climbed in. Elaine swung back to sit with me and the woman. The man took his seat by Joel. They both apologized for their heavy bag.

'I'm the minister at the Episcopal church,' Joel explained to the newcomer.

'I know,' was the answer. Names followed, including that of the packing house where the man was trudging to work. Oranges made plenty of con-

versation in the front seat, but the woman with us was very quiet. As we entered the warm-lit town and set them down at their destination, she raised her face to us, saying only, 'We shall never forget this.'

III

The last Christmas season I shall long remember. Days beforehand, Joel and Elaine had hauled home a tree to stand by the living-room window, hung with gay lights of Joel's stringing. The two of them had shaped the tiny crèche, sole ornament on the bare cream-white mantel the rector's hands had built last summer. This was their first married Christmas. It was a busy one. But all the days in the rectory, at all seasons, are a little breathless. Always the rector seems able to give leisured attention to any need, but it takes a good deal of flying about for a wife to keep up with him and fit the necessary homemaking into the chinks in their time. Day and night the rectory is open to all. Recently I dropped in one afternoon at three o'clock to find Elaine flushed and panting. She apologized, explaining, 'You are the twenty-first person who has been here to-day. I'm glad, of course, but Joe is two hours late to lunch, and he needs it.'

For some reason I am reminded of a chapter and verse: 'For there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.'

During the week before Christmas their midnights were the only time the pair had for their holiday preparations. Elaine was crocheting an elaborate fichu for her mother, and Joel was making a fireside bench for his, not to mention the gifts they were getting ready for the many relatives and in-laws and outstanding friends — gifts requiring invention and careful fingers, since even dimes were scanty. But the gay packages tied and ready under the tree steadily mounted. Stealthily I added

one, but was detected. They both beamed while Elaine said, 'Santa Claus has something for you there, too!'

For a fortnight Christmas Eve stood out in expectation. First there would be the pageant at the High School at twilight, then Joel and Elaine would go forth at nine with the Girl Scouts in the truck to sing carols. At eleven-thirty would come the Christmas Communion service. The pageant was of the rector's own composing. I had no more than arrived in October when he brought it over for me to read, hastily typed sheets fastened together with one of Elaine's hair clips, but poetry on every page — a series of Biblical scenes, all easily acted, set in carol music readily sung off stage. Joel and his wife would lead that music, of course, for on every occasion in this little place — school entertainment, club, choir, merrymaking or funeral — always the two are asked to sing, Joel's tenor twining upward with Elaine's contralto, like a thread of gold through all a small town's gray commonplace.

The Christmas pageant is one of the rector's unobtrusive enterprises toward church unity. He draws from all the churches for the characters, and gives the play in the High School auditorium. For days he was busy in every free hour hanging the stage with dull blue gauze to give the desired dreamy effect his fancy required for each tableau. 'I like best the Virgin's soliloquy,' I had said to him when first I had read his pageant, and I liked it even more as I heard the blue-mantled schoolgirl upon the stage speak the lines describing the Annunciation.

MARY

The night is filled
With unsung music that comes drifting
From beyond the stars on high,
Drifting to earth to tell
Of some strong presence drawing nigh,
Bringing tidings
That mortals scarce can hear,
And yet I feel them near.

JOSEPH (*entering*)

Sweet Mary, do you watch alone to-night?
What are those thoughts that make your eyes
so bright?

MARY

My Joseph,
Wait with me a little while
Here in the stillness of the night
And I will tell you of the things I hear.
For there are voices in the light
Of these soft stars.
I almost fear
To know the things that they would tell,
And still
Their voices thrill
And hold me here.

While this was the scene I myself preferred out of the seven, the last scene was the rector's favorite. In it he pictures the children of long-ago Bethlehem coming with lighted candles to welcome the stranger baby in their own inn stable. As they piped, —

'Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,'

the children began to come down from the stage into the audience, lighting from their own candles those we had received on entrance. Then, with the school children leading, we all went out into the dark radiating streets. It is that part of his pageant that the rector himself likes best — the community procession, bearing the tiny Christmas lights, slowly spreading in thinning numbers through the streets, each going now to his own home Christmas.

Joel and Elaine had no pause on that evening, but some of us managed a thrifty hour of sleep before the bell pealed at eleven. The little church was bright, but simply trimmed, a spray of long-leaf pine with a bit of gleaming silver about each light along the walls, and in front a great blaze of poinsettia at either side of the white-spread altar with its shining tapers. They had been working at the music for weeks. Only half a dozen in the crosswise pews in front, only a reed organ; but the rector is choirmaster, and his wife the soloist,

and both, together with the organist, are trained musicians. For all of them the Christmas Eve Communion service is the high peak of their year. It was unquestioned that it was to God Himself they sang, and unquestioned that they were joining herald angels, still unquenchably joyous on this latter-day midnight that in some ways seems blacker than that midnight of long ago.

Of that service I shall always remember best the rector's young figure in its flowing white as he kneels on the chancel steps near to his people, and together we raise our faces toward the white altar. Just at midnight the bell peals outside. As if speaking to a friend near to him as his own hand, Joel prays: 'O Christ of God, as once in Bethlehem, be born again at this moment, in each heart present here.'

If that moment is to me the richest of last Christmas, perhaps there was for the rector himself another hour of even deeper mystery, when he shared even more closely the spirit of One who came to reveal the beauty caged within the commonplace. It is Elaine who later tells me about this other hour of the rector's Christmas.

When I go over to the rectory at nine on Christmas morning, I find a pleasant air of relaxation from festival duties, and find also a cup of Elaine's steaming coffee and an end of her foamy omelet. Elaine's tall young brother is here, too, and his little bride. All four have just taken down their stockings from the mantelpiece. Elaine brings my Christmas parcel from the tree and lays it in my lap. About to set out to give the Christmas Communion to the shut-ins of his parish, the rector lingers to watch me untie the strings. Elaine has embroidered a laundry bag for me, while Joel's gift stands revealed as book ends, from Woolworth's, a pair of seated mastiffs.

'I remembered how you liked ours,' he says.

Elaine waits until we are alone to tell me about what happened when Joe arose that morning to a Christmas hour perhaps strangely holy, for I fancy Joel Harding never does anything unaccompanied.

'Joe got up at six,' Elaine explains, 'to start the fire in the church for the ten-o'clock service. I was still asleep. When he went into the dining room he found the stovepipe had fallen down in the night, and there was soot over everything, and what do you think — he spread out newspapers and worked and worked until he had cleaned up everything, all by himself! He never called me to help. He did it all so quietly that I never waked! Think of any man's doing a thing like that!'

Elaine's face is starry as she concludes, 'Now do you wonder I'm proud of my husband?'

IV

As my Florida winter recedes, and I pause to ponder its pictures and appraise them, I do not know whether I value more Joel Harding's sermons, with their vistas to be long afterwards remembered and reviewed, or my drives at his side while he trolls the 'Volga Boat Song' and the wind tugs at his bare head. As I look back on my Florida winter, I find myself looking forward, too, into the rector's future. The words of his New Year's sermon come to my mind. He spoke about doors, about making the humdrum holy. He told of his own effort and experience in trying to treat each opening door as new and sacred. He confessed that it had been difficult at first; sometimes he had forgotten for a whole day at a time the beauty he was trying to give to doors. Then steadily, with persistence, the effort grew easier, became each day a richer adventure. 'Sometimes,' he concluded, while his lifted eyes grew strange before a

visioned Presence, 'sometimes all I say when I open a door is, "Go before me."'

All the riches of that winter expand as I review them. It has been worth much to drive throughout Florida with someone who loves his native state as the rector does. Locality is a deep pull within him. One way to make him really downcast is to suggest that some day he may have a larger field. 'Oh no,' he pleads, 'I love it here! I never want to go anywhere where I can't know everybody in town!'

The rector's forbears took up claims in Florida. As we pass a broad expanse of the Indian River he announces, 'Here my great-uncles were pilots,' or he stretches his arm toward a thriving town: 'My mother was brought here as a baby by oxcart. She remembers how the Indians used to come and help themselves to anything they wanted when my grandfather was away from home.' Our roads cut through miles of gold-fruited orange groves. There is nothing the rector does not know about oranges. Does he not turn out on a menacing cold night to help tend the fires that may, or may not, save the fruit?

Perfect, the rector? Oh, by no means! While his aging parishioners chiefly harp on the inexcusable youth of 'the Harding boy,' they have also this weightier charge, that while everyone who is young in this graying old town hails Joel's presence, beaming, whenever he appears, still — so runs the murmur — 'In our day, nobody called out to any rector, "Hello, Joel!"'

Even I am forced to admit that the rector is not a punctual person, though steadily improving under Elaine's dexterous management. All this minute attention to hours and dates irks him; it is hard for him to come home. And in Florida the out-of-doors is compelling to one who so loves it — you have but

to slip out of the rectory back door, and quickly you may have your choice of a dozen lakes, or even all the ocean, for your fishing, and untracked miles of woods for your gunning. For myself, I would let the rector wander far, because both the poet and the pastor in him bring back such treasures from solitude. Yet, so wandering, he has been known completely to forget a dinner engagement, or to leave the children's mite boxes exposed to a sneak thief in the unlocked church. But these last misdemeanors do not recur now that he is married to Elaine.

And the rector likes to tease, though he is instantly contrite should he go too far. There is plenty of Puck left in a man who only recently set the whole audience laughing when he strolled across the college stage. I remember his impishness as we sat waiting for the bells to chime from the Bok Singing Tower. He was diving into a bag of peanut brittle, with an eye cocked about at me beside him, trying to make me think he would continue to crunch thus in my ear when the bells began. At the first stroke he tucked the bag away, and in an instant had become the musician listening breathless, as rapt and remote from me as the distant belfry.

No syllable of this sketch is my own invention. I have but quoted the actual words of one young minister. Did any of us suppose the spell once laid on young men in Galilee is something past and done with? Look and see who to-day are holding, single-handed, the lonely outposts that dot our country from end to end! Joel Harding is no sole instance. I know more like him — and still they are pressing on, more and still more, young men with shining eyes who to-day are passing through door after door, saying only, 'Go before me!'

POEMS BY JOHN HOLMES

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

You living, look. It is noontime here and now.
I, dead, when you read this, am young and tall.
I stand. I feel the sunlight on my brow;
The sunlight blinds me from the painted wall.

It is well with me. My early hopes came true.
My poems find their words, my love its love,
My life its work. Is it as well with you?

Here where I am and now the shadows move;
They lengthen always, yet the day is bright.
I have a quiet house with books. I sleep
At night-time not alone, as once I might.
There are no promises that I must keep,
Except to say, I am, and in what way,
And by what skill and will, and at this hour;
Except a desperate vow to split your day
With words of mine that use the pine-root's power
Under the rock. The time of man is brief.
With the living mind that holds your noontime fast,
Think, as I do, in strong and useless grief:
It was noontime here, and now the noon is past.

THE SECRET TIDE

Quick as the words a man must scribble down,
Catching a thought, and called, and out the door,
Out of the house, maybe, and out of the town,
Or life, and never the time for saying more,
I thought and wrote that man, man is a shore
Where lifts and falls and breaks a secret tide.

He waits. He works. The hours and minutes pour
Heavy upon the hard ribs under his side.
What thoughts no other living mind could guess
Batter his brain. The winds of history blow.
Nightly the star-flame brightens wilderness.
Daily the sunlit air in flood or flow
Shadows him where he walks and while he stands.
Around and near him, men as brave and small,
Who have, like him, no more than heart and hands,
Think to rebuild their ever-wasting wall
Against a sea that a king in vain denied.

Quick as the words a man must leave, or none,
'The secret tide,' I wrote, 'the secret tide.'
The days that end with work but well-begun;
Terror that tries, and fails, and tries again;
Unrest, passion, and care, that make us men;
And hope, and love, and age — 'the secret tide,'
I wrote, while round me surged the secret tide.

THE SWORD

BY ELLERY SEDGWICK

*Gwanjitsu ya
Je ni yuzuri no
Tachi hakan*

'T is New Year's day —
I'll gird me on
My sword, the heirloom of my house.

I

THE news of the massacre which took place in Tokyo in the early morning of February 26 sounded through the world like a tocsin of St. Bartholomew. The official name given to rebellion and wholesale murder was terrifying in its understatement. The Incident — what a title for a carnival of assassination! And the first formal pronouncement speaking of 'killings,' not of murder, and almost justifying the crime by the calculated moderation of its statement, seemed to suggest that the army and the government itself, thinking the rebellion might be successful, judged it prudent not to aggravate murder by harsh words. The mutineers, said the statement, 'decided to rise for the purpose of removing corrupt elements around the throne, who they considered should be charged with the crime of destroying national policy.' The official spokesman talked indeed as if he were spokesman for the rebellion. 'The officers concerned say in their manifesto [so the report continued] that their purpose was to protect national policy, thus fulfilling their duty to the throne.'

'Their purpose'! In the West the 'purpose' of murder is murder. But in Japan right and wrong lie in the motive. Clear from the first day, clearer with every hour that followed, was the fact that a large part of the nation

believed these Byzantine murderers to be as loyal subjects of the Emperor as his official ministers; and the fact, still more pregnant with tragic consequence, that to the nation as a whole murder was still a political weapon. Government by assassination was still tolerated by a people in the forefront of the modern world.

To Americans it seemed that in Japan civilization itself was at stake. But gradually, very gradually, the liberal spirit of the country crystallized, and by a display of persuasive patience unequalled, I think, in modern times the lawful government of Japan prevailed upon the mutineers to surrender, forgave the privates, pawns in a game they did not understand, and turned over the officers to the military arm. After trial, which in its slow and deliberate course precisely paralleled the sobering of public opinion, after almost five months' delay, seventeen officers were condemned to death and five to life imprisonment.

It may well be that the terrible episode is not yet over. Japan is a fatalistic country, and men feel that what will be will be. But, taking the situation as it stands to-day, it is regarded by the Western world simply as the break-through of a savage past. Men talk of the 'veneer' of Japanese civilization. They talk in ignorance. The

civilization of Japan is deep and genuine as our own, but those who would understand it must take into account many things, curious and interesting.

II

In the spirit which animates Japan there are three ultimates, and no man may read its riddle unless he gives thought to them: love of ceremonial, indifference to death, and loyalty surpassing passion or desire. It is the motive behind the act rather than the act itself which to a Japanese gauges its importance, stamping it as a virtue or a crime. The function of ceremony is to explain motive and to invest it with a certain measure of apparent disinterestedness. Thoughtless and willful deeds are perpetrated without ceremony, but those which are ornamented by a ritual of courtesy take on a profounder meaning.

It is ever so. Let teachers and preachers say what they will, it is not what things are done but how they are done that colors men's minds and shapes their opinions. It is the form of the verse which makes poetry memorable. It is the method of the politician which justifies his acts. When the Covenanters struck off the head of King Charles and

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,

their crime was magnified a hundred-fold.

Swift currents of feeling such as this flow through the veins of every generous race, but in Japan the manner in which a deed is done effectually transforms it. The murders of that bad night were brutal and horrible, but the prime motive of the rebels was loyalty — loyalty twisted and almost grotesque, but loyalty still. Their indifference to death seemed to lend a certain nobility to their act, and in one

instance at least the ancient tradition of manners invested murder with an alien dignity. Before one of the executioners struck down his victim he addressed him courteously, explaining that no personal motives sullied his action, and asked whether his victim had nothing to say which might ease his conscience or after his death give comfort to his friends. It was after several minutes of quiet talk that the assassination proceeded. With such examples of ceremonious death Japanese history is replete.

The February Incident is a fresh illustration of the ancient character of the people. In such an enterprise, death is the only alternative to success. But that hazard did not weigh in the balance with the conspirators, and the foolhardy courage of the rebels excited widespread admiration. Their deed was done neither for power nor for revenge, twin motives which any Western historian would seek, but for loyalty which could not suffer the Emperor to be hoodwinked by advisers who stood between him and the source of his divine wisdom.

The story of the Incident is familiar and it is not my purpose to recite its causes, but a few facts must be recalled to the reader's mind. The fatal division of authority in the Constitution, bestowed as a personal gift by the Emperor Meiji upon his people, deprives the Prime Minister of the control of the heads of the fighting services. This is a chronic source of political convulsion in Japan, but it is only indirectly responsible for the crisis we are discussing. A proximate cause, as the world knows, was the notorious trial of Lieutenant Colonel Aizawa. This Aizawa was greatly troubled in mind at seeing the liberalism he deplored in politics taking root in the army itself. So long as General Masaki, idol of Japanese jingoes, was Director of Military Education, all seemed safe. But

he was replaced by the liberal Hayashi, and it was whispered that the transfer had been manipulated by the secret influence of one Lieutenant General Nagata, whose long and distinguished service did not protect him from the bitter hatred of those who longed to see Japan fulfill her conquering destiny. Aizawa, knowing what loyalty required of him, walked into the office of his superior, General Nagata, cut him down at his desk, and then quietly gave himself up.

The case was entirely simple. A naked murder had been committed; the assassin had been caught red-handed. But behind the crime was a motive. Just as in America or in France, in a case in which a woman's honor is involved, everything is tried except the crime itself, so in this court-martial the question of motive prompted a long line of witnesses to make stump speeches in court, all duly reported in the papers. It became Japan's destiny which was on trial, and the question men asked themselves was whether their Emperor was in truth surrounded by patriots or by traitors.

The Aizawa trial was the match which touched off the conflagration. There is no doubt about that. The conflagration itself was the bright flame of Japanese loyalty nourished through the ages by custom and by precept.

III

Among all the tales of Japanese history the most famous and the most revealing is the story of the Forty-seven Ronins. No commentary can bring out the inner reason for the Incident half so understandingly as this true tale of the early part of the eighteenth century.

Now a Ronin is a 'wave man,' who, having lost his master, is tossed like flotsam about the world. The forty-seven, all of noble blood, were in the

service of a great lord, Asano Takumi No Kami, who was brought to destruction by a still greater lord, one Kotsuki No Suké. To the Ronins, after their lord's death, one duty remained. Did not Confucius say, '*Thou shalt not live under the same heaven with the enemies of thy father*'? It was their clear duty to prove their loyalty to their dead lord by compassing the ruin of his enemy.

Wandering through the land, penniless and hungry, they thought ceaselessly of their task, and after incomparable hardship and danger they met in secret and stormed the castle of the wicked daimyo who had destroyed their lord. There was bloody work to do, but with the scrupulous courtesy characteristic of their race they refrained with the utmost care from injury to anybody who did not hinder them in their purpose. Through the night they fought, and in the morning dragged their victim, trembling with terror, from his place of concealment. But the birth and position of Kotsuki No Suké made these vengeful men pointing their daggers at his breast realize that he was no common miscreant summarily to be put away. And as they pressed furiously around him their leader, Oishi Kuranosuki, bade them be silent and respectful. Then, falling on his knees before the daimyo who was his master's enemy, he addressed the old man with infinite respect.

'My lord,' said he, 'we are retainers of Asano Takumi No Kami. Last year your lordship and our master quarreled in the palace. Our master was sentenced to hara-kiri and his family was ruined. We have come to-night to avenge him, as is the duty of faithful and loyal men. I pray your lordship to acknowledge the justice of our purpose. And now, my lord, we beseech you to perform hara-kiri. I myself shall have the honor to act as your second, and when with all humility I shall have received your lordship's

head, it is my intention to lay it as an offering upon the grave of Asano Takumi No Kami.'

Now to the Western mind these are the bitter words of irony. But in truth Oishi Kuranosuki spoke them in sincerity and without malice. He spoke as he did in order that the performance of a supreme and tragic duty might be invested with such dignity and seemliness as to prove beyond cavil this was no murder in the vulgar sense, but the execution of a sentence ordained by the very order of the world. Whoever catches their significance cannot be without understanding of what manners mean in the life of Japan.

The whole story of these noble vagabonds reads like a fable of loyalty through life and death. Their quiet acceptance of the inevitable penalty of *hara-kiri* for every man of them — each for having done his duty — may be taken as a case history of the Japanese spirit. Among no other people could there be such a happening as this true tale of courtesy, loyalty, and indifference to death. Every boy and girl in Japan knows it by heart in all its stately horror. Each year the tragedy, in eight hours of detail, is put on at the Kabuki Theatre, home of Romantic Drama, and when it appears on the stage there is no seat vacant in the house. Indeed, if the theatrical season promises to be a failure, the story of the Ronins is billed as a sovereign and infallible remedy. In the city there is this proverb current: 'If you are in trouble the Forty-seven Ronins will serve you.'

More than once I have made my own pilgrimage to the burial place of the Ronins. When Tokyo, 'the Eastern Capital,' was Yedo, Takanawa was a rural retreat. Now the ancient Sengakuji Temple is a little oasis in the roar of steady traffic. Almost from dawn till long after dark worshipers crowd the courtyard. They come by hundreds, by thousands, from every

part of the Empire — old men hobbling on their canes, peasant women in gray, city girls in groups flowery as nosegays, troops of school children in those drab and misshapen uniforms which are the sole unpardonable crime Japan commits against the laws of beauty. Threading your way through the crowd, you turn left to where the little fountain still bubbles in the well. Here it was that Oishi Kuranosuki reverently washed the head of Kotsuki No Suké, who had destroyed his chief, and before delivering it for burial to the abbot of the temple laid it as an offering on the grave of his lord which stood hard by, while forty-six homeless vagabonds looked on with expressionless faces and hearts filled with sorrow and fierce joy, knowing they had done their duty and waiting for the order to die from the Shogun, Daimyo of Daimyos.

Just beyond the fountain on the crest of a green hill overlooking the temple, clustered about the shaft which marked their lord's resting place, huddle forty-eight little stones, each one bearing the name of the samurai who lies beneath. Forty-eight, not forty-seven, for there too lies buried the Satsuma man who, thinking that Oishi Kuranosuki was recreant to his duty, had spat upon him in the street and a year later, to make what amends was possible, had humbly ripped open his own belly on the grave of the hero he had traduced.

There they stand, the forty-nine stones, pressed about by the never lessening throng. Like the rest, I lighted a taper of incense before each grave, watching the ceaseless stream of pilgrims eddy about the tiny necropolis, and as I watched I thought of those other assassins about to die for killing the ministers who they thought were betraying their Emperor. Were they not in blood and in spirit descendants of the Forty-seven Ronins?

IV

As the fan is the symbol of manners and of living, so is the sword the emblem of honor and of death. When Admiral Togo, the Nelson of Japan, was making his triumphal tour about the world, he paid a ceremonious visit to Theodore Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill. That irrepressible hero displayed a noble sword bestowed on him by the Emperor of Japan. The Admiral received it with infinite respect, examining each several part: the *kashira* or tip, the *menuki* or rivet placed beneath the frapping to improve the grip, the ornamental *fuchi* ringing the hilt, the guard, the *seppu* or small plate through which the haft passes before entering the guard, the *habuki* or welded flanges gripping the blade — all were austere beautiful as they should be; but the Admiral frowned. On the once bright blade a splotch of rust desecrated its brilliant sheen. The old samurai bore it to his room and spent long hours that night polishing the sword with his own hands till it glistened as if the red sun of Japan were shining on it.

The first sword was forged in heaven. 'Great and sharp' it was. The God of Fire snatched it from the body of the serpent he had slain and gave it to the Sun Goddess, Great-Grandmother of Emperors, Amaterasu-O-Mikani, who caused it to be forever guarded at the sacred shrine of Ise, where it lies inviolate until this day. But concerning the swords of mortal men we hear not much that is precise before the fourth century of our era, when the Emperor Notoken caused the hilt of his blade to be decorated in a manner befitting his authority, and ever since the glint of steel has gone sparkling through the history of Japan.

The samurai was 'the man of two swords.' Both were carried in his girdle, so inseparably that the word *dai-sho* (long-short) was used to express them

collectively. Separately they were the *katana* and the *waikizashi*. From very early times swords were a cult and took on a sanctity such as the Crusader acknowledged when, sticking his blade in the desert sand, he knelt before the crossed hilt. Four kinds of swords were recognized in the ritual. Only samurai of the highest rank wore the long, curving *jin tachi*. The more familiar weapon was the straight *tsurugi*, cutting both ways. But this yielded in time to a blade with a single cutting edge. A dagger without guard, *aikuchi*, was convenient for stabbing a prostrate foe. When a samurai entered the dwelling of a friend or his own tea-house, he retained merely the dirk, leaving his chief weapon hanging on the sword-stone at the door. It need only be added that the *kaiki*, — or dagger without guard, — which might be plunged to the hilt and beyond, was the protection of women.

The sword was the symbol of the samurai's honor, sign manual of his devotion to his lord. The instinct of the race for ritual found its expression in the infinitude of excellence in its workmanship. The criteria of the cogno-scenti were the curve of the blade, the perfection of the forging, the texture and quality of the steel, the richness of design, and the elaboration of rivets. It was the blade of the Lion Heart and Saladin combined. It could part an iron bar or cut with razor edge a cushion of feathers. Steel capable of severing three heads at a stroke was the high ambition of the smith, and not infrequently was an executioner bribed to test the temper of samurai steel by using it to decapitate the condemned.

In victory the samurai sword was the perfect servant of his master. In defeat it was his certain safeguard against disgrace. All through the early history of Japan, *hara-kiri* offered the only escape from the degradation of imprisonment, and in the fourteenth century,

under the Ashikaga dynasty, the custom was widely recognized as a privilege beyond price. When a man of noble birth had broken the law or incurred the disfavor of the Emperor, he received a note couched in considerate and gracious terms, informing him of his condemnation to death. Often the present of a jeweled dagger gave point to the request. But nothing was done in unseemly haste. Death is the prologue to eternity: there was no need of hurry. The gentleman about to die would cause to be erected in his own hall a dais as his scaffold. Then, with a profound obeisance to the emissary of his master, he would make public acknowledgment of his fault, and, after a prayer, would strip himself to the waist. Tucking the wide sleeves of his kimono carefully under him lest he fall back and not forward, he would plunge the dagger deep into the left side of his belly, twist it viciously to the right, and let his soul gush forth to find communion with the spirits of his ancestors.

So highly esteemed was this privilege of *hara-kiri* that over and over again the state has been forced to use extreme measures, not to oblige gentlemen to do away with themselves, but to prevent them from doing so. *Junshi*, or self-destruction of retainers at their lord's death, became so universal that Iyeyasu, first of the Tokugawa Shoguns, straitly forbade it and ordered that a *yo* — or effigy of the vassal — be buried in his stead. One of these *yo* is on my mantel as I write, a curious equivalent for the ram in the thicket which Jehovah accepted as a savory substitute for little Isaac. Still the practice persisted in defiance of every edict, and when a famous warrior, one Oyemon No Hyagi, disemboweled himself on the death of his master, the government actually executed two of his sons, banished the rest, and confiscated the entire family property. Not even then was the privilege of *junshi*

entirely abandoned, and all the world knows how General Nogi, when the news of his Emperor's death was brought to him, followed by *hara-kiri* his great master to the shades.

V

There is a passivity among Orientals in their attitude toward death which we may not understand. It is not merely that their Nirvana and our Heaven are worlds apart. I have heard Christians say with admirable assurance that the gateway of immortality was no more than the threshold leading to the next room. But to the Japanese no wall separates this life from the next. The father lives immortally almost in the presence of his children and his children's children, aiding them by his counsel and animating them by his spirit.

Go into a Japanese house of any reasonable comfort and in the midst of its perfect simplicity you will find three shrines, often of elaborate beauty. One is to the protector of the house. He may be the God of Fire or some local deity worshiped before gods were. One is the Buddhist altar, blazoned with gold and lacquer. On an upper shelf, beside some small statue or emblem of the Buddha, are a group of polished ebony tablets, each a tribute to some particular ancestor to whom the household's debt is thus acknowledged. The third shrine is pure Shinto, traditional native faith which twelve hundred years ago became the indissoluble ally of Japanese Buddhism. Every morning the head of the house, with his family and servants about him, makes offering of fruit and flowers at each of these three shrines. What a new conception it gives one of the religious life of the heathen!

In the Western world the Ten Commandments have not been generally obeyed, but they have never been re-

pealed and their influence in Christian countries has been immense. Standards may be honored in the breach, yet standards they still are. But to a Japanese most of our commandments seem negative. To him 'Thou shalt not' has less power than 'Thou shalt.' He accepts our Fifth Commandment with a fervor greater than our own, but for the most part his are not the precepts taught by a lawgiver to his people, but the codified virtues of a feudal aristocracy. Take, for instance, the quality called *fushodin*, or movelessness of the heart. Seven centuries ago Zen, the intellectual and aristocratic sect of Buddhism, taught believers to strip themselves of emotion and passion, to keep their bodies still and their minds unmoved by circumstances. Thus, says the historian, 'the *bushi* — the noble soldier — remains as calm in the stress of battle as in the quietude of the council chamber.'

The repose of body is the result of severe restraint. Repose of mind is the result of creed and custom. Only a man of long experience, the head of a family or official of government, is called upon to make decisions. The duty of others is not to think, but to accept. To the burden of conscience, the terrifying inheritance of Protestantism, the Japanese is a stranger. He has no abiding sense of sin haunting the mind and paralyzing the will. Plain guideposts mark every step of his way. If he has followed them he cannot have gone astray. The morbidities which harass us before our nightly dreams begin — 'Was I right in this?' 'Was that wrong?' — do not vex his mind. In the Catholic Church a man may find ease from doubts which beset him, but in the thoughts of a Japanese these doubts do not arise. His mind, untroubled by this world, is untroubled about the next. The wheel of Karma will bear him on, but finally he will escape. Death will not sever him from his

master or from his family. Beyond the grave he will serve them, joining his will to theirs in a common effort to fulfill the purpose of their united ancestors.

VI

In an earlier paper I have said that duty, to a Japanese, is the First and Great Commandment. And to him duty is but another name for loyalty. It is a virtue so great, so absolute, so uncompromising, that it will not brook the restraint of other virtues. Not love, nor human feeling, must for an instant stand in the way of a man's obligation to a master. In Japanese tragedy the culminating poignance is a man's willingness to send his son to slaughter and his wife to prostitution if only thereby his lord may be saved. Among the Daimyos of the Kabuki Drama all emotions are canalized into a central religious passion of service to their master, much as the austere heroes of Racine appeal from human compulsion to the mandates of Jehovah: —

*O Justice, O Bonté suprême,
O divine, O charmante Loi!*

Statecraft and education combine with the natural feeling of the Japanese to make the sacred name of 'Emperor' the be-all and end-all of human devotion.

This is the keystone of the Japanese arch. To say that Japan is still a feudal state does not explain it. The ties between master and man are human ties. The devotion to the Emperor is a religious devotion. He is in very truth divine. It is no natural process of history which has kept these 125 members of a single family upon the throne in unbroken succession for nigh three thousand years. The line came down from Heaven, and the Godhead of its divinity still persists. How strange the paradox! Japan in its commercial aspects is the most modern of

nations, schooled in everything the West has to offer. Yet to sixty million Japanese the Emperor is more than mortal man. His blood runs in the veins of his people, and when they worship at the Shrine of his Ancestors they are worshipping their own Kami. Troops of school girls and boys make innumerable pilgrimages to the Imperial Altars. There is no victory on land or sea which is not directly to be ascribed to Imperial merit. No diplomat starts on an important mission without asking divine help at the Emperors' Shrine in Ise.

Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

In the House of Peers the empty throne stands high above the speaker's chair, and before it every man who enters the chamber makes profound obeisance. Always, everywhere the Emperor, the incarnation of the spirit of Japan, watches over his folk. 'Though I am far away in the Great Palace,' said Emperor Meiji in a famous distich, 'I cease not to think of the happiness of my people.' In an actual sense the Emperor's thought is the thought of God.

The divinity that doth hedge a king is something less than this. I once asked a distinguished statesman what it was in the Japanese mind that made the Emperor a god. Was it the sublimation of the spirit which in Scotland made the chieftain of the clan the object of supreme devotion? Was it akin to the godship of the Emperor Augustus erected by the State? 'No,' he said, 'the spirit is quite different. Behind the Emperor Augustus there were not three thousand years.' The gods are always ancient, and, in Japanese thinking, Augustus Cæsar was a parvenu.

To the Emperor of Japan the Pope of Rome is no analogue. His office is divine, but he is wholly human. We can best gauge the feeling, I think, if

we recall our Christian religion. To millions Christ is God in very truth. To other millions he is wrapped in a haze of divinity not to be penetrated. So it is with the Japanese worship of their Emperor. There are shades of conviction, but in their world there is no room for the agnostic or the atheist.

Perhaps this explains, too, something of the horror Japan feels toward Communism. Russia is not only the enemy, but Antichrist. I have seen Russian travelers present their passports and have watched the long scrutiny of their visas. Of the most innocent foreigner every book in his baggage, be it guide or volume of poetry, must be separately noted and examined. 'Improper thought,' which may extend from Red Communism to liberal opinion regarding constitutional government, is a crime against the State.

VII

Kenjutsu, or the art of handling a sword, displays to a peculiar degree the martial virtues which the Japanese most prize. Very different is it from the fencing that we know. Skill in reaching one's antagonist is prized, of course, and the defense against attack, but above and beyond all manual dexterity are valued courtesy, poise, and an unruffled presence of mind. *Kenjutsu* or *judo* — the modern equivalent of jujitsu — is compulsory in the schools. Both are the applied morals of the educational system. Watch two fencers and you will understand. They enter the hall grasping their bamboo blades — no mean weapon, as you realize when they clash or crash through an opponent's guard. Bowing first to the Shrine, then to the instructor, lastly to their adversary, they stand opposed for minutes without striking, each studying the adversary's character and steeling his own to determination. Their countenances are placid

and unmoved, but at the moment of the stroke an instantaneous tenseness comes over them. The pupils of the eyes contract, and in the swordsman's face is the look of murder; but of a sudden the stroke is suspended in mid-air, and all is perfect courtesy again.

Both in *kenjutsu* and *judo*, I am told, the skill of strength and grip can readily be learned, but behind them is a moral training of the most strenuous and exacting kind. In *judo* there are ten grades of proficiency, the zenith being reached alone by Mr. Kano Jigoro, the originator of the modern version of the art. To pass from one grade to another requires years of training, and masters who have attained the higher reaches of the art are renowned throughout Japan.

All things, the Japanese believe, may be taught — repose, courage, patriotism, inflexibility. Not long ago a Tokyo movie theatre billed *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*. That poignant melodrama, as all 'fans' know, is built about the character of a British soldier to whom army tradition is the single rule of life, and who, Roman fashion, finds a moral satisfaction in permitting his son to suffer cruelly rather than to swerve a hair's breadth toward what he regards as favoritism.

To our thinking the Colonel's character is not attractive, but he certainly does his duty with a vengeance. Here was an opportunity to teach the value of duty at all hazards, and the Commander of the Tokyo Garrison gave formal orders to his officers to see the movie not once but twice, that the heroic picture on the screen might drive the lesson home.

Modern civilizations, as we know them, have grown piecemeal. Japan's was made to order, vast new patches holding the ancient fabric together. The men who made it had their minds full of the glory and power of the West,

but they had been brought up on the logic of Confucius and remembered with perfect clarity his picture of social perfection.

The ancients [wrote the Sage] who wished to illustrate illustrious virtue throughout the Empire first ordered well their own states. Wishing to order well their own states, they first regulated their families. Wishing to regulate their families, they first regulated their persons. Wishing to cultivate their persons, they first regulated their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they first sought to be sincere in their thoughts. Wishing to be sincere in their thoughts, they first extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things. Things being investigated, knowledge became complete. Their knowledge being complete, their thoughts were sincere. Their thoughts being sincere, their hearts were rectified. Their hearts being rectified, their persons were cultivated. Their persons being cultivated, their families were regulated. Their families being regulated, their states were rightly governed. Their states being rightly governed, the whole Empire was made tranquil and happy.

That is the philosophy of the Fan — an ideal civilization based on natural goodness and the virtues of quietude and peace. There must be 'no contrariety,' said Confucius, in the home or in the state. There must be no disruption of the harmonies. How fearfully the philosophy of the Sword disrupts them! The Fan and the Sword — opposites irreconcilable warring eternally in spirit.

As we look realistically upon the policies of Japan one main objective must not be lost sight of. To fight a long war the nation must have oil, and oil it does not have. The Army seeks to expand northward where no oil is; the Navy southward to the Islands of the East which reek with it. And the troubled waters will not be quieted when oil is poured upon them.

THE DAKOTA TWINS

BY MALCOLM B. RONALD

I

THE Dakotas, I suppose, are twins to everybody outside their own borders. They were born the same day, November 2, 1889. They are approximately the same size, 250 miles by about 400, though South Dakota is slightly the larger. During the last five years of drought they have both been badly sunburned, and in the winter dust storms both got their ears filled with dirt.

But there the similarity ends.

To those far distant from the parched prairies, the Dakotas are two identical rectangles which occupy a portion of the map of these United States. The map shows them dotted with strange, often unpronounceable names. Beyond that, however, all is mystery.

If you ever visit the sunburnt empire of the Dakotas, never speak as though they were identical twins. They are fraternal.

The most striking contrast between the individualities of the two states is political. Both are progressive. But South Dakota is progressive in a conservative way; North Dakota, on the other hand, has taken up and enthusiastically endorsed more crackpot political schemes than any other two states.

A possible reason for the political gyrations of North Dakota is that there are large numbers of Scandinavians in the state. There is a radicalism about

the Scandinavian, once aroused, which borders on fanaticism. South Dakota has a few Scandinavian citizens, but North Dakota is a great Swedish haven. The story persists that Fargo, North Dakota's largest city, was so named because the Swedes, on arriving there, concluded it was a far go from Stockholm.

In order to understand the politics of the Dakotas, one must consider that they had a common ancestry. A seventy-year-old resident of either state can recall the hastily thrown together towns which mushroomed into existence on the grassy plains. He will relate how saloons, gambling houses, and grocery stores were all operated with the same naïve frankness. He will recall that it was not uncommon to see members of the citizenry in their lighter moods swaggering up the primitive main streets, shouting lustily and emitting occasional bursts of gunfire from their six-shooters.

The typical small city of the Dakotas is now completely modernized. The breathtaking changes which absorbed Dakotans for sixty years have ceased. Life flows on with a sober regularity not much different from that in smaller cities in the older parts of the country. Yet the citizens have been brought up on change; it is the breath of life for them. The completion of the physical metamorphosis left the population restless politically.

II

Into this picture the farm problem injected itself as the fundamental political force in the Dakotas. The war, with its urgent demand for increased food production, brought a vast expansion of the acreage being farmed in the United States. The Dakotas are among the most recently settled states in the farm belt, so the supply of previously uncultivated acreage here was greater than in many of the other states.

When the war was over, the farmers found they were geared up to greatly increased production, and that the market for their products had sharply contracted. Cuts in production were in order. But they were not made. It might seem on the surface that the farmers were guilty of rank stupidity; that is not altogether true. By the time the plight of post-war agriculture was discovered, land prices had plummeted to low levels. Could a farmer who had invested money in the expansion of farm production to meet war demands be blamed for not wanting to see his investment lost?

The instinct of the farmers was to meet lowering prices by increased production, in the hope of maintaining their income at a reasonably high level by selling more units at the lower price. That attempt at solving the problem served only to aggravate it.

Industrial producers faced a similar worry; but they got a break which was not forthcoming to the farmers. The post-war boom had raised the standard of living to unprecedented heights in this country. Demand for all types of machine-made goods reached new high levels.

The bull market also served to postpone the day of reckoning for industry. Because of the public appetite for securities of all sorts, it was possible to float issues of foreign bonds in this

country on a large scale. It was profitable for financial interests, so it was done. The proceeds of the bond issues floated in this country provided the world with money to buy American goods.

The farmers shared somewhat in this artificially created foreign market for America, but not to the same extent as industry. And the heightened standard of living meant nothing to the farmers. When an individual is getting enough to eat, an increase in his personal prosperity is not likely to increase his consumption of food.

As a consequence of this difference between the plights of industry and agriculture, a maladjustment of purchasing power has continued to this day. The flurry of 1921 was a sharp, but short, readjustment for the industrial sections of America. For the farm belt, it was just the beginning of a long depression.

Both Dakotas have suffered severely from drought in the last five years. Part or virtually all of each state has been touched by drought in four out of five years. That explains why the AAA enjoyed a tremendous popularity in the Dakotas.

In states where weather was favorable to crop production the AAA offered an individual little better than an even break. As an illustration, suppose an Iowa farmer cut his corn production by 20 per cent to comply with an AAA contract; if the benefits paid to him by AAA amounted to only about 20 per cent of the market price of his maximum output, it becomes obvious that he gained but little from cutting production to collect a government payment.

Now consider a farmer in South Dakota. Suppose he agreed to cut his corn production by 20 per cent. A drought coincided with the growing season; his corn crop was destroyed. Without the AAA he would have ob-

tained nothing for his season's toil. But he complied with the requirement to cut acreage, so he got his benefit check.

For about 50 per cent of the farmers in the Dakotas, the AAA benefit payments meant the difference between bankruptcy and a successful battle to stay in business; it is small wonder that the AAA was popular. It is equally understandable that many unflattering remarks were passed concerning the ancestry of six Supreme Court justices, following the Hoosac Mills decision.

III

The progressive instincts of the two Dakotas have given vent to themselves along widely divergent lines during the last two decades. South Dakota has gone in for practicality in its quest for political salvation. North Dakota has gratified an indiscriminate taste for polemics. The northern twin is a paradise for those who like their politics wild, woolly, and abounding with fizzy whizz-bangs which explode in bursts of pretty red fire.

Probably the most potent single factor in directing the trend of South Dakota politics along reasonably sensible lines is to be found in the persons of two of the state's most prominent Republican political figures. One of these is Stitzel X. Way, Watertown newspaper editor, who has been Republican state chairman, off and on, for a generation.

A classic example of his political realism is to be found in his guidance of South Dakota through the memorable Bull Moose revolt by Teddy Roosevelt in 1912. Way was state chairman. When the Bull Moosers besought his company, Way gave them some canny political advice — which was not followed.

'No. I won't bolt,' he said. 'But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll go back

to South Dakota and arrange for a slate of regular Republican presidential electors pledged to vote for Theodore Roosevelt instead of William Howard Taft. If you fellows are smart you'll do the same thing. Start a third party and you'll just split the Republican vote and elect a Democratic President.'

Whereupon Mr. Way came back to South Dakota and made good his promise. In South Dakota it was impossible to vote for Taft for President in 1921; the voters cast their ballots either for Roosevelt or for Wilson. The Way tactics were unorthodox, but they were effective. Roosevelt carried South Dakota.

Some of the G. O. P. brothers in the state resented the Way machinations. They did n't vote. In the 1908 election, 67,000 South Dakota citizens cast their ballots for Taft; 47,000 voted for Bryan. But in 1912, 58,000 went for T. R. and 48,000 expressed a preference for Wilson. This can be construed to mean that some 9000 Republicans sulked in their tents and cursed the resourcefulness of 'Stitz,' as Mr. Way is known in South Dakota. Apparently another thousand Republicans voted for Wilson in protest.

North Dakota even then was beginning to develop its appetite for robust support of lost causes. It launched an enthusiastic Bull Moose Party. Result: Wilson, 29,000 votes; Roosevelt, 25,000; Taft, 23,000.

IV

The Dakota twins pursued similar political courses until the pressure of the post-war deflation began to be felt by agriculture. At that time the first of the so-called farm movements burst upon the scene. It was the Nonpartisan League, whose prophet and founder was Arthur C. Townley. South Dakota became enthusiastic over the League,

as did several other Western states. Then Townley was convicted of irregularities in his handling of the League funds. For this offense he was imprisoned.

His misfortune was soon followed by the collapse of his farm organization in South Dakota and everywhere else, except in North Dakota. In that state he was not really popular until he had been incarcerated in the bastille. He cried of political persecution. His star rose in North Dakota as rapidly as it set elsewhere.

Only in North Dakota was a Non-partisan ticket ever elected; and the Leaguers revolutionized the state in a big way, putting it into every conceivable business. Apparently North Dakota enjoys state socialism; its residents continue to support all manner of political freaks. The League now dominates the Republican Party in the state and remains a power to this day.

The result is that nobody outside of North Dakota and probably only a few within its boundaries really understand North Dakota politics. Residents of South Dakota are as amazed by the political phenomena on display in their sister state as are any other citizens of this broad land. In fact their amazement may be a little the greater because they are close at hand. They can catch occasional glimmerings on the northern horizon from North Dakota's political pyrotechnics.

William Langer, native son of North Dakota, who completed his education at Columbia University, provided some of that state's most spectacular politics. He aligned himself with the Non-partisan League faction, eventually dominated it and found himself governor in 1933. In April 1934, he was indicted on a charge of exacting political contributions from federal relief workers. He was convicted and sentenced to prison, shortly before the

primary election in which he sought the Republican renomination for governor, which he won by a handsome margin.

Shortly thereafter some of the North Dakotans decided that an impending prison sentence was not among the better gubernatorial qualifications. They invited Mr. Langer to resign. He refused. So his foes obtained a court order ousting him, and Lieutenant Governor Ole H. Olson was sworn in.

That did not even dent the Langer composure. He declared martial law and held office on the grounds that military law superseded civil law. Like many another dictator who has relied on the military, however, Langer lost the support of his army. The National Guard commander went over to the enemy and Governor Olson duly took office. But for several weeks there had not been a dull moment in North Dakota.

No prison doors have clanged shut on Langer. He has emerged victorious in a series of federal appeals, new trials, and retrials. When Uncle Sam tires of conducting trials for him, Mr. Langer may yet wield his almost hypnotic influence over the radical element and return to power. His leadership of his flock is highly emotional, but it brings them to his feet.

V

When North Dakota embraced the Nonpartisan League, South Dakota took the other route. It eschewed the League and all of its works. Twenty years ago a man emerged in public life in South Dakota who has played a big part in directing the political thought of the state. Peter Norbeck of Redfield, a well driller of humble origin and little education, was elected governor of South Dakota.

In many respects Norbeck is one of the most remarkable men I have ever

known. The hardships of his boyhood in the undeveloped state forced him to do without education. His early manhood was devoted to gathering wealth by drilling wells. Then he turned to politics.

His hard-headed practicality eventually endeared him to 'Stitz' Way, the man who had shown the Bull Moosers how to carry South Dakota for Teddy Roosevelt without going Bull Moose. The two made a great team. 'Stitz' managed the campaigns and Norbeck did the campaigning. Norbeck is a blend of contradictory qualities. He is strangely humble, and slow to take action; but once he has charted his course, he fights tooth and nail to win his goal. After serving two terms as governor of South Dakota, Norbeck went to the United States Senate.

He soon recognized his educational shortcomings, so while he was a member of the United States Senate he attended night school in Washington. I don't know whether he will thank me for mentioning that, but he should be proud of it. By the time he had completed his first term in the Senate he had acquired a greatly broadened background. He developed an ability to write and speak in a concise and logical style that might well be envied by the majority of men who have adorned college campuses in their youth, and nobody meeting him in a crowd of college-trained men would notice any unflattering contrasts. Norbeck's open-mindedness continues to this day. I think that were it not for the Roosevelt landslide and a breakdown of the Senator's health he would have attained national eminence.

As evidence of the tremendous personal following of Norbeck, consider the Roosevelt landslide. From the top of the ticket down to the county offices, Democrats were swept into office in South Dakota in 1932. Norbeck was the only Republican to win a major

post. He was returned to the Senate by a majority of 25,000 votes. That is not a bad margin in South Dakota in any case; in 1932, for a Republican to poll such a lead was a political miracle.

That same Roosevelt landslide produced some strange results. South Dakota has been Republican for a generation. It has insisted on progressive Republicans, but it has always remained faithful to the G. O. P. Of course, there have always been a few Democrats in the state, but they never took themselves seriously. They just thought it was fun to be Democrats; they never expected to win elections. Naturally their selection of candidates was often on an informal basis. It was not unusual for candidates to be invited to complete a ticket by way of a casual telephone call; if assured they would not have to do much campaigning, they usually accepted. With the Roosevelt landslide some rare birds were swept into office. On the other hand, some high-calibre men were put into public service by the surprising victory. Some of those who were elected would probably not have run if they had expected to win.

VI

The political contrast between the fraternal twins, North and South Dakota, is well illustrated by the conduct of two men in similar circumstances. The two are Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota and Senator Norbeck of South Dakota. Both men do more than represent their constituents; they are typical of their respective states.

Senator Nye, a former newspaper man, serves to strengthen an idea I have long cherished about the breed. They should stay out of politics. Their training suits them for interpreting the political arena, but it often ruins them

for participation. They know too much about the mechanics of publicity. Like Nye, they cannot resist the temptation to 'break' a sensational story. Nye has the additional handicap of having been born, politically, in a state where muckraking, mud throwing, and bombast are the accepted rule in politics. He was put into office by a Nonpartisan League following.

Nye is an able politician. He is reasonably liberal and not a bad chap. His worst failing is the readiness with which his mind translates any course of action into newspaper headlines. Sometimes his publicity coups backfire, as when he aroused the wrath of the doughty Carter Glass by terming the late Woodrow Wilson a falsifier.

Nye's flair for publicity hunting virtually robbed the Senate munitions hearings of any value. Most informed observers agree that a European war is in the offing in the comparatively near future; this country needs unbiased, straightforward information on the subject of maintaining neutrality. Nye's committee had the opportunity to be of real service in that respect. But the situation offered too good an opportunity for gaudy polemics, and Nye could not resist the temptation.

Now consider the conduct of Senator Norbeck when he was placed under the gun in a similarly important Senate study. After the 1929 stock market collapse, divers millions in this country wanted to know what it had all been about. Sharing that curiosity were members of the United States Senate in the Hoover régime. So, according to an old Senate custom, they called for an investigation; Senator Norbeck, as chairman of the banking and finance committee, was placed in charge. Millions of investors had been fleeced in the market collapse, along with those

who lost nothing but paper profits. It was an important assignment to find out just how it had been done. Norbeck carried through the initial stages in his usual practical way.

He hunted no sensations. But he did insist on finding out how the market was rigged to trim the gullible. When it became evident that he planned to expose the entire procedure, President Hoover became alarmed, fearing that such disclosures might frighten prosperity away from her post, 'just around the corner.' He asked that the investigation be handled 'tactfully.' Senator Norbeck politely but firmly assured the President that he intended to take the stock market apart and expose its faults. He also promised not to play politics with the investigation. He kept that pledge.

After the Roosevelt victory the investigation was turned over to Senator Fletcher. But Norbeck had set the general tone; for the most part it was continued along the lines he started. The result was a constructive contribution. The security market legislation, based on the abuses brought out by the Senate committee, was violently opposed in some quarters when it was pending; but among the most bitter critics of the Roosevelt administration I have yet to find the one who will now challenge the value of the security market regulation which was set up as the result of the investigation started and outlined by Senator Norbeck.

VII

The residents of South Dakota are more thoughtful and less inclined to erratic political conduct than the citizens of their sister state to the north. It would be impossible to determine the reaction of North Dakota to Nye's conduct of the munitions hearings. He played the sort of politics to which North Dakota is accustomed.

So far as South Dakota is concerned, there is fairly widespread sympathy with the international ideals for which the late President Wilson contended. Considering that the geographical centre of the North American continent is in South Dakota, that may seem surprising. But there are definite reasons why it is true. Political isolation breeds economic nationalism. The farming industry has a comparatively fixed domestic outlet; therefore foreign markets are essential if the wartime expansion of farm production is to be maintained.

Foreign markets, however, are a thing of the past. The farmers do not particularly want to embrace schemes for production control; they see no other alternative in the present nationalistic world. But they can look with longing upon the vision of the kind of world Woodrow Wilson wanted to create.

In the first reaction against Wilson's idealism, the state voted with the Republican isolationists who succeeded in nullifying Wilson's work, so far as participation by the United States is concerned. That was inevitable, in view of the practical nature of South Dakota's population. But, as time passes, it is becoming apparent to many in the state that there are practical as well as visionary advantages to internationalism, at least for those who depend upon farming for economic support.

I am a resident of South Dakota; possibly I may be accused of bias in my comparison of the Dakota twins. But nobody can challenge the facts. I have merely striven humbly to write the truth. If the good residents of North Dakota want to make merry with their politics rather than remain practical, what can I do but chronicle the fact?

HARVARD HAS A HOMICIDE

BY TIMOTHY FULLER

WHEN, one March evening, Sergeant Rankin of the Cambridge police was called upon to take over the case of Albert Singer's murder, he discovered that a lot of people might have killed the celebrated Fine Arts professor at Harvard, and with good reason: Connie Fairchild, because Singer and she were at the end of a love affair; Arthur Fairchild, her husband, for obvious reasons; Professor Hadley, Singer's senior colleague, from jealousy; Fitzgerald, the renowned portrait painter, accused by Miss Slade — Singer's secretary — of having stabbed him in a fit of anger. It was a baffling case, but Rankin was wise enough to encourage the assistance of Jupiter Jones, the eccentric graduate student who had found the dead man and who had ideas of his own about the case. The following morning . . .

VIII

OVER the dubious aroma of twenty-five hundred coffee cups floated the remarks of Harvard undergraduates and professors discussing the murder. No one talked of anything else, naturally. Total strangers spoke to one another. The murder had become a giant leveler. In every dining hall there was buzzing. Most were shocked, some were amused, none were indifferent. Hallowell House alone was subdued; people whispered, the maids moved softly; this was the centre — it had happened to them. Every face turned toward the door when someone entered; they were looking for celebrities. Things had leaked out; Hadley had been questioned; Sampson had spoken to the police; and Jones . . . No one came but Mr. Swayle, who kept appearing importantly in the hall and looking around. They were tired of him.

By nine o'clock every student and most professors had become amateur detectives. Rankin had had eighteen telephone calls

reporting eighteen different types of people seen near Hallowell House between six and eight. They ranged from public enemies to scrubwomen. He listened patiently at first, then refused to talk to anyone. He investigated them all; they proved nothing.

Later in the morning a well-known professor met a class of inattentive newspaper-reading freshmen. He said: 'Gentlemen, a terrible thing has happened. It is a shock to the University and everyone connected with Harvard, but there is no reason why we should not go on with our studies in a sane and normal manner. However, as you will undoubtedly continue to view this tragedy as a Roman holiday, I am going to take the precaution of dismissing this class. Good day, gentlemen.'

Jupiter woke early. The Chapel bells were announcing the fact that nine-o'clock classes were getting under way. He stretched, yawned, and put his hands to his head. As always, he was surprised that it did n't come off and roll on to the floor. Once he'd had a dream that he was holding his head in his hands and looking down at his horrible rolling eyes; he'd never quite recovered from it. His tongue made an experimental trip around his mouth and he was pleased that it encountered no pigmies. He was suffering a mild hangover.

Sylvester was making soundless noises in the other room. Jupiter could sense his presence.

'Sylvester!' he called. 'The master is awake.'

Sylvester appeared with a glass of orange juice and a pile of newspapers.

'Good mornin', Mr. Jupiter. Fine day.'

Jupiter looked out the window. The sun was shining.

'Good morning, Sylvester. If the sun should stay out all day the *Transcript* will probably have an editorial on the phenomenon.' He drank the orange juice quickly, then reached for the papers.

'Oh, my God!' He collapsed on his pillow. There was a large picture of Singer and beside it a smaller one of himself. It was from his Class Album. 'That's a fine thing to be faced with in the early hours of the morning. They were certainly hard up for news.'

He read one or two stories through and glanced at the rest. No names were mentioned; the stories dealt with the finding of the body, Singer's educational record, and the arrival of the police. There was not a hint about the Fairchilds. Good, he thought.

'Ah'll go an' get some coffee an' toast, Mr. Jupiter. Is they anything else yo' want?'

'Not a thing, Sylvester. Hurry back.'

Sylvester went out. Jupiter took a shower and got dressed; he was feeling almost normal by the time his breakfast arrived.

'Any sign of the gendarmes outside?' he asked Sylvester.

'No, suh, but Ah saw the Sergeant go in Professor Singer's room when Ah went out.'

'Oh,' said Jupiter, sipping coffee, 'so he's on the scene already. I wonder if he's nabbed anyone yet. . . . Knock on the door and ask him to step in a minute.'

Sylvester knocked. Illinois opened the door.

'Good morning, good morning!' Jupiter waved. 'How's the world of crime?'

Illinois was becoming hardened to Jupiter's insanity. 'Mornin', son; you get up late.'

Rankin came in smiling.

'Sit down, Inspector. Have a cup of coffee.'

'You guys sure have a tough life at college,' said Rankin, sitting down.

'This is unusual; only on rare occasions do I allow myself this luxury. The coffee already has sugar and cream, so I won't ask you how you like it.' He poured a cup.

'You know, I like this scene. I remember

a detective story where every once in a while the Inspector would sit down and discuss the case with his confederate. It gave the writer a chance to get in a lot of details he'd left out in his descriptions.' Jupiter was enjoying himself. He had n't felt so well in the morning for a long time. 'How are things going?'

Rankin laughed. 'I've never seen anything like it before. You lie in bed while all the rest of the college is out rushing around trying to be detectives. They've been calling me up all morning. As far as I can make out, there must have been a parade going by outside here last night, but no one saw anyone come in or out of Singer's entry. Did anything happen after I left?'

'Not a thing, Inspector; I was disappointed. I thought at least there might be a ghost or two roaming around next door.'

'Well, I've been over Singer's room carefully. There's nothing there that seems to bear on the case.' Rankin reflected, then asked: 'By the way, do you know of any woman who was intimate with him?'

Jupiter looked at the Sergeant intently, but he seemed innocent. 'No; I'm sorry.'

'What is Mrs. Fairchild's first name?'

'Constance.'

He said it too quickly. The Sergeant looked up sharply.

'You know them pretty well?'

He was in for it. 'They're friends of my family. I've been to dinner there several times.'

'How do they get on? Any trouble?'

You could shave with the tone of his voice, thought Jupiter.

'Why don't you ask them?' Then he was sorry he'd said it.

The situation was tense. Jupiter tried to ease it.

'I've solved Singer's code message, Sergeant, if that will help.'

'What is it?'

'Notes for his lecture — nothing important.' He described the abbreviations.

When he had finished, Rankin was still serious. 'So far you've been a great help, Jones. I like you and I'd like to have you keep on helping me, but you've got to play ball. So far you have n't.'

Jupiter was more than curious. 'What do you mean?'

Rankin sighed. 'I have n't had your

education, Jones, but I know a lot more about police work than you do or than you think I know. I have n't asked you this before because I was trying to find out myself, but I can't. Why did you go to the Fairchilds' house last night?'

Jupiter blushed for the first time in his life. He felt like a little boy caught playing marbles in Sunday School.

'I guess I underrated you, Inspector,' he said weakly.

'Answer my question.'

Jupiter swallowed. 'Mr. Fairchild telephoned me and asked me to come out. Mrs. Fairchild wanted to see me.'

'Had they heard about the murder?'

'Yes, they heard it over the radio.'

'What did she want to see you about?'

Oh hell, he thought, it might as well be the works.

'She wanted to know if I had found her purse in Singer's room. I had.'

Rankin exploded, 'Well, for God's sake!'

'It was stupid, I'll admit. I thought it would keep her out of the publicity of the murder. It did n't. As a matter of fact, I advised her to tell you that she had seen Singer.'

The Sergeant was sarcastic. 'That was nice of you. Of course it gave her a chance to make up a good story, but still it was nice of you. All right, now you can tell me the whole story. What was the connection between the Fairchilds and Singer?'

There was no backing out now. Jupiter told the entire conversation between himself and Mrs. Fairchild.

He concluded, 'I don't know why I think so, but I could swear that she did n't kill him, and until you've got absolute proof that she did, it's only fair that you hush things up. You know what would happen if that scandal got in the papers.'

During Jupiter's talk, Rankin sat perfectly still; now he got up.

'If people were n't so damn worried about publicity it would be a lot easier on the police. I ought to run you in for concealing evidence, but I'm not going to. You're just a college boy who thinks the police are a bunch of idiots and that you can solve this murder all by yourself.'

'I've changed, Inspector,' said Jupiter.

'You'd better.' He was starting to leave.

'I've told you before, and I'll tell you

again, you can help me if you play ball. As a matter of fact, I probably would n't have found out the truth about the Fairchilds for some time without your help. You're in closer to this than I first thought. Remember, after this no secrets.'

Jupiter smiled. 'O. K., Inspector, from now on we go hand in glove together. What are your plans for the morning?'

'Routine stuff in Singer's office at the Museum. I'll see you later.'

He went out. Jupiter relaxed. Sylvester, who had been watching the proceedings with interest, said, 'That man there sure is smart, Mr. Jupiter.'

'Smarter than I thought, Sylvester,' murmured Jupiter. 'I was under the impression that I was way ahead of him for a while, but now he seems to have closed the gap.'

Sylvester cleared away the breakfast dishes while Jupiter smoked a cigarette. His next move seemed obscure. He could always tag along after Rankin to the Museum and have a talk with Betty. She might have something to offer.

He went out.

The rain had annihilated the last of the snow and slush, leaving Cambridge a fresher and happier place. Although he had seen it hundreds of times, the morning sun glistening on the gilt and colored domes made Jupiter aware of the beauty of Harvard's Houses. Perhaps it's just as well, he thought, that it does rain so much around here, because when the sun appears it gives such a satisfying shock to the citizens. It was typical of him that he should have these thoughts when his mind would ordinarily be on other things. And it was also typical that he should find nothing unusual about it.

IX

On the way to the Museum Jupiter discovered he was running out of cigarettes. He stopped in at Joe's.

Joe was dithering. It was Jupiter's first contact with the excitement that the murder had caused.

'Ah, Mr. Jones!' called Joe. 'You finda da bod', huh?'

Several customers stared at Jupiter.

'Two packs,' said Jupiter, not wasting words.

Joe would not be muted. 'You know who done da job, huh, Mr. Jones?'

'No idea,' said Jupiter.

'Sure, sure, I see. You know, a man come in here las' night, ask where to fin' Hallowell House. He say, "Where I fin' Hallowell House?" Like dat.'

'Tell it to the police, Joe; they're collect-ing people like that.'

Joe smiled. 'You maka da joke, eh?'

'Yeah,' said Jupiter. 'How about my cigarettes?'

'Sure.' He handed them to him. 'He was a little man, so high.'

Joe made a motion with his hand. Jupiter smiled and went out. Everyone, including Joe, has ideas, he thought; I pity the Inspector.

Coming around a corner on to Massachusetts Avenue, he practically bumped into Fitzgerald.

'Small world,' he clichéd.

Fitzgerald recognized him. 'Good morning, good morning.' He seemed happy. 'I don't believe I remember your name.'

'Good morning, Mr. Fitzgerald. Jones is the name I struggle along with.'

'Oh, of course. You discovered the body, did n't you?'

'Yes,' said Jupiter. Suddenly he wondered if he was destined to go through life known as the man who discovered Singer's body, like the man who ran the wrong way in the football game.

'I've been trying to think what to do all morning,' continued Fitzgerald. 'But I suppose Sergeant Rankin will send for me if he wants to see me.'

'Doubtless,' said Jupiter pleasantly. 'No work to-day?'

'No, I could n't possibly paint a thing to-day and I imagine the President feels the same way.'

'I did n't know he painted, too,' murmured Jupiter. He hoped Fitzgerald would get mad. He could n't tell why he hoped so.

'Ha, ha! I meant he probably would n't feel like sitting.'

'I'd like to see it when it's finished. By the way, I can't remember ever having seen your portrait of Professor Singer. I wonder where he keeps it.'

'What? Portrait of Singer? Oh, I have no idea where he keeps it. It was n't

very complimentary. He probably does n't hang it.'

'Well, it looks as though you'd have to wait to get paid for it.'

'I've waited quite some time already,' said Fitzgerald, starting to walk off. 'Well, glad to have seen you.'

He walked away rapidly. That, said Jupiter to himself, is the one person I can't figure in this case.

Before he had reached the Museum eight people had stopped him and said in various forms that they had heard he found the body.

'If many more people tell me that,' said Jupiter to the last one, 'someone will find my body under the ice in the Charles.'

The usual cigarette-smoking group of students was missing from the steps of the Museum. There was not even a harassed Radcliffe girl in sight. Jupiter deduced correctly that classes had been called off for the day in the Fog.

Betty Mahan was sitting behind her desk doing nothing.

She saw him come in, but paid no attention to him. Jupiter, in his own modest way, knew she was trying to keep from showing she was glad to see him.

When he came up to her desk she said, 'You're wasting your time in here, young man; there's not a sign of a body. I've been all over with my fine-tooth comb. How are you?'

'I am well,' he said. 'I see you are hard at your daily tasks as usual, letting no grass grow under your feet.'

She waved an arm, taking in the whole Museum. 'This place is a madhouse; everyone rushing around trying to look sad when they are all damn glad Singer got what he deserved — Miss Slade, of course, excepted.'

'How is the good woman, by the way?' She grimaced. 'A horrid sight I have yet to see. Why do you ask?'

'And the law? Is it present?'

'In Singer's office. I am waiting for your story.'

'Patience. In due time you shall know all, but I've got to see the Sergeant.'

Rankin was looking through papers at Singer's desk, while Miss Slade, pale and straggly, looked on as if the examination were a personal affront.

'Find anything there?' Jupiter pointed to the desk.

'Not a thing except piles of notes about a lot of Italians I never heard of.'

'The old boy knew his stuff, I'll hand him that,' said Jupiter.

'Well, I'm going back to Hallowell House; there's nothing more to do up here.'

They walked back through the library together. Several ardent students who had been straining to overhear their conversation looked at Jupiter enviously. Jupiter stopped at Betty's desk.

'Sergeant, I'd like you to meet Miss Mahan. She has often made threats on Singer's life; you might do well to check up on her.'

The Sergeant was embarrassed. He looked as if he'd never seen an attractive girl before. 'How do you do,' he stammered.

Betty gave him her prettiest smile, the smile that had caused undergraduates to flock to the library. 'If this young man is bothering you, Sergeant, I'll be glad to chain him up.'

Rankin was floored. He was getting used to Jupiter, but here was a girl who appeared to talk the same way.

He laughed nervously. 'No need of that, I guess. Well, see you later, Jones.'

After a nod to Betty he stamped out of the Museum.

'Charming man,' said Betty. 'Not much of a line, perhaps, but still altogether charming.'

Jupiter relaxed on the edge of her desk. 'And smart, too. Well, I suppose you're waiting for the gory details?'

'I have such a hard time concealing my emotions,' she said.

He gave her a look and proceeded to render an unexpurgated edition of the evening's events. By the time he had finished, she was gasping.

'Well, well,' she said, 'if Harvard is n't a pretty little nest of sedition! Are you sure you have n't left anything out? There must have been a chorus girl or two somewhere in the background. Gosh, I can almost hear the Borgias turning in their graves.'

'A delightful tale, the kind of thing the Watch and Ward Society holds meetings

over. By the way, how has Singer been acting lately?'

She pondered prettily, wrinkling her forehead. Miss Mahan's face had been the subject of many technical discussions by undergraduate experts, who generally conceded that, next to her smile, her expression while musing became her most. She was not unaware of this.

'I'd say offhand that he's been his usual smug self. Of course, I only see him darting in and out of his office, but Miss Slade has been acting queerly, if it's possible to say that she acts at all.'

'Very good. Now about Father Hadley. Has he been on the scene this morning?'

'Oh, yes, bright and early. He's trying unsuccessfully to hide his joy under a mantle of gloom. I've often suspected him of harboring illusions of grandeur.'

'That's good, too, but don't let your prose style get out of hand.' He patted her head, getting up. 'Where shall I be apt to find him?'

'He's showing a Personage around the Museum; you'll probably find him in the galleries. Thanks so much, Mr. Jones, for your confidences.'

'Not at all. I think the situation calls for a celebration of some kind. How about dinner to-night regardless of whether the culprit has been apprehended or not?'

'Love it,' she smiled.

'Fine. If I don't see you before, I'll pick you up at six-thirty. Keep your eye on Miss Slade.'

The Fogg Museum has a fine collection of paintings. But the small galleries are usually devoid of pedestrians except before exams, when they are filled with anxious undergraduates trying frantically to learn all the pictures by heart on the off chance that they will be questioned about them. Knowledge and appreciation by fear of failure — a pity, but nevertheless inevitable, opined Jupiter.

He found Hadley in a gallery on the second floor. He was with an exquisite little man with wavy hair. Exquisite little men with wavy hair are not an oddity in the Fogg Museum, or in any museum, for that matter, so Jupiter was not surprised. He must be the Personage.

When Hadley saw Jupiter his whole expression changed; the memory of the trag-

edy came back to him. It was like the reverse process of a man awaking from a nightmare.

'Ah, Jones, good morning. Come in. I was just showing Mr. Renier about the Museum. He has come all the way from Paris to see our collection. He has — er — come, it seems, at a — er — rather unfortunate time.' He spoke with what is often called a charming French accent. 'Mr. Renier, this is Mr. Jones, who — er — found Professor Singer's body last evening.'

There it goes again, groaned Jupiter.

'Oh yes, I recognize Mr. Jones from the newspaper — the photograph, it was a good likeness.' He spoke with what is often called a charming French accent.

Jupiter bowed. He could think of nothing to say.

Hadley filled the gap. 'Mr. Renier is an art dealer. His office is in Paris.'

Suddenly Jupiter remembered where he had heard the man's name before. He was going to Mrs. Fairchild's musicale.

'Oh yes, of course; I've heard of you,' said Jupiter. You could lay it on thick with these people; they ate it up. 'As a matter of fact, are n't you going to Mrs. Fairchild's musicale to-night?'

Monsieur Renier looked startled. 'Ah, *oui!* I believe Monsieur Burnhart of the Boston Museum asked me to go with him.'

Hadley broke in: 'But Mrs. Fairchild telephoned me this morning and said she was going to cancel it. It is very unfortunate. They are always delightful.'

This was the first Jupiter had heard of it. He had forgotten about the musicale when he asked Betty to have dinner with him. Perhaps it is better to call it off, he mused, but it would have been an amazing gathering; I'd have given a lot to see the Sampsons, Hadley, Fitzgerald, and the Fairchilds in one room to-night.

Renier was chattering. 'But I cannot understand your American newspapers. In France when one is murdered the press is full of details — his mistresses, his enemies, all are mentioned. But here, *pouf!* There is nothing!'

If you only knew, thought Jupiter.

Renier continued: 'He was stabbed, I read. Now to me that would suggest a woman. . . .'

Somewhere in the back of Jupiter's mind

something clicked. Stabbed! That was the word, the one word that brought back the point he had missed the night before.

He whooped. The mouths of Hadley and the Frenchman dropped open.

'Excuse me,' said Jupiter, 'but what you've just said, Mr. Renier, may help a lot. I can't tell. Glad to have seen you.'

He rushed out. They stared after him.

'That young man is perhaps mad?' Renier asked incredulously.

Hadley was mute.

As Jupiter tore down the stairs he laughed at his own stupidity.

'To think,' he muttered, 'that a lightweight Frenchman would be the one to make me remember this! Of course, things happened pretty swiftly last night, but I bet the Inspector would have had it in a second if he'd been in my place.'

When he was outside he slowed down. He was doing some rapid thinking. 'There's no mistake about it, I'm sure of that, but I wonder if I ought to hold out on the Inspector again. No, it will be wiser to tell him, although I hate to.'

Mr. Fairchild had telephoned just after the radio report had come on, but in the dispatch there had been no mention of stabbing. It had merely said that Singer was murdered, but when Jupiter had arrived at the Fairchilds', some ten minutes later, Mr. Fairchild had met him at the door and mentioned casually that he had heard that Singer was stabbed.

'There's only one way he could have found that out,' said Jupiter grimly.

X

Rankin was back in Singer's room telling reporters he had nothing to say. Jupiter recognized some of them when he came in. The Sergeant took one look at Jupiter's face and then told the reporters to clear out.

When they had gone he said, 'What's on your mind?'

'Plenty,' said Jupiter, with feeling. 'But first tell me if you've checked on Mr. Fairchild's alibi.'

'Sure I have. What's the trouble?'

'What time did he get home?'

Rankin frowned. 'I don't see what you're getting at, but he got home a little

after seven. He said he had stopped in at his club here in Cambridge for a cocktail after seeing Singer. I saw the steward at his club this morning. He told me he thought Fairchild left about quarter of seven after coming in just after six. Does that sound all right?’

‘It sounds all right,’ nodded Jupiter. ‘But listen to this.’

For a while after he had finished, Rankin was silent.

‘You don’t think there can be any mistake about it?’ demanded the Sergeant.

‘I don’t see how,’ answered Jupiter, ‘unless he was lying when he said he had heard the news over the radio and I can’t see any reason why he should if he had nothing to do with it.’

‘Do you suppose he went to his office this morning?’

‘I’ll find out,’ said Jupiter, dialing a number.

‘Wait a minute,’ yelled the Sergeant. ‘Don’t tell him I want to see him.’

‘Don’t worry,’ said Jupiter. ‘Hello? Is Mr. Fairchild there? . . . He is? Thank you.’

He hung up.

‘I’m coming with you,’ he said.

‘My God, you work fast, don’t you?’ smiled Rankin. ‘Well, I suppose I’ll have to take you along. Come on.’

Rankin found Illinois and they piled into a car.

Jupiter sat back comfortably as they drove along the Charles.

Rankin turned to him. ‘You know, Jones, you may have solved this murder.’

‘It looks that way. I think Singer deserved to be killed and I kind of hate to see anyone caught for doing it. Fairchild may be a stuffed shirt, but I like him.’

‘You think he did it?’

Jupiter stared at the Sergeant. ‘Hell! Don’t you?’

‘We have no proof of it. Just because he knew that Singer was stabbed does n’t mean he killed him.’

‘Is there any other explanation?’

‘There’s a very good explanation,’ said Rankin, ‘which you have overlooked entirely. To me it’s the obvious one. Look here. Fairchild left his club at quarter of seven and was home just after seven; that does n’t leave him much time to kill a man, but I’ll

admit that if everything broke right for him he could have done it. Now the obvious thing seems to me that if he did n’t do it someone told him that Singer was stabbed.’

‘Who could have?’

‘His wife,’ said Rankin simply.

‘My God!’ said Jupiter. ‘That had never entered his head — he’d been so convinced that she was innocent.’

‘We’ll wait and see,’ he said.

‘Right, but I would n’t be surprised if Fairchild broke down and confessed,’ said the Sergeant contradictorily.

Jupiter was in the dark. ‘Now what are you suggesting?’

‘If he knew she did it, he might try to save her.’

‘You think of everything, Inspector,’ said Jupiter, impressed.

They were silent while Illinois fought his way through the maze of Boston’s downtown traffic and at length drew up in front of the bank.

Rankin got out. ‘You stay here,’ he told Jupiter.

Jupiter climbed in front with Illinois. ‘Turn on the radio, Captain, while we wait for the General.’

Rankin sent his name through to Mr. Fairchild and in a very few minutes was ushered into the executive’s office. Like his study at home, Fairchild’s office was decorated almost entirely with pictures of sailboats. The banker arose, shook hands, and offered Rankin a chair.

‘I just want to ask you a few questions about last night, Mr. Fairchild,’ said the Sergeant, sitting down.

Fairchild held up his hand. ‘I think I can save you the trouble, Sergeant; I have an idea why you wanted to see me this morning.’ He paused and passed his hand over his tanned forehead. ‘I should have told you all this last night. I don’t know why I did n’t, except that everything happened so fast I did n’t have a chance to think clearly. . . . Well, what I’m going to tell you is the absolute truth; it will be hard to believe and I hardly expect you to, but nevertheless . . .’

‘Suppose you tell me, Mr. Fairchild. I have no reason not to believe you.’

‘Of course. Well, I don’t know how much you know about my affairs or what

happened last night. Let me start this way: my wife had been having an affair with Singer. I knew nothing about it until last week when she told me. She said then that she had told Singer that she could n't go on with it — that is, get a divorce from me and marry him; her home and our children meant more to her than that. As a matter of fact, I don't believe she ever loved him really — merely infatuated. . . . I am not a brilliant man; I have few interests in life, and those — well, those were not her interests. I can understand her infatuation for Singer, and in a way I can forgive her, but that is beside the point. . . . This past week Singer had been telephoning her regularly, against her will. I decided to see him and put a stop to it. It may not have been my affair, but I decided to make it so. Anyway, last evening, as you know, I went to see him — that was at five-thirty. I told him my wife did not want to see him again and for him to stop making an ass of himself. He told me quite frankly that it was none of my business; that my wife loved him and he was n't going to let me or anyone else interfere with his happiness. . . . I am convinced that he was in love with her; for that I can't blame him, but I told him that she was not in love with him and that he would have to reconcile himself to the fact. He told me that I was mistaken and that I was trying to influence her. By that time both of us were pretty well wrought up, as you may imagine, and he told me to get out and I did. . . . Well, as I told you last night, I went to my club. There, I thought the thing over and decided to go back and see Singer again to try and make him see my point. I was prepared to do anything to stop him. I want you to know that. By the time I reached his room I had worked myself up to a point where I was prepared to stop at nothing. Without knocking, I walked into his room and there I had the shock of my life . . .

He stopped. He was breathing as if he had just run a quarter mile.

Rankin waited.

Fairchild took a deep breath and continued: 'Singer was sprawled at his desk. I went up to him and saw wet blood near his head; I lifted him up and saw a knife. Then I did a stupid thing, the stupidest

thing I ever did in my life: I ran out of that room!'

Rankin did not speak.

'It sounds fantastic, but try and picture my state of mind. I had come to his room ready for anything — no definite plan, except to stop Singer from annoying my wife. And then to find him like that — dead — the shock was terrific! I could n't think of anything except that people would think that I had done it. Driving home, I thought the whole thing out and decided to call the police; then it seemed to me to be worse to do that because they would ask me why I had n't reported it immediately. . . . I wanted to keep my wife out of it if I could, because I knew if it all came out there would be a terrible scandal.'

'Is that all?' asked Rankin.

'Yes, that's all, and it's all the truth — you'll have to believe me.'

The Sergeant sat back in his chair. 'Mr. Fairchild, did you know when you found Singer in his room that your wife had been to see him?'

'No, I did not; young Jones — I mean I found out later that she had been to see him.'

'That's all right; I know about Jones's visit to your house,' went on Rankin. 'But when you found that she had been there between your two visits, what did you think?'

'What do you mean?' He was perplexed.

'Well, it must have been evident to you that she was the last person to see Singer alive.'

Fairchild thought a minute. 'Do you mean did it occur to me that she might have murdered him?'

'Exactly.'

'No, it did n't,' he said definitely. 'You see, we were playing backgammon when the news came over the radio that Singer had been found murdered. My wife fainted when she heard it.'

'Then you had told her nothing about your finding the body?'

'No; you see, I had planned then not to tell anyone. She does n't know it yet.'

'It never entered your head that Mrs. Fairchild might have murdered Singer,' mused the Sergeant.

Fairchild got up, his face crimson. 'She could n't possibly have done it, I know that

for a fact! . . . I don't know how many clues you have found, but you can be sure she had nothing to do with it!

'You're asking me to believe quite a lot, Mr. Fairchild,' said Rankin softly.

'Believe what you like of my story, but don't drag my wife into it!' He was raging; then suddenly he quieted. 'I'm sorry, Sergeant; you've been very patient. . . . I'm not saying that my wife is incapable of murder, because I believe if she set her mind on it she could easily murder someone. But not Singer. . . . I told you she fainted when she heard the news of his death. It was genuine, I assure you. My wife is not an actress.'

'We'll let it rest at that, Mr. Fairchild,' said Rankin, getting up. 'Now if you will tell me the exact time you found Singer's body, I'll go along.'

'Let's see. When I went to his room I was n't thinking of the time, but I remember seeing the clock on the tower of Hallowell House. It was about ten minutes of seven — I'm quite sure of that.'

'Thank you, Mr. Fairchild. I wish you had told me all this last night; it would have saved a lot of time.' He was going out.

'You have n't said whether you believe my story.'

At the door Rankin turned. 'Frankly I don't know what to believe, Mr. Fairchild. You said, did n't you, that the knife was in his back?'

Fairchild did n't hesitate. 'No, I did n't say that. It was through his heart, in front.'

'Thanks,' said Rankin, going out.

The Sergeant seated himself with a sigh in the back of the car, telling Illinois to go back to Cambridge. Jupiter joined him in the back seat.

'No arrests, Inspector?' asked Jupiter.

Rankin told him of the interview, calmly and without committing himself.

'There's nothing like a murder to make people lose their heads and do damn-fool things,' he finished sadly.

'Looks as though Fairchild crossed both of us up.'

'That's just the trouble,' sighed Rankin. 'I went in there expecting almost everything and he gave me that story. It's so improbable that I nearly believe it.'

'Do you still cling to Mrs. Fairchild as the logical candidate?'

'He does n't, anyway,' said Rankin circumspectly. 'I don't know what to make of him; he's not as stupid as he thinks he is.'

'He's not stupid, he's just dull. There's a difference.'

'Well, anyway, it narrows down the time of Singer's death — we've got that much, at least.'

When they got back to Hallowell House they got more.

A policeman met them at the door.

'There's a student here, Sergeant, who's been looking for you; says he has something that may be important.'

'Let's hope so,' said Rankin.

They went into Singer's room and Jupiter recognized Bob Berrings, an athlete who lived on the top floor of the entry. He looked as if he had just got up. He had.

'You wanted to see me?' asked Rankin.

Berrings's mind, even while working at top speed, was not a thing to rave over. He said, 'Well, I thought I ought to.'

'What about?'

'Well, last night I was out pretty late and I just woke up half an hour ago. That was the first I heard of the murder.'

'Very interesting,' said Jupiter.

'I read in the paper how you did n't know when Professor Singer was murdered, so I thought I ought to tell you.'

Rankin gasped, 'Good God, do you know when he was murdered?'

'Well, here's what I wanted to tell you. I was writing a report for Singer that was supposed to be in Monday, but I asked him if it was all right if I got it in last night. He did n't like it, but he said if it was in by six-thirty it would be all right.'

He stopped; the mere effort of speaking was a strain on him.

Rankin waited patiently.

'Well, I finally finished the damn thing at about six-thirty, and you see, I had a date with this girl for dinner. She lives out in Dedham and I was supposed to be there at seven, so I was in a hurry. As a matter of fact, I was a little late, but I had to wait for her, so it was all right.'

He was winded.

'Now here's what happened,' he went on. 'I brought the report downstairs with me to

give to Professor Singer. I guess it must have been twenty minutes of seven by then. I had a little trouble tying my tie, and you know when you're in a hurry it takes a lot of time. Well, I knocked on the door and nothing happened, so I thought Singer must be in the dining room, so I put the report in his mailbox and went out.'

He smiled triumphantly.

'Is that all?' asked the Sergeant, dumb-founded.

Berrings nodded.

'Anticlimax Department,' whispered Jupiter.

'You can check up on the time, because Professor Sampson and Professor Hadley came out of Hadley's room as I was going out,' said Berrings.

'Well, well,' said Jupiter. 'Then you think Singer must have been dead when you knocked on the door?'

'Yes, that's what I meant.'

'How long did you wait after knocking?' asked Rankin.

'I did n't wait long, because, you see, I was in a hurry, and I thought of course Singer was having dinner; I just put the report in the mailbox and went out. It's still there.'

'You heard no sound from Singer's room? He could n't have called to you to come in?' asked the Sergeant.

'No, I'm pretty sure he did n't,' he said, scratching his head.

'Well, thanks a lot. There's nothing more you can say that might help?'

'No, I don't think so.'

'Thanks very much, then. If you think of anything let me know.'

Rankin ushered him to the door. When he had left, Jupiter said, 'That would seem to put the pants on Fairchild's story.'

'It might, but it does n't help his wife,' answered Rankin. 'If Singer was dead at twenty minutes of seven, that leaves twenty-five minutes for the murder.'

'Nice figuring; anyway, we're getting warmer. How about lunch, Inspector? I can't vouch for the food, but it's free.'

'Sorry, I'm having lunch with Singer's lawyer. I'll see you this afternoon. I'm late now,' he said, going out. 'This has been quite a morning.'

Jupiter nodded. 'Not quite up to last night, perhaps, but interesting, yes.'

XI

Back in his room after lunch, Jupiter collapsed on his couch to wait for Rankin. He could think of nothing to do, and when that situation persisted he usually relaxed. He was almost asleep when the telephone rang. It was Betty.

'What's on your mind?' asked Jupiter, regaining consciousness.

'Nothing; I'm just lonely,' she said sadly. 'All alone with the ghosts of all these beautiful paintings around me — not to mention Miss Slade, a wraith if ever I saw one. And that's why I called you. But first, what was the meaning of your sprint down the stairs after you left me?'

'Oh, that! A tame goose chase, I'm afraid. What about the mystery woman?'

'Don't think you're the only sleuth in these parts, my boy. Listen to this. Just after you and the charming Sergeant had departed, I spied Slade coming out of Singer's office bearing papers. She headed downstairs, and just for the hell of it I decided to trail along under the pretext of answering a call. Well, I came upon her dumping the bundle in that great bucket of waste papers they keep in the basement. She'd just tossed the pile in, and in her hand was a thing that looked like a newspaper clipping, and when she saw me she tore it in small pieces into the bucket. I went by her, nodding in my own attractive manner, and kept on going. When I came back she had gone. So-o-o-o, I proceeded to dig around until I found the pile she'd thrown in first. They were just lecture notes, which she'd throw away ordinarily. Then I tried to find the pieces of the newspaper clipping. Well, you know what it's like trying to find a lot of tiny bits of paper in a basket like that, but what I did find was a piece giving the date of the paper. It said, "New York, March 3, (AP)" which proves nothing, but I kept it.'

'Well, if it is n't Mary Roberts Rinehart, herself!' laughed Jupiter. 'Are you sure there was n't another one saying, "The person who killed Singer was . . ."?'

'Shut up, you mug. Why would she tear it up in small pieces if it was n't important?'

'I'm ashamed of you. You've known Miss Slade for a long time and you don't

realize she has a dual personality. She is obsessed with a sense of the dramatic.'

'Oh, excuse me,' she said elaborately. 'Of course I'd forgotten that the only way to solve crimes these days is by psychology. I'll throw it away immediately and watch the movements of her hands. Oh, Lord, here she comes now. Good-bye.'

Jupiter hung up and smiled. The spirit of amateur detection was really getting a firm grip in the community.

'I may be getting senile,' he told himself, 'but I fail to see how a ten-day-old newspaper clipping can have anything to do with our troubles.'

He fell back on the sofa and lit a cigarette, waiting for the Sergeant.

XII

He did n't have to wait long. Rankin materialized in the fire door, looking worn.

'Cheer up, Inspector,' smiled Jupiter, 'it's just the after-lunch letdown — it gets us all. No luck with the advocate?'

'Not much. I was hoping he would give me something to go on. I was disappointed. Come on in here — I want someone to talk to.'

Jupiter rolled off the couch. 'Your unfailing instinct has led you to the right person. I wonder how many times my friends have come to me and said, "Jones, old man, there's something I've got to tell you; no one else would understand."'

In Singer's room Rankin sat down at the desk in the chair in which Singer had died.

Jupiter stared at him. 'Oh, I know what we're going to do — we're going to reenact the crime. Please, teacher, can I be the murderer?'

Rankin looked at him gloomily. 'Are n't you ever serious?'

'Certainly I am, but you look like one of the darker moments in *Crime and Punishment*. I'd hoped my lively banter would help you recapture that devil-may-care spirit I knew of old. Have you forgotten so soon, Inspector, those mad, carefree student days in Paris when we wandered bareheaded through the streets with a song on our lips and a girl on our arm?'

Rankin smiled. 'Please shut up; I'm trying to think.'

He had a sheet of paper before him and was making some notes. Jupiter looked over his shoulder.

'Aha!' grinned Jupiter. 'I thought it was about time for that. You know, I've yet to read a detective story where there was n't a time-table or a list of alibis tucked in somewhere. Where do we begin?'

Rankin disregarded him. 'Fitzgerald left here at about six-five and stopped in at the Square for a glass of beer. I talked with the bartender and he remembers him, but he can't remember how long he stayed. He says he thinks he had two beers. Fitzgerald got back to the hotel at ten minutes of seven, I know that. Now, say he got to the Square at six-ten and left the joint at six-thirty — time enough for two drinks — then it took him twenty minutes to get from there to the Continental. How does that sound?'

'It sounds like a good argument for the W. C. T. U.,' said Jupiter. 'Fairchild leaves here and has cocktails, Fitzgerald has two beers, and, as you must know by this time, I was doing a little drinking myself at about that time.'

'What I mean is the time element. Fitzgerald said he left the bar at six-forty, but that seems a long time for two beers. How long do you think it would take to walk from the Square to the Continental?'

'Ten minutes.'

'Yes. Well, I guess that that lets Fitzgerald out, although he could have come back here and then taken a taxi to the hotel.'

'Hell, everyone that left here could n't have come back. We've had one already. Have you got any motive for Fitzgerald to come back?'

'None at all, but I have to leave the possibility open. Of course if Singer was dead at twenty minutes of seven, as I think he must have been, it would n't leave Fitzgerald much time. No, I think he's all right.'

The Sergeant looked at his paper and frowned. 'We know Fairchild's story, and the more I think about it, the more I'm inclined to believe it. That leaves Mrs. Fairchild.'

'More or less holding the satchel,' said Jupiter seriously.

'Yes. And except for one point I'd

think she did it. As it is, I don't think so.'

Rankin got up from the desk and wandered across the room to the sofa at the other end. Jupiter watched him closely without any idea of what he was thinking.

'I confess I don't know what goes on, Inspector,' said Jupiter.

'I may be wrong myself, but it's a point I thought of last night as soon as I came into the room. Look, Singer died instantly—I know that from the examiner. Does that suggest anything?'

'Let's not play guessing games, Inspector. I'm not up to it.'

'Well, if he died instantly he must have been at his desk when he was stabbed. Unless, of course, someone put him there later, and there's no reason to think that. Now if he had been expecting Mrs. Fairchild to call on him, as we know he was, what would he do when she came in?'

'I'm impressed, Inspector. You answer the questions.'

'He'd get up, naturally, and he would offer her a chair,—probably the sofa,—and then he would sit down beside her. Do you see my point? Why would he sit at his desk way over at the other end of the room for an interview with a woman he was in love with?'

'I see that, all right, and it's a good point,' mused Jupiter. 'But why did it occur to you last night when you knew nothing about Mrs. Fairchild?'

Rankin waved his hand. 'I did n't connect it with her, of course, but I figured immediately that a man must have killed him, because he would be unlikely to talk to a woman seated at his desk.'

'Right; it would be unlikely, but not impossible.'

'No, not impossible. But there's a cigarette butt with lipstick on it still in this ash tray by the sofa.'

He held up the stub.

'Good work,' laughed Jupiter. 'Now we have cigarette butts coming in. It's practically perfect.'

He was relieved that the Sergeant had admitted that he did n't think Mrs. Fairchild had done it. Then a horrible thought struck him like a whack on the head. He had picked up the pocketbook at the edge of the desk! That knocked hell out of

Rankin's theory that she had never come near the desk!

Rankin talked on while Jupiter tried to keep his face from giving him away.

'Another thing that occurred to me is that if she had come here with the idea of killing him, she would have brought a gun or something to do it with. Even if she had known about that knife on Singer's desk I doubt if she would have used it. Do you remember my saying when I first learned that the knife belonged to Singer that the person who did it must have done it in a fit of rage and not by premeditation?'

'Yes,' said Jupiter weakly.

'Then, even if she had got mad enough to kill him, she would n't have seen the knife on the desk when she was sitting over here. I'm forced to admit that she did n't do it.'

Jupiter sighed. Hell, if Rankin thought she did n't do it, and he thought she did n't do it, and Mr. Fairchild thought she did n't do it, why should he try to change the Sergeant's mind?

'And where does that leave us?' asked Jupiter.

'I'll tell you in a minute, but first there are some other points that need going over. Singer's lawyer said that there were no relations close enough to matter. That is, no one who might have a financial interest in his death. As a matter of fact, he left no will, and his insurance money was made out to the Fogg Museum. It came to ten thousand dollars. Now here's the most interesting thing I learned from his lawyer. He said that Singer had told him that he was considering retiring at the end of this year.'

Jupiter was surprised. 'Really? Why, I had n't even heard a rumor about it.'

'No one seems to have heard about it. He must have been keeping it secret.'

'Singer was going to retire?' mused Jupiter. 'That means he must have had a certain amount of cash lying around. I thought he was almost dependent on his salary.'

'I asked the lawyer about that and he told me he thought Singer had just about enough to live on. You know, he goes abroad almost every summer, and he seems to have planned to live there permanently. He told the lawyer that he was

sick of teaching and wanted to devote the rest of his life to research and writing.'

'Well, well, he seems to have retired a little prematurely.'

Jupiter lit a cigarette with the vague feeling that he was smoking too much. He had, by experience, established the fact that when a cigarette tastes wonderful in the morning it's going to taste terrible in the evening. Knowing this, however, seldom made him cut down. A question arose in his mind.

'I just wondered, Inspector, why Miss Slade telephoned when she did last night. I suppose you've asked her?'

Rankin looked puzzled. 'Why do you ask that?'

Jupiter shrugged. 'I don't know. It just popped into my head.'

'I thought of that and asked her. She said she wanted to find out something about her work. Is there any reason why she should n't telephone?'

'None at all that I know of,' conceded Jupiter.

The Sergeant shook his head and sat down on the couch. Jupiter felt sorry for him.

'Keep your chin up, Inspector. After all, Singer was only killed last night. You can't expect to have the murderer tied up and ready for delivery right away.'

Rankin got to his feet. 'Well,' he sighed, 'back to the grind.'

'See you later, Inspector,' said Jupiter vaguely.

XIII

After the Sergeant had left, Jupiter went into his bedroom and threw himself on his bed. He could think better lying down.

'Now, Jones, you old detective, you're going to start from the time when you found the body and go over every minute detail that happened up to the present writing and see if there's anything you missed.'

For an hour and a half he concentrated. For an uninterrupted period of heavy thought, it set a record. But when Jupiter put his mind on a subject it stayed there. That partly explained his ability to get good marks without apparently doing any studying. There are students who will

say: 'Well, I worked five hours last night — I know this stuff cold,' and when they are tested on it fail miserably. Jupiter had a photographic memory. He could go over a pile of two hundred slides, the basis of the study of Fine Arts at Harvard, and with half an hour's study be able to recognize any one of them a month later, giving the name of the painter, his dates, and his school.

When the period of brain exercise was over, there were several points that he felt could stand more explaining.

'I think the person to see is our old friend the Ghost Woman,' he said, getting up. 'Hell, if the Inspector can have a theory, I see no reason why I can't work one up.'

A telephone call to Betty at the Museum disclosed that Miss Slade had gone home and was not expected to return. After much difficulty Betty found out where she lived and passed the information on to Jupiter.

In a few minutes he was walking up the murky staircase of her rooming house.

'I'm sure she'll be pleased to see me,' he muttered. 'We shall take tea together.'

Miss Slade opened the door cautiously and looked at him blankly. There was absolutely no expression on her face. He had expected some reaction to his sudden appearance at her home. Astonishment, dislike, fear, or at least interrogation should have been written on her face in capital letters. But there was nothing — just a white face, and an ugly one at that. My God, what a woman, he thought.

'What do you want?' she said in a tone so flat you could lay it on the floor and use it as a rug.

'I just wanted to talk to you a minute, Miss Slade. Do you mind if I come in?'

She said nothing and walked back into the room. He followed her.

'What is it?' she asked calmly.

Jupiter had been ready to ask her a lot of things, but her complete indifference to him had shaken him badly.

He gazed around the dark, unattractive room. Somehow he knew that her room would be like this, devoid of any taste or character. Yet, when he had told Betty that Miss Slade had a dual personality, he believed it to be true, and had hoped for

some touch of color in the room to corroborate it. There was none. He decided she was an enigma. Come, come, Jones, he told himself, this is getting you nowhere.

'Did you know that Professor Singer had been planning to retire at the end of this year?' he asked. That question at least would do no harm.

'If you have come here to ask me questions about Professor Singer, Mr. Jones, you will be disappointed. I told the policeman all I know about it and I do not want to discuss it further.'

Her mouth closed with a snap.

Jupiter tried another line. 'I'm just trying to find out who killed him, Miss Slade. I think you can help.'

She sighed. 'He is dead — there's nothing anyone can do about that.'

'That's perfectly true,' agreed Jupiter. 'But are n't you interested in who killed him?'

'I told you before, I have nothing to say.'

Jupiter was having trouble keeping his temper. 'Last night when you came to Singer's room you seemed fairly sure that Mr. Fitzgerald had killed him.'

She sat down, still with the empty expression on her face.

'Mr. Jones, I think the police are capable of handling everything; I don't think it's any of your affair. I would be pleased if you would leave. I am very tired and would like to rest.'

The statement was final. Anyone but Jupiter would have departed, but he had walked all the way to her room and had no intention of leaving until he had finished. He could see she was keyed fairly high and he wanted to say something that would shake her calm.

He took a shot in the dark. 'I have been talking with Sergeant Rankin and he

does n't seem satisfied with your explanation of why you telephoned when you did last night.'

The shot landed. She was staggered.

'I — I phoned about some work I was doing. Is there anything unusual about that?'

Her voice trembled, and for the first time there was a look of fear on her face.

Jupiter followed it up. 'But when you arrived at the room you were convinced that Fitzgerald had killed Professor Singer. How did you know that he had been murdered?'

She did n't hesitate. 'I did n't know he was murdered until I got to Hollowell House. I heard people talking about it.'

'But as soon as you saw Mr. Fitzgerald you accused him of the murder,' he said quietly.

'You were there last night and heard Mr. Fitzgerald's explanation.'

'And you're satisfied with that now?'

'I am,' she answered softly. 'Now, Mr. Jones, I wish you would leave me. I don't want to talk any more.'

There was nothing he could do. He smiled and started for the door.

'Thank you very much, Miss Slade. I'm awfully sorry to have bothered you. I know how tired you must be. But I have been under suspicion myself and I'm just trying to help the police.'

At the door he stopped and gave her what he considered his most charming smile. 'By the way, have you ever seen Fitzgerald's portrait of Singer?'

She got up. 'No, I never have. Good-bye, Mr. Jones.'

Her cat was massaging itself against her ankles.

He went out and closed the door.

'Net profit of interview, zero,' he told the stairs. 'But, reading between the lines, not quite a total loss.'

(To be concluded)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WATCHING THINGS GROW

Now that the days are growing shorter, and the marigolds are so big that no weed comes near them, I wonder how I can face next spring's gardening. If one more person, just one more, asks me with an upward look and a quaver in the voice whether I don't love working in the earth and watching things grow, I shall go quietly but definitely out of my mind.

It took me a little while to learn what can and what cannot be said to confirmed gardeners. My first lesson came from Miss Stephenson next door — whose delphiniums reach five feet when mine are still breaking the ice in the pitcher. She watched me tug at a bad piece of witch grass, perspiration dripping from my chin. 'Is n't it thrilling?' she asked. 'Don't you love to work in your garden and watch things grow?'

'No,' I said, in the simple innocence of my first year among the chosen, 'I do it as a painful duty. My trouble is that I was born a New Englander, and I must have things tidy. But as pleasure I think gardening ranks with spring house cleaning and Simonizing the car.'

Miss Stephenson looked at me for a minute without speaking. It came over me, dulled with toil as I was, that a fundamentalist looks at an atheist in just that way.

Then she pulled out a tremolo stop and gave me of her best — something about the miracle of creation. I wiped the drops from my chin and said no more. It is not true that I threw a stalk of ragweed at her.

I don't watch things grow. I pull them up. Only the weeds do much growing anyway, and my habits are not such that I could watch them even if I wanted to. They grow in the night, and on rainy days. When the sun and I come out, there they are — the size and shape of Miss Stephenson's delphiniums, but more muscular.

It's a miracle, but I don't sing *Te Deums* about it.

I did n't know gardening was like that. When we bought the old colonial house a year ago — white paint, green shutters, big fireplaces, all the rest — we were in transports over the gardens. Plot upon plot of them — neglected for some time, it is true, but with daffodils and roses and hollyhocks still bravely pursuing their seasons. I little realized the developments in weed circles in the interregnum, or what the situation would mean to me personally.

So I keep on pulling them up. I carry basketful after basketful of their limp corpses to the dump heap in the hollow, which is, I think, growing a little smelly. Caterpillars crawl on me and rosebugs creep down my neck. I kneel where the dogs have preceded me. I lug stones around and they fall on my toes, making funny black spots. My knees ache, and I am tanned in strange places.

But it's not these things — at least I *think* it is n't — that have got me down. It's the other gardeners. One after another they come, starry-eyed, and ask, 'Don't you love to feel so close to Mother Earth?' 'Is n't it wonderful to be able to create so much beauty?' I can't yet think quickly enough of the right answers.

The other day it was a white-haired clergyman who knows how to make rosebugs say an eternal farewell to roses. We discussed that, seeing eye to eye. But at last he asked me — you know what. 'No, I think it's a tiresome business,' said I, blunt as ever, picking a thorn from the ball of the finger I use almost exclusively for typing. His face changed. Instantly I saw the enormity of the thing I had done. Here he was, *approaching the serene eventide* of a noble life, and I had told him I did not believe. I did n't sleep very well that night.

It's different, of course, if you're one of the admiring friends who visit my garden. (They come, upon my invitation, in wide

hats and loose gloves, with baskets and shears, and cut roses that they take home and drape in slender vases. I can see why they think the magic of creation is pretty thrilling.) Or if you're one of the purposeful souls who start out vigorously in the spring buying little flats of growing things from gentlemen who are n't in business for their health and who say little about the joy of watching things grow. (These first-of-the-season gardeners set out their sprouts in the cool of an evening, chirruping the while. After that, every week or so they telephone the Italian down the street, saying that the garden looks pretty bad, and how about it?) Or if you have on your place English John, whose father still takes care of the estate in the old country, though he's going on eighty. I confess that I never tire of watching the Johns of this world pull things up.

But I labor with my own hands in the vineyard in the heat of the morning; every morning when it does n't rain — that's when I transplant. And when the rains are over and my heavyweight weeds get discouraged, my work is not done. I spent this morning under bushes which had n't been trimmed for weeks, encompassed about by empty husks of strange beetles, a little like dwarf June bugs, which obviously died last year, if not earlier. I was unhappy.

I wonder about that Hungarian down on the river road. They say he did very well with his vineyards in the Carpathians.

APPRECIATION BY ERCS

SOMETIMES at a concert I shut my eyes. I know that there are soulful people who feel that only with carefully lowered lids and a rapt expression can they be true music lovers. I hate to run the risk of being soulful; and as a rule I frankly like to watch the conductor, the instruments, and all the other unmusical but richly contributory circumstances of the concert hall. But there are certain experiences of sound that must be pursued with the auditory sensibility undistracted. When Mozart explores the implications of a dazzling theme, and freezes them to constellated crystals; when Bach calls the trumpets to mount step by step to heaven's gate, I shut my eyes. This

is a moment when it is not salutary to see fiddle bows wagging, programmes winnowing, or frumpish faces.

And surely some other listener has closed his eyes against my face. If so, we are one in spirit, although we may not care to observe each other externally. I feel removed and yet united; I feel myself carried off into a fathomless and ideal region, yet I have a sense of others attending me invisibly in my flight, of being richly accompanied by many who are undergoing the same transport. Anyone given to fine sayings could make one about this experience: what we imagine to be sympathy and close union in this world proves to be a cheat and turns to ashes in the mouth; but when the Alone flies to the Alone, no longer asking human sympathy, it finds that it does not go solitary on its way, but compassed about by a cloud of silent witnesses. But I leave the fine saying to be put more gracefully and in fewer words by someone who believes it. As far as my musical experience is concerned, the sense of being in rapport with other listeners at a lofty and austere level of feeling ends always in a brutal shock.

I listen, with eyes closed, to the last strain, the sure resolution of the final phrase. All that airy architecture is about to be completed, and the edifice left shimmering in its own clear realm until it melts like snow crystals and vanishes into memory. Surely these thousand people, who have helped to raise the structure by lending their perceptive organs to its creation, will not lay violent hands upon it and profane it as soon as it is done, like little boys anxious only to kick apart the castles their elders have built for them. Surely they will respect the harmonies which they have come to hear. But no, the last resolved chord has not died away before the most extraordinary response takes place. All the cacophony of a world full of subways, oil trucks, and static pours into my eardrums and begins to flog and bludgeon and worry them with a very infatuation of din. Mountains of coal delivered in cosmic chutes, avalanches of rocks cracking a swath through an ancient forest, could not make a harsher racket. And what is this noise for? Does it express a virulent hatred of the conductor and contempt for his

programme? Is it the response of Yahoos to an attempt on their better feelings which they resent by gibbering? No, it is not; it is appreciation. It is the usual expression of gratitude by a cultivated American audience, the means by which it shows itself refined and hospitable to the best in music and the arts.

The eye now truly becomes a defense to the ear. I open my shut lids and look about. All around me human palms are flailing each other with orgiastic enthusiasm. Pale in the strained light of the concert hall, pairs of hands fly together and bounce apart with unpleasant reports, meeting and rebounding, pummeling, cracking, exploding, leaping across brief intervals of space for the ecstasy of audible contact, the exultant shock that sounds as little like music as anything can and therefore expresses the ultimate appreciation of it.

I observe a variety of techniques, for the extensive practice afforded by long concertgoing has reduced to a studied and familiar series of motions the art of bringing the hands together for the purpose of creating noise. There is the difference, for example, between the breadth of the arc or sweep through which the palms are made to pass before they hit. Some people clap their hands with the short, savage piston strokes of efficient boxers. Others fling their hands wide apart, endangering the faces of their neighbors, and bring them flying together through a generous segment of space. This method is certainly more demonstrative, but less accurate; besides, it is apt to hurt.

Another delicate question in technique is whether to stretch the hands, thus flattening and hardening the palms and producing a sharp, piercing tenor slap, a very stab of sound; or whether to hollow the palms, and bring them together so that a chamber of air is formed, which explodes with a hollow bass boom. The flat method is probably better for thin, small, bony hands, which cannot hope to boom; the cupped method is obviously better for large, fleshy, spreading hands, which can enclose a considerable body of air and puff it out in a deep, voluminous drum note.

These differences in technique are evidence of experiment, practice, and de-

votion — yes, of devotion. For what man has reduced to technique he has first greatly loved. And all this is evidence in turn of the large number of people who attend concerts not to hear music but to applaud it. Applause is the real end for which they are present; no one can doubt it who observes them. They may give every sign of indifference, even desperate tedium, while the music is going on — fluttering their programmes, heaving deep sighs, concealing irresistible yawns; but just as soon as it stops, vitality and a great joy flood through them. They rouse themselves, with the light of lust, the zeal of a mission in their eyes, and set about their work of pounding hands together with fiery energy and grim delight.

It makes little difference what has been played. Their appreciation is indiscriminating. The old, the new, the austere, the popular, a fugue by Bach or a tone poem by Strauss — all are equal provocations to the violent clipper-clapper which they are waiting to produce. The religious ecstasy of Franck, the moody evocations of Sibelius, arouse the same response. The pale flat hands break forth in a brash clatter, the great booming pudgy hands puff out their pillowy thunder. Some beat with a slow, insistent, measured, relentless rhythm, others with a nervous rat-a-tat-tat, like the spattering of a machine gun. All are united in the fervor of a devotional act. If there has been a soloist, he is compelled to return again and again — regardless of what he has played or how he played it. Five, six, seven times he returns and bows his head. Almost visibly the surf of sound breaks over his scalp and sprays about his ears, drenching and suffusing him in its hideous flood.

Now applause is an excellent thing in its way. It is good to be enthusiastic on a fit occasion. Self-expression is often therapeutic, and nothing is more healthful than to join with others in an overflowing demonstration of excitement and approval for a great work. But we need some way of expressing appreciation for music not quite so sharply in contradiction to the object we mean to appreciate. No one would think it suitable to reward a fine performance of Beethoven's Mass by dumping a ton of coal down a chute, beginning just

before the last notes had died away; yet, in terms of auditory phenomena, that is about what the clapping of an audience approximates. In the Opera House, when the tenor is perilously clinging to his high note before cascading down to rest, — clinging like the middle-aged man on the flying trapeze, to borrow Thurber's language, — then, as I should rather hear the applause than the tenor, I feel no objection, even when it begins prematurely. But those who go to instrumental concerts have a right to ask that some less obstreperous and more consistent response to music be devised.

My personal feeling would be in favor of electrical equipment — buttons, or, still better, levers offering a graduated resistance — which would operate a gigantic but silent dial in full view over the stage. At the conclusion of the piece, everyone in the hall who desired could push the button or lever on the back of the chair just before him, and the total energy would be registered by the indicator on the dial above the stage. An enthusiastic audience, really stirred to a sacramental pitch of appreciation, could gratify itself by trying to make the indicator pass all previously recorded totals; it could even try to break the machine. The device would have the great advantage of providing both silence and physical release. It would not profane the music, and yet would give an opportunity for the expression of feelings pent up and accumulated while the performance was going on.

Nothing is more fascinating, too, than watching long-established records fall before new achievement. No doubt previous applause records would be printed in the programme book; the audience could look them up, and strive to shatter them. In this way, as far as I can see, appreciation could increase beyond limit. An element of exactitude might also be introduced into criticism. 'A small but enthusiastic audience' would have a definite meaning. A norm of enthusiasm, precisely measured by the dial, would exist as a yardstick of comparison.

How perfectly in keeping it would all be with the progressive and positive spirit of the times! Musical slogan for a scientific age: appreciation by ergs!

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

To gain an understanding of how rapidly — and how very slowly — the world moves, I know of no more effective pastime than the reading of dictionaries. I mean secondhand dictionaries that are antiquated and out of date. My own secondhand dictionary I acquired last week in a bookshop for the unextravagant expenditure of a dime, and I am frank to say that I have been reading it almost continuously ever since, to the detriment of what some people would perhaps consider my more important tasks. It is a thickish octavo, bound in what was once a costly marbled calf, and is entitled *A Critical Pronouncing Dictionary and Expositor of the English Language*, with the subheading: 'To Which Are Prefixed Rules to Be Observed by the Natives of Scotland, Ireland, & London, for Avoiding Their Respective Peculiarities.'

The compiler of my dictionary was Mr. John Walker, — that same John Walker whose *Rhyming Dictionary* has in a century aided the construction of uncountable reams of bad poetry, — and my edition, printed by Collins and Hannay at 230 Pearl Street, New York, in 1823, is 'revised, enlarged,' and presumably brought right up to the minute.

John Walker was, of course, an Englishman, and he was also an indomitable and frosty controversialist. That, I think, is one of the chief charms of his composition. The writing of dictionaries has, alas, deteriorated nowadays into a prosy chore. Lexicographers no longer write disparaging footnotes about one another in their dictionaries, or lend color and piquance to their definitions by the occasional judicious injection of a little withering invective. Mr. Walker was better-tempered than some, but he fills his pages, for all that, with small digs at his confrères. In the matter of the word 'yellow,' he becomes definitely peevish toward Dr. Kenrick, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Perry, who, he says, aver that the word should be pronounced 'yallow.' He winds up a petulant paragraph or two by remarking, 'I am *very* much deceived if that pronunciation does not border closely on the vulgar.'

We should agree with him in that to-day, no doubt, but his views on certain other

words are, as I remarked earlier, somewhat startling. He is very much exercised over 'wound,' the noun. To pronounce it 'woond' — which he finds the populace doggedly doing — is anathema to him. That pronunciation, he says, 'is a capricious novelty,' and adds that it is 'fantastical, and must be entirely abolished.' Could he listen to the speech of 1936, he would, I suppose, be moved to anger and despair to note how ill his advice has been received.

One might have guessed, from the toplofty reference to the Irish on his title-page, that Mr. Walker was a proud and unyielding Anglophile, but it comes as something of a shock, all the same, to find him insisting that the only allowable pronunciation for the word 'sous' ('a small French coin') is 'souse.' Elsewhere among the *s*'s he becomes annoyed at the 'corrupt pronunciation' of the word 'sewer,' which, he tells the reader, *should* be pronounced 'shore.' With those quibblers who endeavor to make a distinction in pronunciation between 'satire' and 'satyr' he has no patience; both words, he says flatly, should be pronounced 'say-tire,' and he writes no less than five paragraphs of Latin allusions to prove it, while denouncing the odious Messrs. Nares, Elphinstone, and Buchanan for trying to persuade the public otherwise.

On page 433 he rebukes in no uncertain terms those know-nothing laymen who have attempted to make 'raisin' sound the way it is spelled. It should sound exactly like 'reason,' he says, and points out that in *Henry the Fourth* Shakespeare makes a pun with the two words. 'This pun very evidently shows that these words were pronounced exactly alike in Shakespeare's time, and that Mr. Sheridan's pronunciation of this word, as if written "rays'n," is not only contrary to good usage, but, what many would think a greater offense, destructive of the wit of Shakespeare!'

It is somehow very pleasant to note that one hundred and thirteen years ago 'the vulgar' were having trouble with exactly the same words that plague them to-day, and — as Mr. Walker points out with a wince — were saying 'rense' for 'rinse,' and 'ostridge' for 'ostrich,' and clinging tenaciously to 'mischeevious' and 'incomparable' and 'hunderd.' There are fine old traditions, it appears, even for mispronunciations.

And then it is agreeable, too, to note that most of the words about the pronunciation of which people argue heatedly to-day were being similarly argued about — and with no more definite conclusions — in 1823. Shall we pronounce it 'vase,' as spelled, or shall we pronounce it 'vahz'? Even John Walker, who lacked nothing in positiveness, would not venture to decide. Shall it be 'resin' or shall it be 'rozz'n'? Shall the *a* be short in 'patronize,' or would 'paytronize' be preferable?

There is much for which to be grateful to Mr. Walker. He had the hardihood, for instance, to give a place in his dictionary to 'swindle' and 'statistic,' and to 'isolated' and 'manoeuvre,' while admitting that these queer words had never before appeared in any dictionary. Also, he made an exhaustively complete listing of words prefixed by 'un,' even going so far as to set down (but not attempt to define) a word 'unperspirable.' Best of all, perhaps, he showed a fine scorn of hyphens, believing that a compound word should be written quite as solidly and compactly as any other. Thus his pages gladden the eyes with such whopping phrase words as 'trueloversknot' and 'manylanguaged' and 'superexcrecence.'

It is by this practice that he achieves what I think is the most Icelandic-looking word I have ever seen in an English dictionary. This word is 'skimmilk.'

"I Have a Million Dollars to Leave"

1 1 1

If you had one million dollars to give to your community, how would you wish it spent?

This is not a hypothetical question. An *Atlantic* reader is studying that actual problem to-day. Feeling in need of counsel, he sent to the *Atlantic* a statement of his case, together with letters of endorsement from his bankers. Read his statement carefully: —

I am a retired business man, spending the last years of a long life in the town (now city) where I was born and have continuously lived. In one respect I am fortunate — I am, measured by local standards certainly, wealthy. In another respect I am most unfortunate — I have no near relatives. This fact has complicated the problem of what I shall do with my money, and I have spent many hours pondering it. I have reached no conclusion which satisfies me. After providing for certain old friends and distant relatives, I shall have a million dollars to leave. To whom — for what good purpose — shall I leave it? Perhaps the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* can help me.

The money was made in this community and I want it to go back to the community in some wise and beneficial manner. I shall attempt to describe the community as completely as I can without disclosing its identity. My city is close to 100,000 in population, is situated in the Middle West, surrounded by rich farm land. Although some sizable manufacturers are located here, we are not predominantly an industrial city. There is no large foreign population. Our growth has been slow and steady. I suppose we did not go quite so low in the depression as even the average American city; we did not fly quite so high in the "boom" days preceding. We have a good school system, good parks and playgrounds, swimming pools and golf courses, even a small art gallery. We have very adequate hospitals, well endowed. There is no local college or university. My problem of how best to dispose of my money is the more difficult because there is no single outstanding need which shows itself.

Certainly I am not looking for a useless decorative memorial. A dozen purposes suggest themselves, but there is always the disconcerting suspicion that a better purpose, a wiser memorial, has been overlooked. From the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* I hope the suggestion may come of this wise memorial which has eluded my own thinking.

1 1 1

The donor, who wishes to be anonymous, has authorized the *Atlantic* to award a prize of \$1000 for a paper of not more than a thousand words containing the best suggestion or plan for the disposal of this million-dollar gift.

The manuscripts will be judged by the editors, whose decision will be final. It is hoped that they will be typed, but those in *legible* handwriting will be acceptable.

Manuscripts must be submitted to the *Atlantic Monthly*, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, on or before September 15, 1936. The prize-winning paper will be published in the magazine, if possible in the November issue. No employee of the *Atlantic* is eligible to compete.

Contestants are limited to a single entry; each manuscript should bear on its envelope the inscription, *The Million Dollar Community Contest*. All manuscripts submitted will become the property of the donor.

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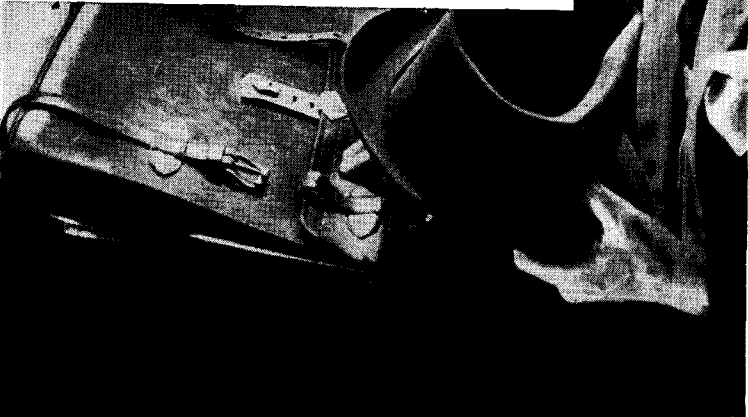


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THE FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING

The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FOR upwards of two years **Walter Lippmann** (p. 257) has been engaged upon the series beginning in this issue of the *Atlantic*. As his argument enrolls from month to month, his discussion of Fascism, Collectivism, and Liberalism will in many thoughtful minds bring an involuntary comparison with the great papers of the *Federalist*.

Alfred North Whitehead (p. 260), the most eminent of living philosophers, pays his respects to Harvard College on the occasion of its three-hundredth birthday. The objective he sets for American education must appeal to every teacher.

Two years ago **Mrs. Winthrop Chanler** (p. 271) delighted *Atlantic* readers with the account of her coming of age in the picturesque society of Rome. We are sorry it is too late to correct an error concerning Dr. Bigelow's grave, which is on the shore of Lake Biwa, many miles from Nara.

Armand de Caulaincourt (p. 279), a marquis in his own right, was born to the profession of arms. He served Napoleon as Master of Horse, Ambassador to Russia, and twice as Minister of Foreign Affairs. His reminiscences, long suppressed by his family, at last came to light, were skillfully translated by George Libaire, and now offer unimpeachable testimony about Europe's greatest dictator.

In her short stories and poems **Josephine W. Johnson** (p. 288) makes good the promise seen in her first novel, *Now in November*, the Pulitzer Prize winner for 1934.

Lovers of fiction will not soon forget **MacKinlay Kantor** (p. 289). His appealing short story, 'The Voice of Bugle Ann' (*Atlantic* for August 1935), and *Long Remember*, his novel of the Civil War, have made many friends.

Russian born, **Gregory Zilboorg, M. D.** (p. 298) is a graduate of both the Psychoneurological Institute of Petrograd and the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. Secretary to the Ministry of Labor in the Kerensky Government, he came to this country after the Soviet Revolution; he translated that successful play, *He Who Gets Slapped*, and then proceeded to establish himself as one of the ablest psychia-

trists in New York City. He has contributed a number of papers to various medical journals.

American correspondent of a powerful French paper, **Raoul de Roussy de Sales** (p. 308) had at Cleveland and at Philadelphia his first glimpses of the American parties in convention assembled.

Morrow Mayo (p. 313), a citizen of California, describes a hobby which will tempt every struggling couple. The only trouble is that so few of us have gold in the back yard. Should any *Atlantic* readers follow Mr. Mayo's example to the extent of 'cooking' the amalgamated gold and quicksilver in a pan, let them be cautioned to raise the windows and stay out of the kitchen while the amalgam is on the stove, because, says Mr. Mayo, 'fumes of mercury, if inhaled, are dangerous.'

The present plight and prospects of the French Republic are clearly seen by **An American Observer** (p. 316), who has lived in that country for close to thirty years.

Sumner H. Slichter (p. 321) is a professor of Business Economics at the Harvard School of Business Administration. It can be easily demonstrated, he believes, that about half of the present number of unemployed cannot be absorbed into industry unless we build them new plants to work in and new machines to run — and yet the Administration persists in operating on the assumption that we have a capital surplus instead of a shortage!

In our columns and in his weekly feature in the *New York Herald Tribune*, **George E. Sokolsky** (p. 331) continually demonstrates his knowledge of the working conditions in this country.

Winifred Kirkland (p. 341), who has had one of our latchkeys for a long time, now sends us 'a live portrait against a live background.'

A young poet devoted to New England, **John Holmes** (p. 348) graduated from Tufts and did graduate work at Harvard before becoming Poetry Editor of the *Boston Evening Transcript*.

Within the past five years, **Ellery Sedgwick** (p. 350) has enjoyed two friendly visits in Japan.

*New York
Summertime
and . . .*



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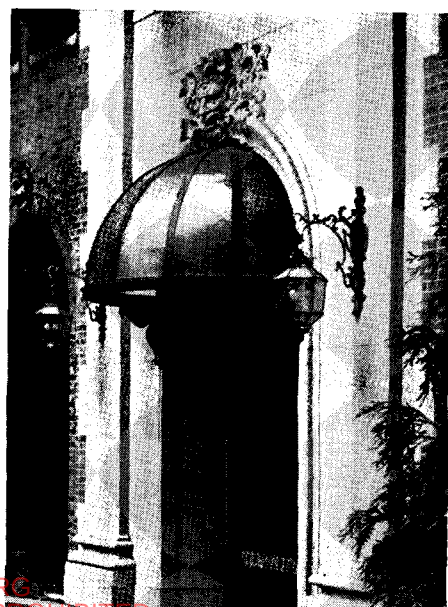
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The COLUMN

Malcolm B. Ronald (p. 359), who can tell the Dakota Twins apart, is Managing Editor of the *Daily Republic*, with headquarters in Mitchell, South Dakota. We think he knows better than most the kind of general opinion which the Dakotas represent, what they want from life and government, and what they can contribute to the Union.

The youngest contributor in this issue, Timothy Fuller (p. 366), a descendant of Margaret the Great, has devised a good crisp story of what might happen if someone murdered a Harvard professor to-day.

✓ ✓ ✓

Whether New York City is iniquitous or great-hearted has been discussed by our readers ever since Mr. Pennyfeather raised the question in our April issue.

Dear Atlantic, —

Last October a frail little old lady took a trip to New York. The train left near midnight. It was a quest for a 'wandering boy.' She felt unequal to the journey, and afraid of the big city. She had known New York in joyful young days when she could dance safely up and down the avenue — but now? She was afraid!

After ten days she came home with the cockles of her heart warmed through. She had found in New York a friendly neighborhood, kindness as genuine as in the Old Dominion. The Save-a-Life League, Sam Shoemaker's church, the Calvary Men's Mission, and church people in Brooklyn, all ready to help her.

So I arise to declare New York's goodness. The lines on New York quoted in the 'Column' omit entirely the New York I found.

I appreciate New England. My ancestors came from there. And one of them, William Pynchon, founded Springfield. The beloved organist of our church here was a graduate of 'Harvard Medical,' and a friend of Phillips Brooks, and in himself an example of the best New England culture. All this I revere. Yet going to New York as I did, frail and old and timid, and learning its great charity and friendliness, makes me love New York.

GRACE W. HARRISON
Staunton, Virginia

There is no more exacting contributor to the *Atlantic* than Albert Jay Nock, but here is one reader who feels entitled to correct the corrector.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Albert Jay Nock, interpreting 'Isaiah's Job' in the June number, in his treatment of 'the masses' and 'the Remnant' falls into an indiscriminating use of language, against which he has given us valuable warnings elsewhere under the head of 'impostor-terms.'

It used to be a commonplace that prophecy fore-

tells the future as part of its qualification to 'forth-tell' the Permanent. Lincoln's dictum, that all of the people cannot be fooled all of the time, implies that collective mankind has permanent interests to which the race as a whole cannot be universally and irrecoverably blinded; that there is no ultimate alternative to popular self-rule, because common welfare is the unescapable responsibility of the Many. Now prophecy has repeatedly directed challenge to this collective responsibility for justice, fellowship, and race preservation. In responding, the people almost invariably cut a poor figure, earning the cheap derision of the ultra-censorious, the ultra-fastidious, and the ultra-masterful. But these coteries of self-elected morally or culturally élite, whatever their merits, are all but hopelessly deaf to the prophetic challenge. As a 'Remnant,' or as prophets, they are worse than a travesty. No sacrificial Remnant could rally to Plato, Marcus Aurelius, or Goethe. Contempt and dislike for the common or garden human being are sure marks of prophetic sterility.

The greatest critics of popular folly, from Moses and Socrates to the author of the *De Civitate Dei*, were not demophobes. Great democrats such as Pericles and Lincoln were not mob flatterers. All such, including Isaiah, retained gifts of sweetness and esteem for the genus *Homo*, to the last. And these are the sustaining gifts of any Remnant with which prophecy has any concern whatever.

W. T. M. GAMBLE
Washington, D. C.

Charles D. Stewart's memorable account of Old Abe has brought this pleasing corroboration from another eyewitness.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Stewart's fascinating article upon the American Eagle in the July *Atlantic* recalls a long-forgotten experience in which 'Old Abe' was the star performer. This so aptly supplements the description of the Eagle at the Centennial Exposition in 1876 that I am tempted to relate it.

My grandfather took a number of his family, including me, a boy of eleven, to Philadelphia to see the great Exposition; and one day, while threading our way through the crowds, we came to a place where this famous bird was on display, perched well above the heads of the throng, motionless as a statue.

We heard people talking about 'Old Abe,' and the significance of his history gradually dawned upon me. He stood so still I thought he was stuffed, but after a while he slowly turned his head, blinked his eyes, and turned back again.

I do not remember seeing any souvenir feathers sold, but my grandfather did buy for me one of 'Old Abe's Autographs.' This was obtained for us by the attendant, who picked up an envelope, reached way up to the bird's head, and gently tapped his bill with it. At this the eagle suddenly snapped at the outheld paper, puncturing it with his sharp beak, and then resumed his dignified, motionless attitude.

My remembrance is that these autographs at first sold for a dollar, but that the price was later reduced to twenty-five cents.

WILLIAM DODGE HORNE
Beech Creek, Pennsylvania



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The COLUMN

A hard knot for the genealogist.

Dear Atlantic, —

I am impelled to comment upon the suggestion in Glanville Smith's delightful 'Young Mortality' that the antiquarian of the future will enable the historian to learn, from gravestones, what immigrants settled in this or that American town. And that by means of the following: —

When, in the nineties, we lived in a city in south-western Michigan, there arrived, from the Netherlands, a family named Vroegindewey, which name, literally translated, means 'Early in the pasture.' Mr. Vroegindewey was told that his name was of course 'impossible,' and was induced to adopt a sort of Americanized version of its sound: Fruentheway.

About a year later, his brother also came, but, in response to similar arguments, took as his American name the first word of his Dutch one: Early. With the result that Jennie Fruentheway and Kate Early were first cousins on their fathers' side.

What either the antiquarian or the historian of the future would glean from these names on gravestones I leave Mr. Smith to guess.

CORNEIL RIDDERHOF
San Diego, California

Paging Mr. Jingle.

Dear Atlantic, —

Having read with great interest the article on Mr. Pickwick in the April *Atlantic*, I am writing to you because I have recently come across what may well be the literary prototype of Alfred Jingle, Esq. If, as is not impossible, this discovery of mine is not new, then please accept my apologies in advance for having needlessly bothered you.

In *The Road to Ruin* (1792), by Thomas Holcroft, is a character, Goldfinch by name, whose speech is of the curiously broken sort favored by Mr. Jingle. Of this, however, you can judge better by the following extracts.

ACT II, SCENE I

Harry: A fine woman?

Gold: Prodigious — sister to the Irish giant — six feet in her stockings! That's your sort — sleek coat, flowing mane, broad chest, all bone — dashing figure in a phaeton — sky-blue habit, scarlet sash, green hat, yellow ribands, white feathers, gold band and tassel — that's your sort.

Harry: Ha, ha, ha! Heigho! Why, you are a high fellow, Charles.

Gold: To be sure — know the odds — hold four in hand — turn a corner in style — reins in form — elbows square — wrist pliant — Hayait! Drive the Coventry stage twice a week all summer — pay for an inside place — mount the box — tip the coachy a crown — beat the mail — come in full speed — rattle down the gate-way — take care of your heads! — never killed but one woman and a child in all my life — that's your sort!

ACT III, SCENE I

Jenny: Where did it happen?

Gold: Bye-road — back of Islington — had them tight in hand too — came to a short turn and a nar-

row lane — up flew a damned dancing-master's umbrella — bounce! — off they went — road repairing — wheelbarrow in the way — crash! — out flew I — whizz — fire flashed — lay stunned — got up — looked foolish — shafts broke — Snarler and Black-guard both down — Black-and-all-Black paying away — pannels smashed, traces cut, Snarler lamed.

These short quotations illustrate the matter sufficiently well. Incidentally, the situation at the end of the latter extract, where Goldfinch is about to start out to procure a license for his marriage to a rich widow, is not unlike the scene between the luckless Miss Wardle and Mr. Jingle as the latter is about to start forth on a similar errand.

The DNB reports that this play was Holcroft's 'best and most successful' and that it 'became a stock piece.' It seems to me that one is hardly stretching conjecture too far to assume that Dickens was familiar with it. At any rate, the parallel is interesting.

MALCOLM B. JONES
Salem, Massachusetts

That feeling of elevation.

Dear Atlantic, —

'Et ego in Arcadia fui.'

I also flew.

It was about seventeen years ago — when I was a girl of nine. I had long since relegated the experience to the lost limbo of the imagination, since none of my friends had had it. Even now I hesitate to speak of it, but H. S. C. gives me courage.

My flying was strictly localized, and not under complete control. I could n't always fly when I made the effort; sometimes something stronger than I took hold of me, and I found myself in the air. It was an indescribable experience — exhilarating, yet bringing with it profound peace.

I made 'a special little movement with my feet' (something after the order of a flutter-kick) and I was off. To stay in the air I had to keep up this special motion. If I was at ease, I was successful; if I was tense, I failed.

The only place I could fly was in my next-door neighbor's house, down the long flight of stairs from the second floor to the first. I ran down the few steps around the curve, then made that special motion, and I was off in space. The first time it happened I did n't believe it; after it had happened several times, and I had gained some degree of control of the motion, I experimented, impressed with the possibilities it offered.

I tried my own front stairs, but nothing happened. I tried the back and the attic stairs of my friend's house. I tried it on level ground, and on slopes and on hills. It would n't work. I talked about it, cautiously, to my friend and to other children. They could n't do it.

When I was eleven my friend moved away, and then I moved. I tried in other towns, but nowhere else could I fly. After puzzling over it at intervals for several years, common sense told me I had imagined it. But I knew I had n't; I really did fly.

Now, on the evidence presented in the *Atlantic*, I can throw common sense to the winds. But I'm

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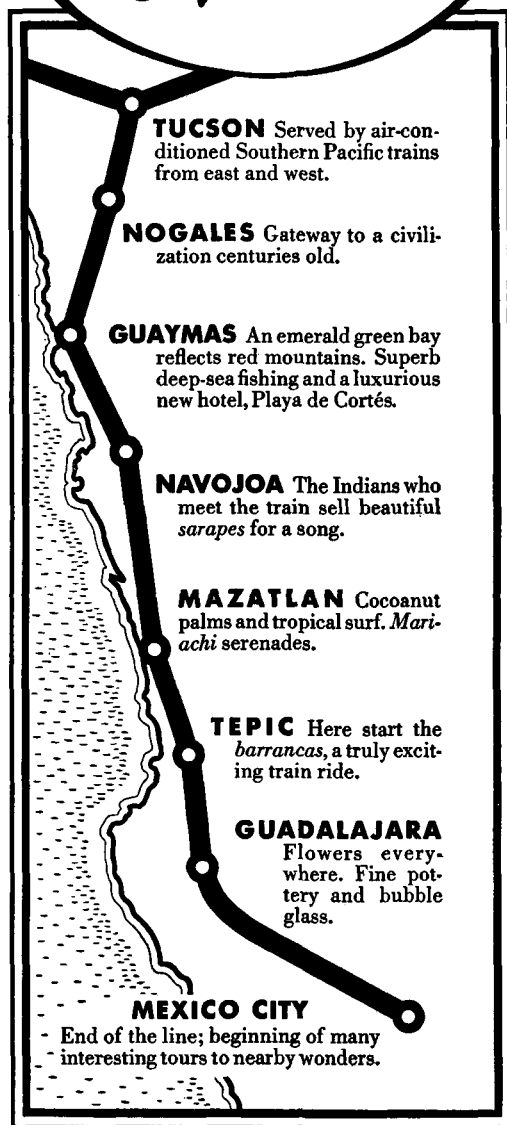
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Southern Pacific

The COLUMN

still bothered: why could I fly only in that one spot?

Please excuse my anonymity. I'm married now, and generously credited with sobriety, practicality, and common sense. I don't want to forfeit my reputation — but *I flew*.

D. C. S.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Hear this, Dunsany.

Dear Atlantic, —

Here is a high-powered adjective from the legislative field. This is Section 12 of Chapter 17 of the laws passed by the Idaho Legislature in its extraordinary session of 1935: 'This Act shall be known as The Coöperative Emergency Revenue Fund Treasury Anticipation Note Act of 1935.'

IVY KELLERMAN REED
Washington, D. C.

Dear Atlantic, —

The polysyllabic verse by Francis A. Wood suggests one paragraph which was well-known at the beginning of the century: —

'In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and articulating your superficial sentimentalities and psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communication possess a clarified conciseness, a concatenated cogency, a coalescent consistency. Eschew jejune babblement, asinine affectation and flatulent garbularity. Sedulously avoid polysyllabic profundity and vainglorious rhodomontade. That is, don't use big words.'

WILLIAM B. CAMPBELL
Ithaca, New York

A pat on the back for the youngest contributor.

Dear Atlantic, —

I must congratulate you on acquiring Timothy Fuller, whose novel begins in your August issue. It's a pleasure to read the work of a young man who does not write with one hand while he sniffles into his handkerchief in the other. Mr. Fuller has a delightful air of youth and he is as fresh as green paint and he is going far if he can keep up this stride. I imagine that one of his next productions will be a successful play. He has it in him. You were lucky to get him.

JOHN R. M. TAYLOR
Washington, D. C.

When the best hotel was red.

Dear Atlantic, —

In Mary Doyle's bright, reminiscent paper, 'The Best Hotel,' in the June issue, please note that she has forgotten that in her day the Plaza was a huge, uncompromising oblong of the reddest brick facing Fifth Avenue, and not a gray, green-roofed emulation of a French chateau as it now stands. The present hotel is the second Plaza.

J. J. LEE
Baltimore, Maryland

When truth is funnier than fiction.

Dear Atlantic, —

If a person can be awakened at midnight from a good sound sleep and laugh at a newspaper column — why, it must be pretty funny. That is just what happened to me.

My husband had attended a meeting in the city and bought a paper on his way home, and when he came to the enclosed lawsuit had to wake me up so I could chuckle with him — and as I really enjoyed it under those conditions I thought *Atlantic* readers perhaps would like a laugh also.

RUTH LIBBEY
Montebello, California

LAWSUIT IS A COMPLETE OUTFIT!

Case No. 11,263-C, involving illegal liquor transactions, was called by Federal Judge George Cosgrave yesterday.

'Your name?' inquired the court of the first defendant.

'Coates, sir — Marvin Coates,' replied the defendant.

'Coates,' commented the court. And to the second defendant: 'Your name?'

'Panz, sir — Tony Panz,' was the reply.

'Coates and Panz — well, well,' commented the court. And to the third defendant, who had suddenly begun to squirm and loosen his collar: —

'Your name, by no chance, could be — ah — Collar or Cuff, for instance?'

'No, sir; no, sir — it's — it's —'

'Out with it,' ordered the court.

'It's Shurtz, Judge, honest — Harold Shurtz,' gulped the defendant.

The court took a swallow of water, and in a low, tense voice inquired: —

'Are you gentlemen — Coates, Panz, and Shurtz — represented by counsel?'

The defendants cast agonized glances at each other, but stood mute.

'Their attorney is Mr. Vest, your honor — Charles Vest, but he is not present,' hastily interposed Assistant United States Attorney Jack Powell.

After quiet had been restored, the case against Coates, Panz, and Shurtz was continued for a week, in order that Vest might appear with them.

Good sportsmanship.

Dear Atlantic, —

A week or so ago I submitted a manuscript to the *Atlantic Monthly* which I received back forthwith accompanied with a rejection slip which moves me to write this letter. As an old collector of rejection slips I am pleased to be able to inform you that yours is the pleasantest it has ever been my lot to receive.

The composition of a pleasant rejection slip is no mean task, since such slips are by their very nature not adapted to the creation of pleasant reactions in the minds of those receiving them. Yours, however, is an exception to the general run of such material and I feel that you should be applauded for the adroitness which has enabled you to convey even unpalatable news tactfully. Thank you.

VIRGINIA CREED
New York City